THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Volume 199, Number 43

APR. 23, '27

5c. THE COPY

Major General Hunter Liggett with Wesley Winans Stout—Struthers Burt Earl Derr Biggers—Eleanor Mercein—Samuel G. Blythe—Horatio Winslow

You husbands—

how often do you suggest a food?

After all, a woman's greatest interest in cooking is serving the foods the family likes.

When it happens to be as convenient, as economical, as easy as DEL MONTE Peaches, her satisfaction is doubly great.

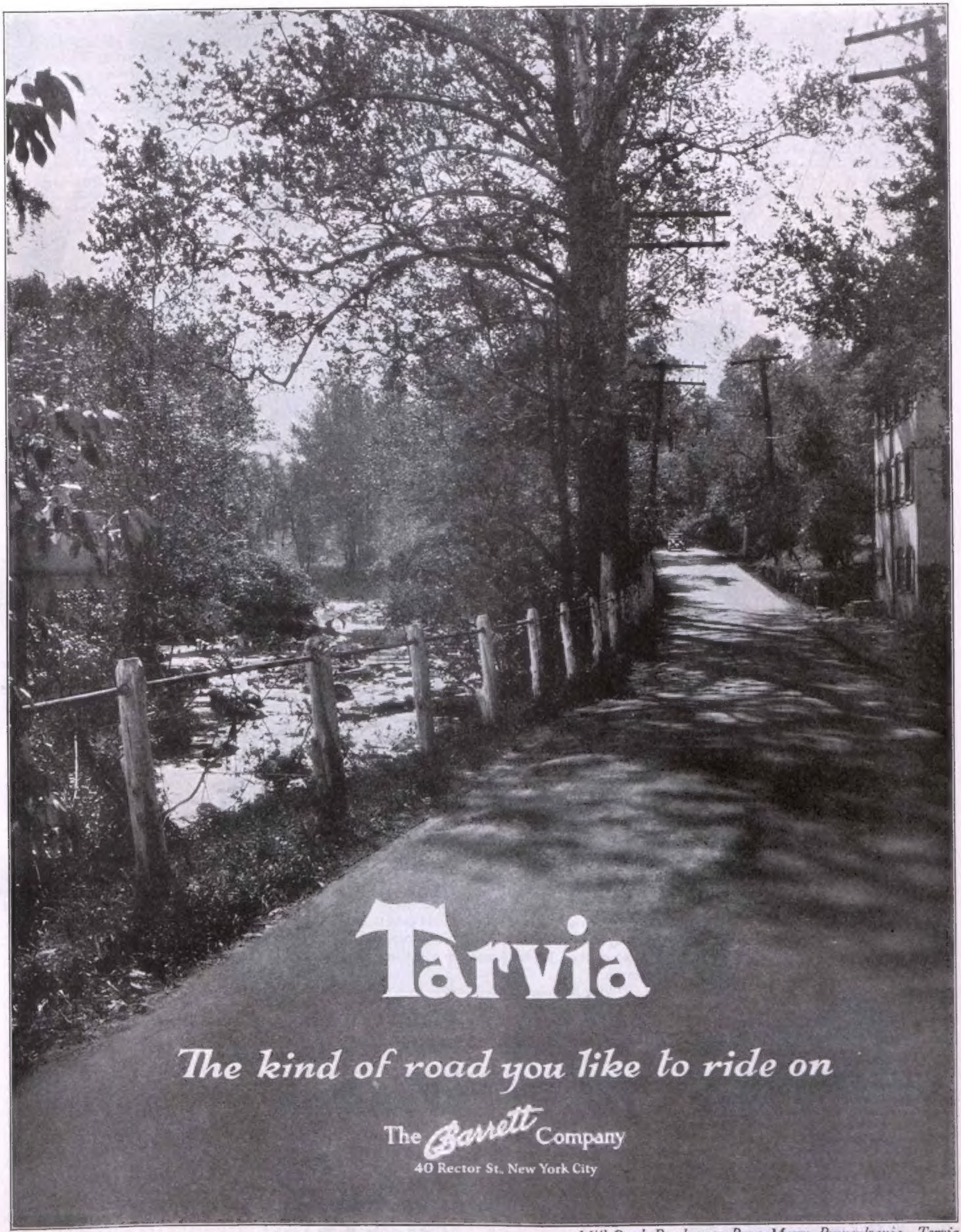
Why not make the suggestion tonight—that you'd like to try this famous fruit? It's sure to make a "hit"—and saves extra kitchen work at that!

DEL MONTE Peaches are packed *two* ways for varied household use. DEL MONTE Halves are an ideal breakfast fruit or dinner dessert, ready to serve *right from the can*. DEL MONTE Sliced Peaches are just as easy to have, but specially suited for salads, shortcakes, pies and other made-up dishes.

Either way, they're a princely treat—at a cost so low they can be served as often as you like. Try them tonight, and see how good they really are!

Just be sure you say

DEL MONTE *Peaches* **HALVED OR SLICED**



Mill Creek Road, near Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania. Tarvia

To keep candlelight charm by sunlight—this safe and simple care

SHE was the shy, boyish kind of girl who played tennis oftener than she danced. And she had a nice, clear skin with six pleasant little freckles across her nose.

But one day she decided to be more "feminine" and "beautiful."

"So," she said, telling us the story later, "I went to a beauty shop and I came away with a lotion, a skin tonic, a soap, two or three kinds of make-up and *three creams*."

"What happened?" we asked.

"Why," she said, "I looked wonderful under rose-shaded candles—they'd sold me such a becoming powder. But by daylight! With all the funny treatments I was using, my skin began to get a kind of 'massaged' look. And it was oilier—and not so clear. So I asked my doctor and he told me to go back to washing my face with Ivory Soap and using a little cold cream now and then."

In spite of all the contradictory advice on the care of the skin which flows from various sources, doctors agree: with health, your skin needs little more than cleansing with water and a pure soap.

Ivory is so pure that doctors everywhere, every day, advise it for the sensitive skins of tiny, new babies. What more could be said for its gentleness and mildness? Daily careful cleansing with Ivory and warm water, plenty of cold rinsings to make your skin less sensitive to wind and weather, a little cold cream if your skin is dry—and you will find that your complexion responds with added loveliness to this simple care.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

Sir Richard aids a lady in distress!

Sir Richard. Pardon me, fair maid, but I believe you dropped this package.

Alisanne. Oh, thank you, gentle sir. Adieu.

(*A moment later*)

Sir R. Again a thousand pardons, but you dropped your parcel at the side of the road.

Alis. How careless of me! Thank you. Good morrow.

(*Two minutes later*)

Sir R. Forgive me, but I have just fished your parcel from the brook.

Alis. (*almost in tears*) Goodness! I've been trying and trying to *lose* that package, and it comes back and back!

Sir R. But I don't understand——

Alis. Well, it's full of beauty soaps and magic lotions that my aunt says I have to use every day, if I want to stay at court. And you *can't imagine* how tiresome they are.

Sir R. But I can clearly see how unnecessary they are!

Alis. It's sweet of you to say so. I suppose I'll have to give up court life entirely and go back home where I can have Ivory Soap every day, which is all I want or need.

Sir R. But if *I* could persuade your aunt to let you use Ivory——

Alis. Oh, if you think you *could*, you might come to tea at five!

IVORY SOAP

kind to everything it touches

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A. E. F.

By MAJOR GENERAL HUNTER LIGGETT, U. S. A., RETIRED, WITH WESLEY WINANS STOUT

A WAR began in 1914, of the complex causes of which we Americans knew nothing. We never believed that it could happen; we could not believe that it had happened; the only thing more incredible was that we ever could be drawn into it. Yet force of circumstances had drawn us in three years later.

There was glory enough to go around in the final victory. No one of the Allies—and yet each one—won the war. France and Russia put the most men in the field, shed the most blood, but Great Britain saved them in 1914 with her control of the sea and a small army, and thereafter bore an increasing share of the burden. Italy probably saved the day in 1915 by its entry on the Allied side; certainly if Italy had joined her former allies, Germany and Austria, France would have been hard put to defend another frontier. Perhaps Rumania feels that she saved the day in 1916 by her entry on the Allied side. Yet with the collapse of Russia in 1917, the day had to be saved again. The Allies were losing very definitely from March to July, 1918. We have their word for it that their backs were to the wall and that they must have help, quickly and in force, or the best they could hope for—and that highly unlikely—was a draw.

Into the Breach

WE BROUGHT new money in the hundreds of millions to bolster the Allied finance. We tapped for them fabulous reserves of supplies. The moral effect of our intervention was incalculable. But none of these stopped the German the second time he came to the Marne. It was the 132,000 fighting men we threw into the breach that turned the scales in that crisis, in my judgment, and judgment becomes certainty when I say that it was the 200,000 men we had ready on July eighteenth, and they only, that permitted Foch to strike back and wrest the initiative from the enemy. It was these men and more than 1,000,000 more in the same uniform that enabled Foch to retain the initiative from that moment until the German sued for peace only four months after he had been at the flood of his tide. The war ended when the American offensive in the Meuse-Argonne, the greatest battle in American history, after drawing in one-quarter of the whole German Army and using up the reserves pulled in from other fronts, had burst on November first through the enemy's last lines in his most sensitive position, severed the jugular vein of his communications, the Carignan-Sedan railroad, and thereby broken the German people's will to fight longer.

It was not our war, to begin with. We were as innocent and ignorant of its causes, its offensive and defensive alliances, its balances of power, its spheres of influence, Bagdad corridors and Alsace-Lorraines as was Uruguay. We hated and feared it. We asked and received no share in the vast territorial spoils.

But when this war, so alien and remote from us in 1914, was over, and by virtue of it, a momentous and unforeseen thing was found to have happened. The war had lasted much longer than anyone believed possible, had been incredibly destructive of life, goods and capital. Now it appeared that the earth's center of gravity had shifted from the Old World to the New. The change was not merely relative, but positive.

It had not come about through our selling necessities to Europe at all the traffic would bear. It had not come about through raiding Europe's foreign trade while it was unable to protect its business, legitimate as both practices are by European precedent. The average American was worse off materially from 1914 to 1917 because of the war. It nearly caused a panic here in 1914, and did lead to a protracted business depression. Later the Allies bought heavily enough of us to boom some industries and restore others to normal; but it was a spotty, unhealthy condition, and a balance struck in March, 1917, would have shown us to be a heavy loser.

PHOTO. BY INTERNATIONAL NEWS REEL, N. Y. C.

Home Again—General Liggett and an Aquitania Deck Group

The Backwash

WHAT really had happened was that the star of destiny, having been westward bound for many generations, finally had passed over the horizon of the meridian of Greenwich. Largely unperceived, we had come to equality with the world's greatest by 1914. We had finished conquering a new world and had consolidated our positions, and now we had, with our youth, our inventiveness, our economic isolation and our tremendous natural resources, perfected a new theory and practice of production, a new industrial society in which high-priced labor, working short hours, could outproduce and outsell European cheap labor, working long hours. We should have passed Europe anyway, but the war had expedited the process.

We may or we may not retain this eminence, but for the present we have it, and Europe's emotions are human and understandable enough. There is bound to be so much anger, disillusion, chagrin and self-pity in the backwash of such a war to such a result; and Germany, whipped and disarmed, has ceased to be an adequate scapegoat. The Allies have about made up their minds that it is we who are to blame because we arrived too late. The same nations that implored us to come to their aid, which we enabled to win the war finally and to which we have lent hundreds of millions of our public moneys since the war to reëstablish themselves, now are asking us, as a moral duty, to restore to them the unrestorable.

We had led an isolated, self-contained national life up to 1914; so few of us knew what was meant by propaganda. When we bragged to foreigners or hid our dirty linen from them, we did so with the transparency of a child. From 1914 on we learned the meaning of propaganda; but after November, 1918, we thought to return to our former idyllic state. Germany having been subdued, we again asked nothing of the world except a pleasant smile. To our mutual regret, however, Europe now had more than mere neighborly approval to ask of us.

We have shown ourselves repeatedly to be a sentimental people. Perhaps if we could be made to believe that we paid in money while our Allies paid in men, we might be so overcome with chagrin that we never should be able to speak of money again. A necessary step in this direction has been to minimize the contribution of the American Army to the winning of the war.

Did we parade some troops down the Champs-Élysées or did we fight to decisive effect? I hope to tell here as fairly and as simply as I know how what our Army did do. I intend no stump speech, no counter-blast. The French and British Armies had and have my cordial respect and admiration. I liked them, officer and man. I liked the French people and it is difficult for me to believe that they—particularly the provincials of the Marne, the Aisne, the Meuse, the Oise and the Ardennes—do not still think kindly of us. They liked us when we were with them, and if their feeling has changed, it is because they have not been permitted to know the truth. I shall not attempt a history of the war, nor a history of the A. E. F.; the length and detail of the complete story would frighten the reader away. And the Navy, the finances, morale, politics and the rest are better left to someone else.

If we intervened to decisive effect, what was the situation that made our intervention decisive? The facts are not in dispute. All sides have printed their military records, the statesmen and generals have written their memoirs. They are recited here, not for the purpose of making capital of our Allies' distress but to set the scene.

When we declared war on Germany, in April, 1917, the Allies had a distinct superiority of men and guns on the Western Front. Joffre had called a conference of commanders in chief in November, 1916. The British fighting strength in France had reached 1,600,000 and more could be depended upon by spring. Colonial troops and a new class of recruits had brought the French, with the Belgians, to a fighting strength of 2,300,000. Against this Allied total of nearly 4,000,000 the Germans had only 2,500,000, in the west.

The French knew that their strength in the spring of 1917 would be greater than it ever could be again, and a general attack was agreed upon for the first week in February. The British were to assault between Vimy Ridge and Bapaume, the French between the Somme and the Oise and again in the Champagne Front west of Rheims. If advisable, the British were to follow up with further attacks in Flanders. The Allied high commands did not expect an immediately decisive result, but they had lively hopes of a victory before the year was out, with the aid of a great Russian drive.

The Children's Hour at Authe, Ardennes, a Liberated Village, Nov. 4, 1918. The Sergeant is J. W. Killigrow, 311th Ambulance Co., 78th Division

This plan never was carried out. Elements of the French general staff, distrusting Joffre's theory of exhausting the enemy's reserves, intrigued with elements of the civil government at Paris who feared the cost in blood and were groping for some royal road to victory. Joffre was relieved, retired to Paris on half pay and given a marshal's baton. Foch's fine work in 1914 in covering the French withdrawal from Lorraine after Joffre's offensive had failed, and again at the St.-Gond marshes in the first Marne Battle, had been dimmed by two costly failures at Vimy Ridge in 1915. Injuries in an automobile spill in 1916 offered a convenient reason for sending him off to the Swiss border on some empty errand. When he finished it he was retired on half pay in the midst of the war.

High Hopes and Dark Despair

MEANWHILE Lloyd George had come into power in England. Nivelle had a new plan of his own and he so impressed the new British Premier with its wisdom and his personality that Great Britain not only agreed to the changes but placed the British Army under Nivelle's general direction for the offensive.

The first result of the change was that the battle had to be postponed six weeks. Before it could begin, it was discovered that the German had used the respite to retreat from the whole of the Somme battlefield to a new prepared position of unprecedented strength thereafter known to us as the Hindenburg Line. The enemy had exchanged a poor position for the strongest yet developed in the war. He had shortened his front and increased his reserves, and he had utterly destroyed the region he had abandoned, even to cutting down all fruit trees and sowing the devastated region with mines and other traps of diabolic ingenuity. Finally, he no longer was where Nivelle intended to attack him. This involved a loss of three more invaluable weeks. Nivelle, moreover, had retained direct command of the French Armies, and with the British under his strategic direction, was trying to ride two horses at once. The campaign opened on April ninth, however, with the highest hopes. The United States had just come in, and though no American troops could fight in 1917, the moral effect was prodigious. The Russians would strike Germany from the east in a great offensive, which was to prove their last. The Allies had in the west 108 French divisions, 64 British divisions and 6 Belgian divisions, against 128 German divisions. And the German retreat had at least given the Allies more elbow room in their most crowded corner.

Nevertheless, the offensive failed. The Allies took 62,000 prisoners and many guns and gained important positions in April and May, but at fearful cost, and they fell so far short of the high expectations aroused that despair and defeatism took the saddle in France. The Russian revolution would more than cancel American intervention, it seemed. Agitation for a socialist peace conference at Stockholm became insistent and the delegates demanded their passports. The notorious daily newspaper, the Bonnet Rouge, subsidized not only by Germany but by Joseph Caillaux, and by Louis Jean Malvy, a member of the French cabinet from the outset of the war, was distributed free in the trenches.

Plenty of Trouble at Home

AT THE very time the American Army was beginning to arrive in France, soldiers returning from the trenches were being harangued openly by agitators and it had been necessary to detour troop trains returning from the Front away from Paris, so clamorous were the men for peace overtures. Finally mutiny appeared in 118 battalions, including some of the finest troops under the tricolor, and was subdued only by turning French guns on French soldiers. Strikers rioted in Paris and labor troubles spread through the country. On May fifteenth Foch had been called back to active service as chief of staff, with extraordinary powers, and Nivelle had been replaced by Pétain in command; but defeatist propaganda did not cease, and it was not until November that Clemenceau came into power, Malvy and Caillaux were charged with treason and Bolo and other German agents executed. This left the British to bear the brunt of the war in the west for most of the year. They battled through Flanders all summer to such effect that the Germans were unable to exploit the near debacle of the French. It was said that in July the French had no division on which Pétain could rely to attack and carry through successfully. It was not Pétain who said it, I am confident. If he believed it, he kept it to himself, for more than any other one factor, it was his personal work with his men that rallied the army's morale. By fall he was able to retake all the ground lost at Verdun the year before and to throw the boche off the Chemin des Dames, but it was done only by choosing such narrowly limited fronts, making such painstaking preparations and insuring such an overwhelming preponderance of guns and men that failure was hardly possible. These successes, in turn, further restored the French Army's faith in itself.

PHOTOS BY U. S. A. SIGNAL CORPS

Thirty-Fifth Division Wounded From the Meuse-Argonne Battle, in a Half-Demolished Church at Neuville, Oct. 3, 1918. In Circle—"Elephant Back" Shelter Alongside a Road Near Cunel, Meuse, Oct. 29, 1918

The British meanwhile still were up to their waists in the horrible Flanders mud, and in mid-November they broke the new Hindenburg Line at Cambrai, one of its strongest points, by a surprise attack led by tanks. The Germans were in a bad way for a moment, but Byng lacked the reserves to press his advantage. Italy had met with disaster at Caporetto and six French and five British divisions had been hurried to the rescue. They arrived too late, in as much as Italy had held at the Piave, but conditions were such that the eleven divisions were kept there. The break through at Cambrai slowed and stopped; then enemy counter attacks with new tactics won back much of the lost ground.

When the year ended, losses had reduced the French from 108 to 98 divisions, the British from 64 to 59 divisions, all much lowered in strength. British recruiting and drafts were not beginning to replace casualties, and France was near the end of her man power, though Clemenceau combed the *embusqués* out of government offices and other swivel-chair jobs and called out the 1919 class. The collapse of Russia now was definite. The new Russian red government was parleying with Berlin, but even if it should refuse the German terms, a few boche divisions now would take care of any eventuality in the east, releasing thirty to forty divisions, to give Germany a vast superiority in the west.

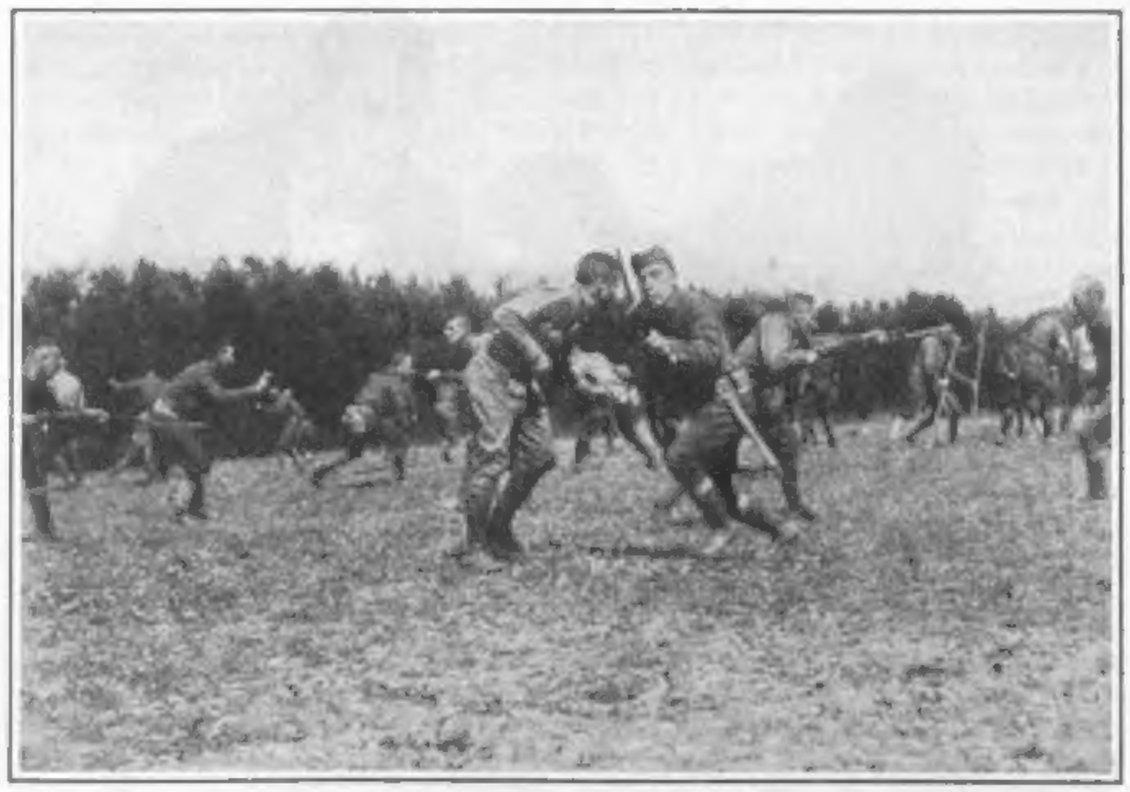
Reporting at Headquarters at Ypres

THERE was one bit of good fortune on the Allied side, not then perceived. Had the great German attack that was to come in March, 1918, been launched from his old position rather than from the Hindenburg Line, to which he had retreated in March, 1917, he would have been in Amiens and driven a disastrous wedge between the French and the British on the second day. That retreat, caused by British successes on the Somme in 1916, may well have saved the Allies from defeat in 1918, before we could aid them in force.

Paris and London were not unduly discouraged. The prevailing feeling was that if a distinct Allied superiority in 1917 could not accomplish much against the German, a 300,000 German superiority in 1918 would accomplish no more. The American Army would begin to appear in force before the summer was out. Meanwhile the German was to be permitted to wear down his greater strength in butting his head against a strong Allied defense until the coming of an army from across the Atlantic should permit the Allies to regain the initiative.

This was the situation in my early months in France. I was one of fourteen commanders of new American divisions then being mobilized and trained in camps at home, to be sent to France in September, 1917, to inform ourselves at first hand of what was in store for us. We were scattered about among various transports to insure that enemy submarines should not bolt us all at once, I being on the Finland, with other general officers, my chief of staff, Col. Malin Craig, and a regiment of field artillery commanded by Colonel Locke. My division, the Forty-first, had been transferred from Camp Fremont, California, to Camp Green, North Carolina. I had seen it there only one day. It was composed of National Guard units from eight Western states and the District of Columbia, and was the fifth division to reach France.

General Pershing and his staff were in Paris, and two divisions, the First and Second, already were in France. We debarked at St.-Nazaire, which our engineers already were beginning to transform from a minor port into one of the world's great sea terminals, traveled through a countryside seemingly populated only by women in mourning and German prisoners at work, reported to the commander in chief in Paris and were assigned at once to sectors from the sea to the Vosges Mountains. I was ordered to Ypres. We had left our commands so hurriedly and traveled so fast that most of us had lost all contact with our baggage. Mine did not overtake me for a month, and it was in the light marching order of one uniform, an overcoat and a kit of toilet articles that I reported at the headquarters of General Gough's Fifth British Army, not far north of Ypres in early October.



Noncommissioned Officers' Bayonet Class, First Corps School, Gondrecourt, August 15, 1918

PHOTOS, BY U. S. A. SIGNAL CORPS

The Children of Soulosse Watch the 101st Ammunition Train, Yankee Division, Pass Through Their Village, April 10, 1918. Above—"Comme Ça"; The Old Women Had Large Classes in French. Lucy, August 12, 1918

The Americans Sit In

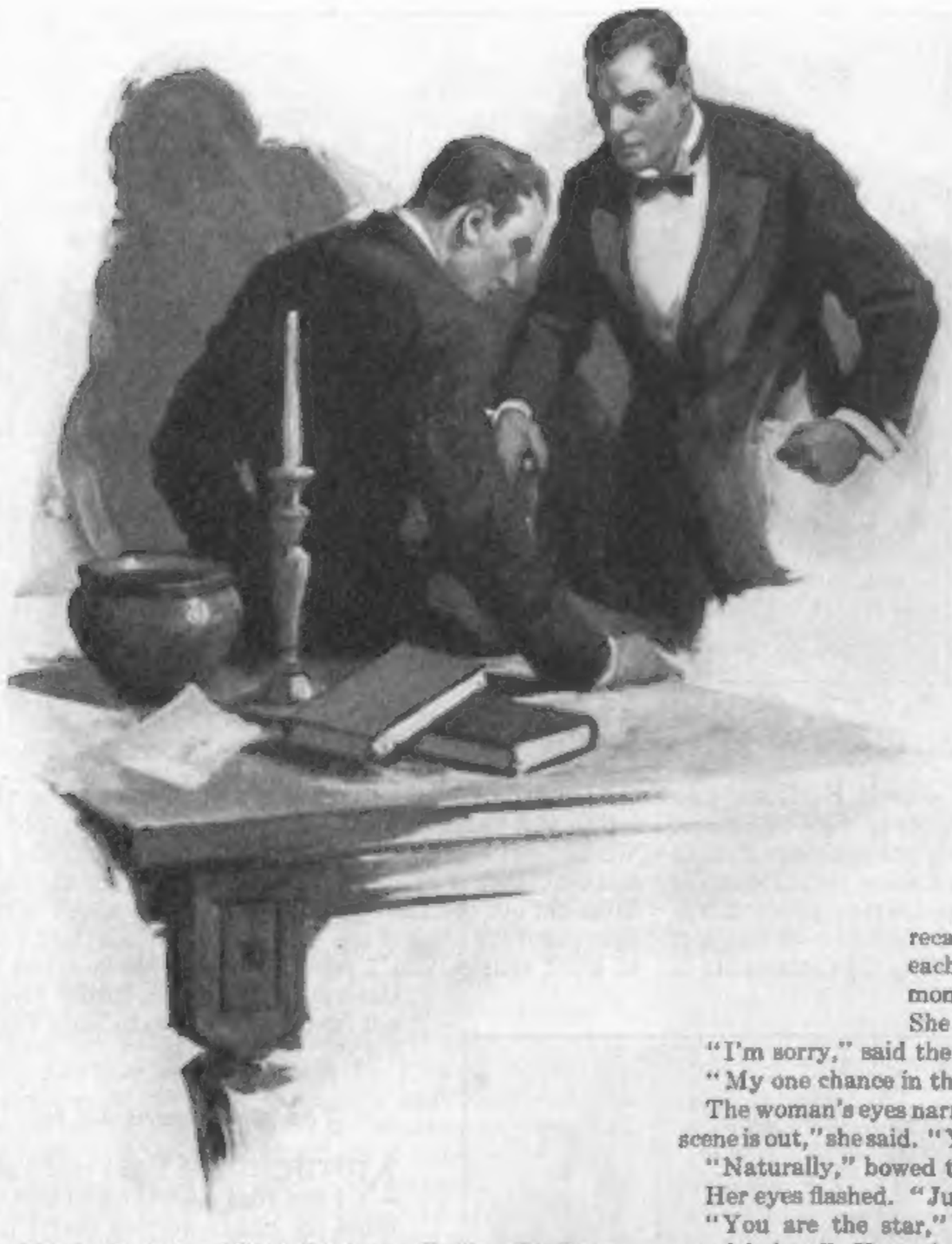
NOTHING that I had read—and I had read everything to which I could lay hand—nothing that I had seen of our own locally celebrated Virginia clay, prepared me for the unbelievable ground over which the British were fighting. The American Army encountered mud in the Argonne, but not in the Flanders sense of the word. One false step off the duckboards and you were engulfed to the knees. I knew now what Napoleon meant when he named mud as the fifth element in war. The bulk of the British Army had been here since the fall of 1914, when the German had been thrown back to the Aisne. Ever since then the British had been attempting to turn his flank to the north without success. The country had been pounded and churned by shell into soup. It was flat, with low ridges fifty to sixty feet high, and the rains this year had begun unprecedentedly early and were incessant.

The German held the Passchendaele Ridge. On July thirty-first, Haig had opened the third battle of Ypres with the intent of driving the enemy from the ridge and gaining artillery command of the plains beyond, leading toward Ostend and Zeebrugge. If successful, a combined naval and land attack was to be made against the German submarine bases on the Belgian coast. In preparation, the British took over the Belgian coast sector near Nieuport from the French, but before the British could adequately prepare this narrow strip with the Yser River at its back, a German attack captured the east bank of the river.

This was a bad start, and now the rains set in in August as they never had before in memory. The new German elastic defense, with its thinly held front zone, its concrete pill-box machine-gun forts and determined counter attacks as soon as the attack had spent its first force, took a bloody toll of the British massed infantry for every yard of gain; but most of all, the British transport bogged down and foundered in the ghastly mud. They had just reached the high ground between Broodseinde and Becelaere when Malin Craig and I reached the Front.

The depression of a long day's travel by Amiens in a cold driving rain was removed instantly by the warmth of our reception by General Gough and his staff. Taken in as one of the family and made to feel at home at once, we had the honor of being present by invitation that evening at a conference of corps commanders of the Fifth Army, where

(Continued on Page 194)



Wayne Staggered Back Against a Table. His Face Was Deathly Pale, His Mouth Twitched Convulsively, His Eyes Were Blazing

Moonlight at the Crossroads

By Earl Derr Biggers

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

YOU lie, Hilary," said the woman in the deck chair. She looked very lovely but a bit weary in the light of the dying sun. Behind a jeweled hand, she stifled a little yawn. "You know you lie."

"My dear Isabelle, isn't that rather unfair?" The tall, distinguished-looking man stood with his back to the rail, his hands thrust deep into the pockets of a tweed coat. His thin, handsome face was calm; though he stared down at the pale-gold hair, the violet eyes of a famous beauty, he appeared unmoved.

A famous beauty, yes, he was thinking, but a beauty past her noontime. Too bad that even the loveliest flowers must fade.

"Unfair? I think not," the woman answered. "You were always a liar—I see that now. That wonderful time at Mentone ——"

The man shrugged. "Why go back to Mentone?"

"Why not? I believed you then, because I wanted to believe. But now I know—when you said there was no other woman ——"

"Isabelle!" He knelt by her chair, but she looked away, down the deck, at a middle-aged man who stood by the rail, idly swinging a monocle over the side and staring off to where the sun dipped down into a sea as crimson as his own complexion. "Isabelle, if we must go back to Mentone, let's go back to the happiness of those weeks—the perfume of the roses, the pale moon in the star-decked sky, those warm nights on the terrace."

"Sir James!" called the woman. The man down the deck galvanized into life. "Sir James enters on the word 'terrace,'" she explained.

"Ah—er—ah—yes—pardon me," remarked Sir James, arriving promptly. "I was admiring the sunset." He stuck the monocle in his eye and was suddenly an actor. "Er—er—terrace." He clattered his feet on the spotless deck. "I come in. My line, old chap. Here you are, like two love birds, and so and so and so, ending ——"

"Just a moment." The tall man had risen quickly to his feet. "I—I don't understand. According to my part"—he took a rumpled roll of manuscript from his pocket—"I have a scene here—a rather good scene ——"

The woman sighed wearily. "That stupid fool of a Nixon—he gave you the original part. The scene you speak of was never played in the London production. Mr. Thatcher can tell you." She glanced at Sir James. "He was with me in London."

"Quite true," agreed Mr. Thatcher, dropping the monocle. "The scene was struck out at the first rehearsal, old chap—the first rehearsal at which Miss Clay appeared, I mean. I enter on the word 'terrace.'"

The tall man smiled. "I see," he said. "A corking good scene for Hilary, I thought it. He recalls to her all that they meant to each other at Mentone; for a brief moment he has almost won her again. She is very nearly in his arms."

"I'm sorry," said the woman coldly.

"My one chance in the piece," persisted the tall man.

The woman's eyes narrowed, her mouth hardened. "The scene is out," she said. "You understand that, Mr. Wayne?"

"Naturally," bowed the man. "Naturally, it's out."

Her eyes flashed. "Just what do you mean by that?"

"You are the star," he replied. He paused. "Your word is law." He took out a pencil and scribbled something on the script. "There, the scene is out. And doubtless it won't matter particularly—in Australia."

Two young people came suddenly upon them—a slender girl with sleek, bobbed, coal-black hair, an English boy with rosy cheeks and frank gray eyes. They stopped. "Rehearsal?" cried the boy. "I say, did you want us."

"No," said the star. The couple moved on; the girl called back over her shoulder, "Isn't it a glorious evening?"

The three by the rail looked after them. "All their evenings are glorious," Wayne remarked gently. "Their days too. They're going to be married in Sydney, they tell me. And young Mixell was about at the end of his rope when this engagement offered. You see, Miss Clay, what happiness your tour is bringing to others."

The woman shrugged. "Happiness, you say? I wonder. It happens that I was married once, myself. Happiness, perhaps, for a little time." It was characteristic of her that though she was speaking now of her own experience, what she said still had the ring of lines from a play.

"Ah—er—yes," said Wayne. "But to continue—let me get this right. Isabelle, if we must go back to Mentone—and so and so—warm nights on the terrace ——"

Mr. Thatcher restored his monocle. "Here you are, like two love birds. Frightfully silly line, that. I always hated it. I don't suppose I could say ——"

The ship's clock spoke sharply, four times. Passengers were appearing on deck with that air of bright expectancy those on shipboard wear as the dinner hour approaches.

"Six o'clock," remarked Sibyl Clay. "We may as well drop it. I must dress, even for one of these beastly dinners." Her face lighted suddenly with a charming smile. Swinging about, Wayne saw the cause. A good-looking, tanned man of thirty-five or so was drawing near. "Come here, Mr. Maynard," continued the famous star. "I am very, very angry with you. You have neglected me all day."

The newcomer obeyed. He was flattered, as any man would have been. "I was punishing myself," he told her, "for my sins."

"What tiny, unimportant sins they must be," said Sibyl Clay.

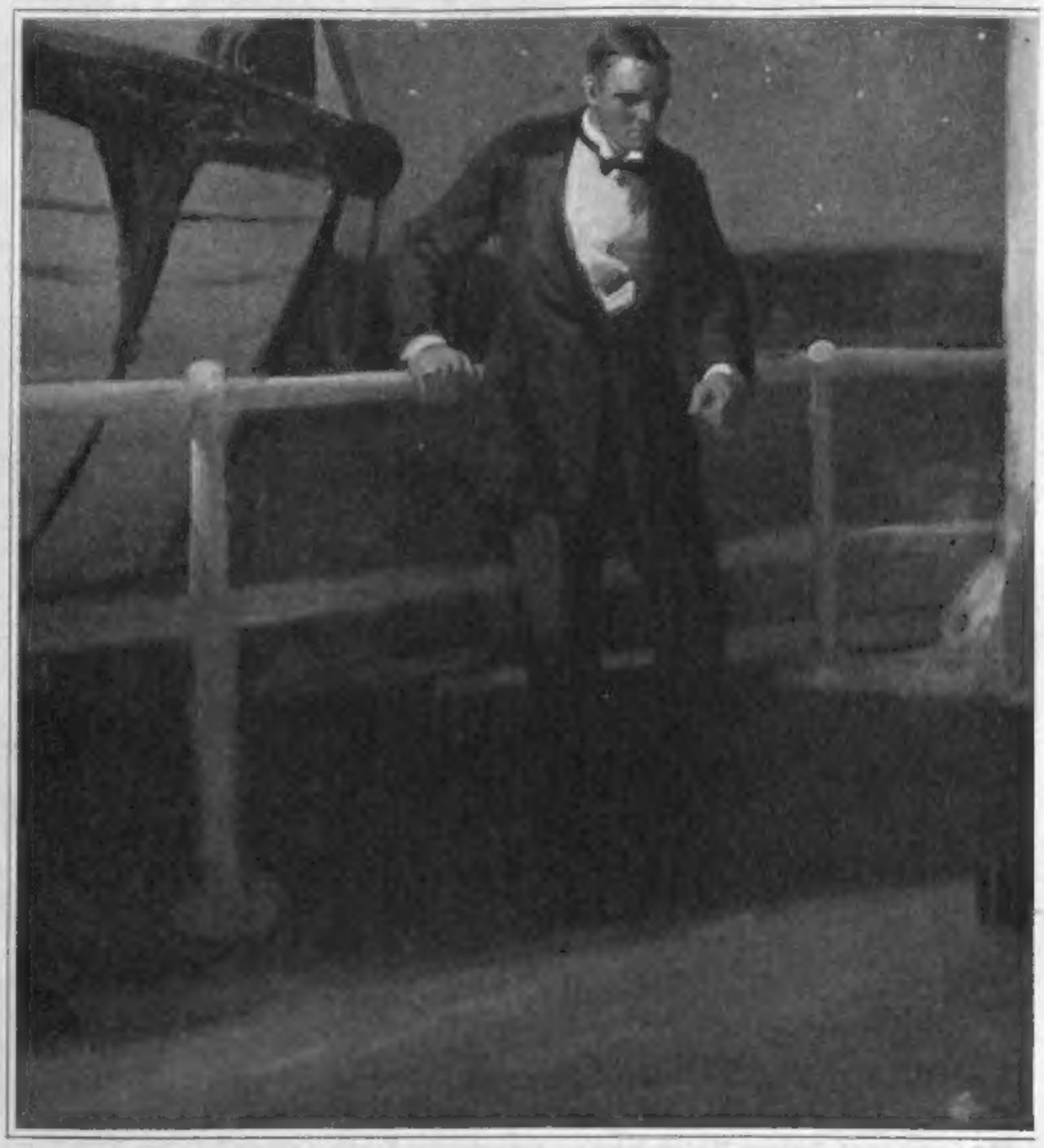
"On the contrary," he answered, "I have today endured the ultimate in torture. I'm sure you gentlemen agree?"

"Quite," said Thatcher. Wayne merely smiled.

"Rather nice evening," Maynard remarked. "A sample of our Hawaiian climate. I hope you're going to like Honolulu. It's my home town, you know."

"I shall love it," the actress promised.

"You're stopping over, I trust," ventured Maynard.



"I Only Know That if You Were to Come to Me Tonight and Tell Me That This

The lovely lips pouted. "Hardly at all. So stupidly arranged—my tour. I should like to have played in Honolulu, but we spent nearly a week in Los Angeles, and now we must hurry on to Australia at once. They're so eager for me over there. Isn't it sweet of them?"

Maynard seemed disappointed. "Then it's only between boats?" he inquired.

"Yes," Wayne told him. "We land at ten Tuesday morning, I believe. The boat from Vancouver comes in at two and sails for Sydney at ten that night. We shall have only twelve hours in your Honolulu, Mr. Maynard."

Maynard shook his head regretfully. "Not enough," he said. "Twenty-four hours—and none of you would ever leave us. But twelve—why, you'll have hardly a taste of our moonlight!"

"Sit down—do," urged Sibyl Clay, "and tell me about your moonlight, Mr. Maynard."

The tanned young man dropped quickly into the chair at her side. She looked up at the two members of her company.

"Our rehearsal will be resumed tomorrow morning in the lounge. We'll take this piece from the beginning."

Wayne bowed. "By the way," he said, holding out his part, "it seems rather useless my learning lines that are no longer in the piece."

"See Nixon," advised the woman sharply. "He will give you the part as Bentley played it in London." Her eyes went back to Dan Maynard's face, their expression altered magically. "I've heard so much of your Hawaiian moonlight ——" she began.

Norman Wayne and Thatcher strolled off to a distant part of the deck. Wayne's mouth was set in rather grim lines.

"So that scene's out," he said. "I might have known."

Thatcher nodded. "Of course," he replied. "A selfish little beast, this Clay woman. I've played with her—I know. But one doesn't rise to the heights without a bit of trampling, old chap."

"I suppose not."

"Rather surprising—her mention of her marriage. He wasn't a bad sort—her husband, I mean. She killed his spirit, squandered his money, tossed him aside like a flattened orange. Oh, she's been on the make, my lad. You'll have very little opportunity —— I was surprised when you took the engagement, a bully good actor like you."

"Oh, one wants a change. I've always hankered to take a look about, down yonder. The South Seas—they fascinate me. Travel and see the world, I thought. I presume your reasons were quite different. You've been in Australia before, you said."

"Started there," nodded Thatcher. "No, I'm not precisely going for the ride. But engagements are none too plentiful at home, you know."

"We've all learned that," admitted Wayne. "Rather rough time for the artist. Ah, yes, whether our sweet star fancies the rôle or not, she's a great philanthropist. A year in repertoire in Australia—it's a lifesaver for some of us. For instance ——"

He nodded toward a little old lady who approached at a rapid gait. "And how's our Nellie tonight?" he inquired as she came up.

A beautiful smile appeared on the lined old face. "Keen as mustard," said Nellie Fortesque. "Working again. Bless you, I thought my run had ended forever. Working, and the weather's perfect, and my tired heart has stopped jumping about. I don't think I've ever been so happy."

"Wayne here," remarked Thatcher, "has just discovered that his best scene is out of our opening piece."

The old lady tapped Wayne on the shoulder.

"Don't you care," she comforted. "Don't you worry. You'll play second fiddle, my boy, and a very soft music at that. We all will. But what of it? We're working. And if our star is a little touchy, can you blame her? Australia for a year—it makes us happy, but it makes her sad. She's passed the hilltop; she's coasting down. Poor child! I was on that hilltop once myself. But I mustn't stop here chatting. I'm walking two miles before dinner."

She went on down the deck, and Wayne smiled after her. "It's added ten years to her life, this engagement," he said. "It's rescued Harry Buckstone at the very door of the almshouse. It's given young Mixell and that girl their chance to marry. It's showing me the world. Odd turn, isn't it, that so notably selfish a woman should be the instrument of so much happiness? . . . Well, I must go below."

As he passed Sibyl Clay's deck chair he saw that she was leaning very close to Dan Maynard's broad shoulder and talking in a low voice. Wayne smiled. The great star was playing Juliet again—Juliet, so young, so fair, so innocent.

II

THE Pacific, an ocean of many moods, was still beneficently calm the following morning. They gathered in the lounge at ten o'clock, as happy a group of players as one could have found on land or sea; Wayne, studying an amended part; Thatcher, gay old Nellie Fortesque, the veteran Harry Buckstone, the two young lovers, a few quiet Britishers who had minor rôles in the plays Sibyl Clay was to offer to Australia. The sun poured through the portholes; the creaking ship plowed westward toward the East.

"Feeling younger every minute," Nellie said. She smiled at the girl with the bobbed hair. "Look out, Zell, my dear, I shall be asking for your rôles by the time we reach Sydney."

"They're yours without a struggle," said the girl. She spoke to the old woman, but it was at the boy she looked.

"I may even try to take Tommy away from you," warned Nellie humorously.

"At that point," said the girl, "the struggle would begin."

"Living's cheap in Australia, they tell me," remarked Harry Buckstone. "Compared with London, I mean. We shall be able to lay by a bit. I shall try, at any rate. Starting rather late, but I realize it now. Laying by a bit—that's the great idea."

Nixon bustled in; he was a little cockney, always flurried and rushed. Not only did he manage the stage but he was Sibyl Clay's business manager as well.

"'Morning, everybody. Bit of all right, this weather, what? I've had a radio from Sydney. We open there the third of October—the day after we land—with Isabelle. Six months in that city alone—that's the promise, if all goes well. And after—Melbourne, Auckland—there's no limit, the way I see it. Sibyl Clay's a big name down there. We may not go home for two years, at least."

"Two years?" Tom Mixell looked inquiringly at the girl. "Would you like that, dear?"

"Why, Tommy," she said, "I'd love it! Home's wherever you and I are—after this."

Sibyl Clay came in. She looked fresh and cool in a marvelous blue gown that matched her eyes. With her came Dan Maynard, good-natured, genial. "I've invited Mr. Maynard to watch us rehearse," the star explained.

"If you people don't mind," said Maynard. Amid a little chorus of polite reassurance, he took a chair near the door.

"Shall we start?" said Miss Clay graciously. She rehearsed the plays herself. "Zell, my dear—Tom—you two are on at the rise. We'll say this is the stage, the exit to the

(Continued on Page 169)

Boat Would Never Reach Port, That I'd Just Go Sailing on Through Eternity Over a Sea Like Glass, I—I Wouldn't Mind, Dan"

SKY PASTURES

By Eleanor Mercein

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

"Sometimes We Talk. Sometimes We Do Not Even Talk. We Simply Sit Together, Gazing Down on the Sleeping Valleys That Do Not Know Our Happiness, Pitying Them, Dreaming Together ——"

IN MY opinion," remarked Madame Urruty, gazing inimically at the slim, long person of her youngest grandson, "that one hears bells."

It was one of the expressive peasant idioms her American granddaughter-in-law often found so apt, indicating that the hearer of bells was mentally not quite there; but as applied to 'Nacio, it surprised her, for it seemed to Emily that her husband's young half brother was mentally rather more than there. At the priests' college near Toulouse he stood so well in his studies, indeed, as to cause among his family a secret fear lest he intend to become a priest himself. Fortunately the period of his military service was near at hand; which should present, it was felt, a wholesome antidote.

"Regard him there," muttered the matriarch with impatience, "lying flat on his stomach in the middle of a morning, with a book under his nose. A book! You observe it? As if time were a thing which lasts forever!"

Emily reminded the old lady that time is a thing which lasts forever; it is only ourselves who change and pass.

"Zut!" said Madame Urruty. "In that case let us hope this worthless *doguin*, this long-legged, idle puppy dog, will change and pass into something else as quickly as possible. What," she demanded in the vernacular, "is eating my grandson? I ask myself!"

Emily eyed the boy with rather a guilty feeling. She knew quite well what was eating him. She recognized the fat green volume which lay under his nose in the middle of a morning, among the pink heather and blue periwinkle of a hillside meadow, from which he occasionally lifted his head to shout stentorian and by no means ineffective orders at a number of people who were moving about in the field just below his vantage point.

It was not a learned volume; it had once belonged to herself, sole survivor of a youth much earlier and more brief than 'Nacio's, when she believed for a time not only in fairies but in knights *sans peur et sans reproche*, blameless Sir Galahads like the one in the Boston Library, who roamed the world on milk-white steeds, bearing a strong resemblance to Miss Ellen Terry, and seeking for damsels to be rescued from their dragons—or was it Saint Michael who specialized in that sort of thing? She had long since forgotten the details of that fat green book; but never the glamour of it, never the color of rose it cast for a while upon the middle of her own morning, until she graduated to Bernard Shaw, and Ibsen, and other authors whom her father considered more suitable for an intelligent young woman who had her way to make in society.

Oddly enough, she had, since her marriage, reverted to jejune tastes. Mr. Shaw seemed to her dry and old; he creaked a little. Ibsen's tragic profundities moved her to nothing more than pitying distaste. Perhaps she had outgrown tragedy and irony. She read the ultra-moderns, of course, from a sense of duty, having left a blanket order for them with her London bookseller; but read them smiling in her sleeve, thinking, "We know a thing worth two of that, Esteban and I"—as probably all happy married people read them, from Bath to Bathsheba.

So that she eyed 'Nacio now with a certain sympathy, not unmixed with approval. Where else in the civilized world today would one encounter a vigorous and healthy youth, in what approximated the sophomore year of college, who could lose himself for days at a time without shame in the sentimental innocencies of Tennyson's Idylls of the King?

Since her addition to the Urruty family, its younger members had developed a passionate enthusiasm for things Anglo-Saxon—customs, history and language. To them her background appeared as romantic, she realized, as theirs to her—"Foreign cows wear long horns." And she felt a certain responsibility devolving upon her, as sole representative of the Anglo-Saxon race in an alien civilization. 'Nacio in particular practiced this form of hero worship; borrowed, whenever possible, Esteban's London-made clothes; cultivated a stilted and cautious Oxford accent in the fond belief that he spoke American; and announced his intention of going in for, not *pelota* but tennis, or even a game known to his college as "futbal"—a curious hybrid sport which would have astonished both English cricketers and American pigskin followers.

Since Emily had given him to read what she explained was an English classic, the boy had been going about with a vague dreaminess of aspect, that bright yet clouded wistfulness which is seen at its best in the eyes of very young hound dogs. The bells he heard were undoubtedly the bells of many-towered Camelot town. Sometimes, catching this eager and expectant vision fixed unseeingly upon herself, Emily was aware that her pale blondness figured for the moment as that of tragic Queen Guinevere, or the Lily Maid of Astolat, or the hapless Lady of Shalott. These were rôles difficult for a mere contented wife and mother to play up to; she began to consider filching back the Idylls of the King and losing them.

It was the season for the irrigation of the fields; a simple enough process on the world's great watershed, where every gully, every path and roadway has its accompanying little stream of pure cold water, which may, by the removal of well-placed stones, be turned at will into the many runlets channeled for the purpose through every field.

After the first abundant harvest, in July, this melted snow is turned for a while into all the cultivated area to refresh it from its labors; after which grasses and weeds and wild flowers spring up apace, with the vigor of the magic bean stalk.

'Nacio, being on holiday, was making himself useful, according to the matriarchal decree, by acting as overseer of this labor; while all the men, women and older children in his grandmother's employ went splashing about in sabots, with bare legs and upturned garments, converting her tilled lands into temporary swamps, and enjoying the process as all human creatures, large or small, enjoy the excuse for dabbling in water.

'Nacio as an overseer was hardly a success, although the fields managed to flood themselves as thoroughly as if he were. Esteban in his place, or Pedro, or even Madame Urruty, would have been down among them, as barelegged and wet and busy as the best, but 'Nacio, a more modern type of general, preferred to give his orders from headquarters.

"I think," muttered the matriarch, turning away, "that this young *fainéant* will make himself less conspicuously useless in the high pastures again, among the other muttons. At least his idleness will no longer offend the eye."

Emily ventured regretful protest; and Fancine, his mother, lifted up an aggrieved voice. The boy had served his apprenticeship with the flocks and herds; surely, after so long a time away from home with no more exciting company than that of beasts and priests, he was entitled to a little leisure in the bosom of his own family. But with the matriarch, as with others of strong will, opposition served only as a fixative. Leisure, she observed, like high cheeses and old liqueurs, was not good for youth; it gave ideas; and ideas, she intimated, were something which required a better brain than her grandson's to cope with.

"At any moment," she continued calmly, "we shall have this puppy dog fancying himself in love with his brother's wife—have you not noticed the sheep's eyes he casts already at our Emily? But no, you would notice nothing, my poor Fancine, being but his mother. . . . It is the age for a debacle of some sort."

Emily opened her lips in startled expostulation, but closed them again; how was she to explain to this shrewd, observant, cynically kind old woman that it was not at her 'Nacio cast his sheep's eyes, but at Guinevere, at the fair Elaine, at the Lady of Shalott?

'Nacio, however, seemed entirely content with his grandmother's edict of banishment. He was a docile youth, sweet tempered like his father, with none of Esteban's masterful disposition.

"Up there," he said philosophically to Emily, "one has it more commodious, and with none of this eternal women's chatter about to disturb the thoughts."

Emily found the farm itself sufficiently commodious, almost too much so at times, since the only neighbor house in sight was the ruined tower of the ancient Etcheverray *maison forte*, L'Ey Kahatcia. It seemed to her that the boy was a little ungrateful, as well as unflattering; she had given a good deal of personal attention to the making of their young brother's holiday.

"What, you won't miss us up there?" She could not resist asking. "Not Bette"—who was his slave and shadow—"nor old Damasa"—who was happy to be waked at any moment to tell her favorite the stories he loved of witches and demons—"nor even me, dear 'Nacio?" The instinct of the flirt dies hard.

"I shall have my dog," said 'Nacio simply. "Also the *métayer's* young son, Essetore, who takes his first year with the sheep. And as for you, *belle-sœur*, you I shall have with me always, everywhere; there even more than here, where we have Esteban to come between. You know how I am jealous of Esteban?"

She started. Was the matriarch right, as usual? Then, meeting the candid, adoring puppy gaze resting upon her so trustfully, she laughed in sheer relief. It was the head, she thought, of a Raphael seraph—the serious one—set by mistake on a figure by Michelangelo. Already the promise of a mustache shadowed 'Nacio's upper lip—a mustache which would never come to maturity, since Basques are invariably clean shaven—but the flushed brown skin, the wide eyes, were soft and clear still as those of a young girl.

At this age, she realized, a boy is often far more beautiful than a girl, and, despite certain little masculine awarenesses, far more innocent.

"If I only had Excalibur about me I should dub you my very perfect knight," she smiled, touching his shoulder as if for the accolade. "Durandal, your sword of Roland, would do even better. What has become of it, 'Nacio?"

"I buried it," he told her gravely, "when I became a man and went up to the pastures with the sheep. If you like I will dig it up for you? But I have other things to show you there, *belle-sœur*. Will you come?"

She promised that she would. "We shall bring you a picnic soon, Bette and I and the baby people, with perhaps Monsieur Etcheverray"—who often accompanied them when Esteban could not. Since Bette's experience with the *cagots*, they were not allowed to leave the confines of the Urruty property without a man.

His eyes brightened eagerly. He wanted her to see the cave he had extended into a fine hut for himself, built out of bowlders, with the mountain for part of his roof and the rest of thatch. He had built furniture also, in the long lonely months—chairs, tables, bookshelves; his bed was made of the skins of wild animals—"Such a bed as Roland himself slept upon!"—and his chimney drew very well, with a hearth on which he cooked his meals.

"But my cave hut is a secret," he told her boyishly. "Only three people know of it: Bette, of course, and Esteban, and Monsieur Tubal."

"What, Etcheverray is in your confidence?" asked Emily, surprised; it would not have occurred to her that the absent-minded *littérateur* would be the confidant of boys.

"But certainly, he often comes to see me there. The things I have collected interest him; also he has a friend in the village on the other side—a Monsieur Zubalos. It was he," the boy added, "who taught me how to cook a hare in the pot, with savory wild herbs, as gypsies do. Monsieur Etcheverray has many accomplishments."

He told her something of the treasures of his cave hut: Bones he had found near by of animals larger than horses, perhaps of elephants—though how would elephants have mounted to the top of the Pyrenees?—and queer old rusty weapons dug from the earth, which may have belonged to soldiers of Charlemagne; and things even more ancient—or so said Monsieur Tubal. Deep in the darkness at the far back of his cave he had discovered a sort of table made of stones, which may have been a crude altar;

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The Girl Herself Appeared in the Door of the Hut at That Moment, a Lovely Dishevéled Vision

GET RID OF THAT FAT

I Nonchalantly Stepped on the Scales

By Samuel G. Blythe

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING

BACK in the year 1912, or thereabouts, in the course of some remarks in these pages, I noted the interesting fact that the world seemed to be populated mostly by persons belonging to one of two classes—fat persons who were trying to get thin and thin persons who were trying to get fat.

My attention was specifically called to this physical phenomenon by certain personal circumstances. I was a fat person trying to get thin. I was not a reasonably fat person trying to get very thin. I was a very fat person trying to get reasonably thin. With the utmost of stretching, cheating half an inch or so, the greatest height I could attain was five feet and ten inches, and I weighed 247 pounds. I was a globular citizen, resembling in my calmer moments a bale of hay or the rear end of a limousine. In motion, I gave a fair imitation of an egg-shaped bowlder embedded in a glacier and moving slowly and majestically toward some given point. I was fat.

I had devoted some twenty of the then forty-three years of my life to the accumulation of this excess baggage, but without thought that I was devout in the matter. Now that I look back on those years, I see that I was devout, even consecrated, to this achievement, but this did not occur to me at the time. I was husky, healthy, hearty, busy at work I liked, in congenial surroundings and with congenial and convivial friends. I had an appetite, and I pampered it and encouraged it. I liked Pilsner beer and I drank it. I took a good deal of exercise, but not enough to stand off my constant intake of rich and fat-producing foods and malt and fat-producing liquids. And at forty-three, as stated, I weighed 247 pounds.

Reducing the Tonnage

NOW even the most lenient and indulgent student of the human form divine will admit that a man who cannot attain the altitude of five feet and ten inches without raising on his toes a bit, a male, or a female, either, who carries that much blubber about is somewhat out of physical proportion—obese, you might say; that seems to be the term descriptive, or gross, mayhap. Anyhow, that was me in those careless and nutritious days. I could qualify for a front-rank membership in the Jolly Fat Boys, and I gave the matter little thought. As is usual with fat persons, I did not lay the blame on an excess of food, on eating too much; but when I thought about it at all, I considered my fat a dispensation of Providence, an inherited tendency, a personally indigenous circumstance—unfortunate, perhaps but inevitable. You may be sure I used all the fat man's alibis, and then some.

So I rolled adiposely into the first days of the year 1912. The remarks I speak about in the opening paragraph came eighteen months later. I knew I was fat, but I hadn't set the stern assay of the scales against that fatness for a long time. Like every other fat man, I was kidding myself about my corpulence. I was going on the comfortable theory that I weighed about 200, and I had broad shoulders and a big chest and a suitable frame to carry that much. That is Fat Man's Alibi Number One. Then one day, all by myself, in the wash room of the Metropolitan Club in Washington—where, by the way, a good deal of that excess baggage originated in the excellent dining room—I nonchalantly stepped on the scales.

I put the weight at 200 and the beam hit the top of the scale bar with a bang that startled me. Then, furtively and fearfully, I slid the weight along until the horrid truth stared me sinisterly in my large round face. The scale balanced at 247. I jiggled and fiddled and wabbled, but I couldn't get it down an ounce. I weighed 247. And I stepped off with one thought, and one only, hammering in my head. That thought was this: "You weigh 247 pounds, you poor but pampered fish, and if you don't do something about it, it won't be long before you'll weigh 300. You have been dodging personal recognition of this obesity for years with the excuse to yourself that it is an inherited tendency, when you know your father never weighed more than 160 and your mother was a slight woman. You have been putting the blame on entirely and flatly fictitious forbears, have been atavistic in your contemplation of your fat instead of accurate. The plain facts of this situation are that you eat too much and drink too much, and unless you want to finish your career in a side show as a fat freak, you'd better snap out of it."

So I did just that, although the process was not entirely snappy. In fact it occupied some eighteen months. I had no diet knowledge or experience, but I figured out for myself that the cause of fat was fat-producing foods and nothing else—too much to eat. I knew that if you put heavy charges of coal in a furnace you get heavier results than you do if you put in small charges. Same with the body. I cut down my intake of food gradually to less than 50 per cent of what I had been eating. I cut out liquor, both hard and malt, entirely.

I looked up the table of average weights put out by the insurance companies and found that at my age and height I should weigh 167 pounds, and that was the mark I began to shoot at; although one of the great doctors of the country told me that, with my build, 175 pounds would be all right; and I knew that insurance companies admit excess weight over their statistical requirements up to 20 per cent.

I shot at 167 and I hit 174—stripped, I mean; in the buff—which figures, in both instances, are over stripped weights for the insurance tables, for these tables give weights as taken for men with coat and vest removed, but account for from three to seven pounds clothing. Still, I took off seventy-three pounds in eighteen months and that satisfied me. Also, it satisfied my tailors and haberdashers, and so on, for I had to get several new outfits of things to wear. Before I had done with it, I even had to take my ring to a jeweler and have that cut down to fit my deflated finger. I shrank amazingly except as to hat and shoes, which helped some, as I paid for the constantly less expansive but not less expensive raiment needful to cover my decreased form. Oxford bags and such things were not in fashion then, you know.

After the Battle

THIS preliminary statement is made in order that I may qualify for what I am about to say. I know what I am talking about. I know the dangers, the discomforts and the disgusts of fat. I know fat can be taken off, for I have taken off seventy-three pounds of it during one prolonged siege with the ol' devil obesity. Furthermore, since that first battle, beginning in 1911, I have had several other encounters of minor intensity, and I have won every one of them.

Also, I have made a study of reducing diets, as well as diet in general, for it is my conviction that 90 per cent of all human ills come from wrong food combinations and food excesses. I know the theories of all the authoritative diet experts. I have examined into every reduction scheme and practice that I could get news of, and the number is great and increasing. I have a considerable section of my library filled with diet books written by American, English and some Continental authorities. I have tried many of these diets at times when my paunch began to expand a bit because of laxity in feeding, or because of indulgences of one sort or another.

There have been times when I have let down my guard over my weight, usually because of circumstances, but always I have brought myself back to my 174 pounds, which

is what I weigh at the moment. It is no trick at all for me to put on twenty pounds. I can do that in jig time simply by cutting loose at table. I could do it in half-jig time if I took liquor, but liquor went permanently out of my scheme of things back yonder in 1911. This ease of accumulating weight is my metabolic impost.

Now this study and practice of diet has taught me a variety of things, but the chief thing it has taught me is that fat in the human body, in all but a small proportion of cases, is caused by the consumption of fat and the lack of suitable exercise. Once in a while a fat person is fat because of a glandular deficiency such as too little thyroid, but mostly fat comes from fat. What is written here is for people who are fat, who are getting fat, or who will get fat. There are plenty of people who can, and do, eat all sorts of fats and remain thin. Those are outside my view. I am talking at and for fat people, and I am speaking as an ex-fat person who knows, definitely and accurately, the discomforts of fat, the dangers of fat and the delights of a rational body build and maintenance, and how to secure and preserve those delights.

I know, as a layman who has made a study of the matter for years, what every dietitian, doctor, chemist and physical expert knows, if he knows anything that fat is fatal, that it is dangerous, that it is a physical crime. I know that serious organic diseases, such as diabetes, impaired heart action, and so on, are often associated with fat; and I know that, even with organic disease absent, the fat man or woman doesn't get 50 per cent of life on the credit side of the ledger, doesn't have half the comfort, fun, ease or health he would have if he were not so fat.

Broadened by Travel

THERE is no need of going into this phase of the matter. Every fat person knows the handicap of fat, even if a lot of fat people, because of sheer terror of the regimen of getting rid of fat, will not admit it.

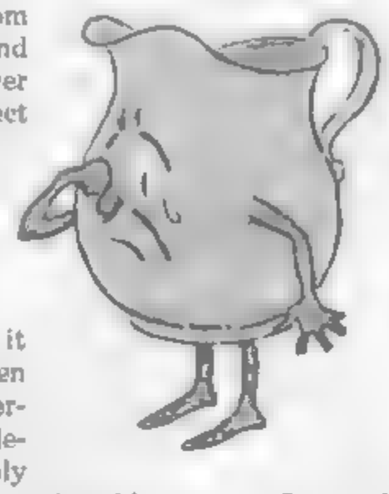
Obesity is a dangerous disease, but it is easy and simple to cure if there is any strength of mind at all behind the desire to be cured.

Some other things I have learned about this fat business in the course of my sixteen years' study, observation and experiment, are these: Drugs for reducing fat are often more dangerous than the fat itself, and usually worthless. Exercise without diet isn't worth more than a momentary hoot. Devices, whether chemical, mechanical, physical or mental, that are put forth to reduce fat in and on the human body that are not accompanied and used in connection with a diet based on scientific reducing principles are futile and, more often than not, most unsafe. On the other hand, as nothing is needed in the great majority of cases to rid oneself of fat save a diet based on scientific reducing principles and some exercise, all devices of a drug, mechanical, physical and mental character are superfluous and a waste of time and money—except, of course, the will to stand the not very obnoxious gaff.

I discover, in my examination into this problem in 1927, that the basic situation has changed radically. When I first took up this matter of reducing in a serious and personal way, the world was, as I said, composed mostly of fat people trying to get thin and thin people trying to get fat. Now I find that the world is populated largely by fat people trying to get thin and by thin people trying to get thinner. Fat seems to have gone out of fashion all along the line. There are no skinny people moaning because they cannot put on twenty pounds, or not many, and what there are, are hopelessly without the pale of the prevailing mode for slenderness

Consequently this is the period of reduction, especially the period of female reduction; and consequently further, the quacks and the fakers are having a profitable time of it. Many things are being proffered, sold and used in the name of fat elimination and the attainment of slenderness that are bogus, are dangerous and, in a number of instances, are criminal.

It is quite hopeless, of course, to attempt to combat a style. If it is the fashion, as it is, for women to be slender, women will resort to any expedient to become slender. Still, it may be useful to point out a method for attaining slenderness that is safe from any physical ill effects, that is sure, and has no comebacks in the way of lower vitality and resistance. That is the object of this meeting—that and the desire to assist the fat men, whose name is obesely legion in this country, to get back to a normal physical being and to recover some of the joy of life that their lard has taken from them.



Obesity is a dangerous disease. Even if it has not caused any organic disturbance, even if it has not impaired the heart or degenerated the liver or done any of those other deteriorating things it can do, and inevitably will do if it remains, fat, at its best, is uncomfortable, unsightly and unnecessary. Hence, to my second chapter.

I took a trip around the world in 1925 and 1926, wandering about in many tropical and other places for eight or nine months. This was not one of those trips wherein you embark in New York or in San Francisco, on a large, orgulous and floating hotel and are pampered and mollycoddled and petted and overfed and directed and guarded from discomfort. It was a rough-and-ready trip that had no definite plan save an embarking point, which was San Francisco, and a terminal, which was the same place, after the circuit was complete. Necessarily, it comprised trips on many sorts of boats, habitations in many sorts of hotels, the eating of whatever food could be obtained, and so on.

Necessarily, it knocked sky-high all diet ideas of the subscriber. When one is hungry, as one often is, even in the tropics, and there is nothing to eat save *ris tafel*, one eats *ris tafel*, even if *ris tafel* is mostly starch and condiments. It is not expedient to count calories and balance proteins and carbohydrates in places where food is food without any scientific formulas attached, and you eat what is set before you or do not eat at all. Furthermore, exercise isn't exactly an inspiring occupation when one is beneath the equator. Wherefore, during this eight or nine months I began to pick up weight. The fat came sneaking back here and there, especially about the paunch, and when I finally got to the accustomed scales and the place where the calories can be counted, I discovered that instead of weighing my perfect 174, I weighed a very imperfect 190—sixteen pounds too much.

There is one delusion common with all people, and that is that the man of full habit is a man of healthy habit. That comes from away back yonder when the bulk of the people did not have enough to eat. Also, it is the Fat Man's Alibi Number Two. In all your life you never saw a fat man who didn't extenuate his own fatness by saying, and thinking, that an ex-fat man doesn't look so well, in the sense of health, as he did when he was big and red and round. These fat men, without the stamina to get off their fat, edge around and make little remarks about the ex-fat man not looking so well, and a bit haggard, and getting old, and all this and that, which is the veriest tosh, for no fat man ever was as well as any thin man, provided that fat man and the thin man start on an even basis organically. And to a lot of people the idea of taking off much flesh seems like interfering with the laws of Nature or the decisions of Providence, a sort of physical heresy. It alarms them, because they do not understand what they are alarmed about. So they bear their burden of blubber, for which they themselves are solely responsible, as a sort of penalty or punishment imposed on them by Nature.

Once, a few years ago, I took a fat friend of mine in hand. He was thirty or forty pounds overweight, wheezy, ponderous, slow, and all cluttered up with grease inside and out. His fat was interfering with his work and his play. He was, and is, a big lawyer in his own city, and a former high government official. I told him what to do, and he did what I told him to. One result was that in a few months' time he cut off his thirty or forty pounds of excess baggage; and another result that to his family and his friends his losing all this fat seemed something ominous that was happening to him. He always had been fat. Now, to see him wasting away in this manner was terrifying. He must be sick.

A Back-to-Nature Movement

HIS family, naturally solicitous, inquired into what was happening. There was father slowly getting rid of his fat and becoming well in the process, and there were mother and the girls and other relatives, watching this return to health and interpreting it as the quick advance of some terrible illness. They held a family council and demanded of the reducer to know exactly what he was doing.

"I'm reducing," he said

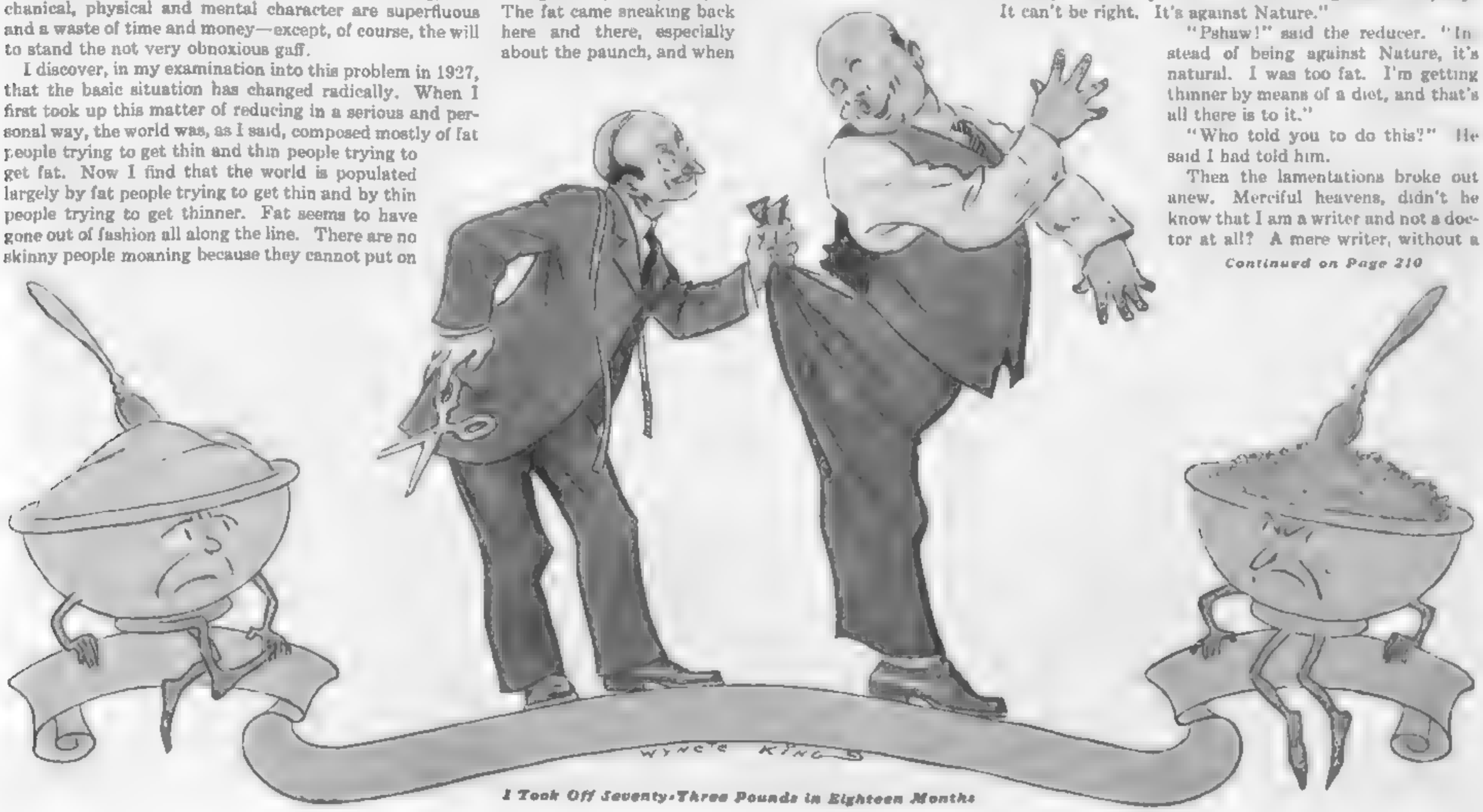
"But why?" they wailed "You looked so fine and healthy, and now you are thin and losing flesh so rapidly. It can't be right. It's against Nature."

"Pshaw!" said the reducer. "Instead of being against Nature, it's natural. I was too fat. I'm getting thinner by means of a diet, and that's all there is to it."

"Who told you to do this?" He said I had told him.

Then the lamentations broke out anew. Merciful heavens, didn't he know that I am a writer and not a doctor at all? A mere writer, without a

Continued on Page 210



I Took Off Seventy-Three Pounds in Eighteen Months

GRANDPA

By STRUTHERS BURT

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

ONE trouble with America is that it is so big that almost everything that can be said about it is true, also untrue. Like a vast jungle, the good and bad are growing side by side prodigiously. Another trouble with America is that so many Americans lack a sense of social gradations, except materially. They are born, live and die, never realizing that no matter how well they may have done by themselves there are still circles above them of whose methods of life spiritually they have not the slightest conception yes, even if by chance they become part of those circles. These are two of the reasons why Europe is filled with otherwise fairly sensible people talking nonsense about their own country. No wonder the minds of the Frenchman and Englishman resemble in this respect grab bags of absurdity.

For a not so terrible young woman, attractive physically, Lily Austin internationally was a menace. I will overlook the fact that she insisted upon calling herself Jamie, which was bad enough, and concentrate upon her favorite topic of conversation—a regretful repetition of the crude follies of her native land. Lily was not crude herself. Oh, no, indeed! She wore a *béret* on her short, shaggy ash-blond curls and she had been studying painting for two years in Paris, so she knew all about the Dome and the Rotonde, and was reaching the point where her r's were becoming rollingly French and her h's daintily nonexistent.

I ran across Lily at Les Sables, a little place on the coast of Brittany—that was a summer ago—and at first, being, I regret to state, like all other men, something of an ass where young and pretty women are concerned, I took pleasure in watching Lily from the respectful and somewhat frightened distance of a happily married man. She had a charming round, strong little figure, had Lily, in a bathing suit, and she wore her *béret* at a rakish angle. After a while—after a week or so, and after I had met her—I realized that she had encumbrances. These encumbrances consisted of a large, perfectly silent, richly dressed woman, who undoubtedly was her mother, and an excessively ancient man with a white beard, who sat all day long on the balustraded terrace of the hotel, peering with dim blue eyes at the colored sails of the fishing boats in the harbor. The ancient man might have been anything from a grandfather or an uncle to a father by a marriage of mismated years.

Lily did extremely well by her encumbrances. They bothered her less even than they bother the average modern girl. The silent, richly dressed woman would come down to the bathing beach every day about noon, after Lily had been in the water two or three hours, and stand looking at the sea, endeavoring not to look at Lily too directly. In thirty minutes or so Lily would drag herself out of the tiny waves or away from the gambols of her peers, and go into a bathhouse and dress. She seldom spoke to the silent, richly dressed woman, but her attitude was one of rebuke for this unwarranted and continuous interference. As for the ancient man, Lily treated him exactly like an egg—she patted him, that is, on the head every morning. Or rather, she treated him like some less intelligent sort of pet which, if it got three meals a day, ought to be satisfied. You felt that she had tried to teach this ancient man tricks when she had first got him, but, failing in this, had lost interest.

"They only come over in the summer," she told me; "in the winter I work and am free."

"Under whom do you work in Paris? At what studio?"

"Oh, I'm in no studio. That's very bad for you. Ruins your individuality. I have my own studio."

"What a Waste of Soul!" Sighed Mr. Djhant. "What a Waste of Soul! That is the Trouble With So Many American Women—They Have Nothing to Do"

She had with her an example of her secondary interest—sculpture—a little figure of a very, very fat black woman.

"This is an expression of curves," she explained; "of the curved sense of the world—endless curves."

"So I see," I agreed.

That was while I was still admiring Lily from a respectful distance and still taking a delight in watching her gamboling on the beach with her peers. One of her peers was a pleasant young Frenchman named Jacques de Norvins—the Vicomte de Norvins—and I think Lily was debating with herself whether to take him more seriously than she had anything else up to the present, save curves.

He and she threw a ball back and forward to each other rather languorously and romantically when they were not swimming.

De Norvins had a delightful mother. She was pretty, with a fresh-colored face under white hair, and she was witty. Also she was kind, although in a frankly worldly way. Les Sables was filled with people like that. It has what the French call a *cachet*. In other words, it is filled with French people of startlingly great names, mostly known merely as madame and monsieur, who every summer leave their beautiful châteaux in order to be somewhat crowded and uncomfortable. But then there is plenty of chance to talk—for *causerie*, which always pleases the French—and the scenery is heavenly. These French people are interesting racially; they are so unself-conscious, so pleasant, so amusing. No wonder, with five hundred years or so of these fine and simple manners back of them, they find even an English duke oddly middle class.

But it was necessary not to take any of them, including Madame de Norvins—she had, of course, a title much greater than her son's—too ingenuously. If you did, sooner or later you discovered that steel chamber which is at the back of all European personalities. In it are kept the family documents and a most realistic sense of the value of money. Lily had been complaining to me about the American's insensate reverence for the latter commodity. You couldn't talk to Lily very long without discovering her small and well-shaped cloven foot.

"They think they can come over here and buy everything," she complained. "It's disgusting. It makes you ashamed."

"Well, so they can," I objected. "It's too bad, but they can. And be ashamed not solely for your own countrymen but for the whole world. Vulgarity isn't national. Besides, it's a subtle distinction. Who do you think is the more shameful in a dirty bargain, the buyer or the man who sells out?"

Then I moved away. I simply couldn't talk any more about the American's love of money. It is, to begin with, too old a subject; and it is, to end with, one upon which little truth has been shed. Also, at the moment, any statement you might make was complicated by the question of the debt. France was filled with Americans trying by word of mouth and unnecessary tipping to prove themselves more generous than their Government. They were in a dilemma. It was a question as to whether they preferred to be thought fools or Uncle Shylocks. Having determined to hate us, there was no way of putting the French off. At all events, you got tired of hearing how Lafayette had made a man of George Washington, so I went over to where Madame de Norvins was sitting on the sand under a striped umbrella of red-and-yellow canvas.

She made a charming picture with her snowy hair, her youthful fresh-colored face and her inexplicable coolness and daintiness. She nodded and smiled and made room for me. By this time I knew Madame de Norvins fairly well. She stared at the slim brown figures of her son and Lily, who had now arisen and were throwing the tennis ball, and spoke without reservation.

"Tell me," she asked thoughtfully, "who is this young woman—this Jamie Austin?"

"I haven't the faintest idea."

"Do you know where she comes from?"

"From some place in Indiana, I think."

"She is very rich, isn't she?"

Remembering Lily's words, still ringing in my ears, I could not, I am afraid, conceal a smile. "I imagine she is. Her family own copper mines or something."

Madame de Norvins looked at me with raised eyebrows. She made a small quizzical mouth. "You mustn't be quite so American," she said; "you must be broad-minded. It is quite right and just that I should wish to know how much money this young woman has. Jacques is my fourth son, and in France we are not wealthy enough to afford for our fourth sons a marriage altogether of sentiment. Indeed, I consider myself exceedingly modern and liberal even to take seriously an affair which started with the picking up, as you might say, of a young woman on a beach. Times change."

"Then it is an affair?"

Madame de Norvins' blue eyes looked into mine shrewdly. "I think it is; although, of course, Jacques, like a good French boy, will do exactly what I and his father tell him to do." She was silent for a moment, staring at the sea.

"Tell me, you, as an American, do you like this young woman—do you approve of her?"

I realized that here was a grave question to be answered with care. I did not want to feel that even in the smallest way I might have a hand in destroying a growing romance—if such it was.

"Why"—I chose my words carefully—"I don't know. She seems nice enough. She's pretty and ambitious and has brains."

"Nice enough!" Madame de Norvins spread out her hands pleadingly. "Nice enough! That will not do. Is she your best type of American? Would she make my boy a high-minded, sensible, sensitive wife? Money is a great deal when you haven't too much of it and a large family. Indeed, it is a necessity; but one cannot sacrifice everything. Those who have done so have not been successful. And I cannot tell about Americans—there are so many of them, and one says this and another that."

"Exactly."

The slim white hands smoothed the folds of a violet linen skirt reflectively across a knee. Madame de Norvins' eyes sought the sea again.

"Life has changed so," she complained. "There are no longer, not even in France, many standards with which to compare things. Even ladies and gentlemen so often do not behave like ladies and gentlemen—at least, on the surface. Fundamentally, I suppose they do "

I sat up straight. This was a favorite topic.

"I am sure of it—absolutely. That's something you can't beat out of a person. It's too much part of his or her blood and bone. And it is immensely strong; in the end it always wins. The other isn't good enough, even when the person in question doesn't know what the better thing is. In the end there is always an inarticulate, undefined lack of satisfaction with just money and materials. You can even begin to see this working already in the sons and daughters of the millionaires of the late war. With the stupider it takes itself out in drinking and the Charleston."

"Yes," agreed Madame de Norvins, nodding her head. "Yes, that is true. But"—her smile became uncertain—"I am part American myself, you know," she said, "and that's what makes it even more confusing."

"Really? I didn't know that."

"Yes, my mother was an American. She came from New York. My grandfather was an East India merchant and something rather important in the government of the state. I remember him as a little girl. He was a very old man. Do you want to know what—until recently, at all events -America has always seemed to me?"

"Yes."

"Well, it has seemed to me the figure of a thin tall man with blue eyes and a delicate featured, very wise face. A man of kindness, maturity and simplicity. An actual democrat, which, of course, means the same thing as an actual aristocrat—a proud, gentle man. You see, I suppose politically and otherwise I am what you would call an aristocrat. Therefore I understand the real democrat, but I do not understand the present French Government or what I hear or see of present-day America." Madame de Norvins laughed deprecatingly. "It is odd, isn't it," she added, "to find a Frenchwoman talking this way? But blood is very strong; I am half American. I have quarreled greatly with my friends about this; they think I am mad—mad to have this picture of America as a proud, gentle man. But I know such Americans existed, for I saw one of them."

I had been listening a trifle open-mouthed, warmed about the heart, as I always am when, in the arid waste of European prejudice, a trace of actual perception toward my own is discovered. "They did exist," I said, "and they do still—lots of them. No country has more. And just like the idea of fine breeding, they are strong far beyond their actual numbers, although at present, perhaps, they are temporarily obliterated by machines and stupid mass movements. They do exist."

"I hope so," sighed Madame de Norvins "I must find out about that girl."

I helped her to her feet and we went up to the balustraded terrace of the hotel to await the announcement of luncheon. At a distance, alone, as he always was, we saw the excessively ancient man staring at the multicolored sails of the fishing boats in the harbor

Two days later I had my first—and last real quarrel with Lily—or Jamie, as she called herself.

Silly to quarrel with a girl of twenty-four; but then, nowadays, a girl of twenty-four is quite able to take care of herself and should be responsible for what she says and does. Moreover, my nerves, internationally, were somewhat on edge, as are the nerves of most Americans

A Mr. Djhani—pronounced Dawney—had also wandered into Les Sables; and a nice fellow he was, too, and a most interesting one; a Hindu who for ten years or so had made an excellent living in America, conducting a school of some sort of esoteric philosophy. The few American women at Les Sables sat at his feet and listened with prettily wrinkled foreheads to a lot of sentences I am sure they did not understand, while the Frenchwomen said he was beautiful, but mysticism bored them. . . . Merely a difference in national temperaments.

Mr. Djhani liked Lily, and despite his esoteric philosophy and æsthetic appearance, found her round strong little figure in a bathing suit even more interesting, I think, than I did. Anyway, on the afternoon in question, Lily and Mr. Djhani sat on the beach in the cool slanting sunshine, with a small breeze rippling the sea to white metal, and Mr. Djhani told Lily how it "hurt his heart" the way Hindus were so willing to lend all they had in their souls to Americans, but the Americans persistently refused to reciprocate.

As you have noticed, practically everything at Les Sables took place on the beach, as it should have done to accord with the name. And when I say took place, I mean, where the middle and lower class French, who occasionally strayed there, are concerned, the statement literally. They ate there, slept there, read their newspapers there, dressed

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"Pageants?" Lily Shrugged Her Shoulders and Laughed. "Perhaps it Seems Like a Pageant to You"

CUBA LIBRE: NEW EDI-

Looking Across the Harbor to Havana

FOR eighty years the cry of the people of Cuba was Cuba Libre—Free Cuba—because Spanish rule and oppression became almost synonymous. In the late 90's the United States, following the destruction of the Maine, heeded that appeal and intervened with arms. The result was a new republic, born of disinterested altruism and effort, in the Caribbean area.

Today the slogan of the Pearl of the Antilles is again Cuba Libre. This time it animates a bloodless campaign. By a curious irony, Cuba now seeks political independence of the nation that fought to liberate her.

Like her mother country, Cuba is stepping out. Her gaze encompasses the world. She has acquired international aspiration and apparently wants a place in the sun. Resenting what is construed as vassalage to the United States, she seeks to bring about the abrogation of the Platt Amendment, which gives the United States fiscal and other stewardship of the island.

It means that here, as elsewhere throughout Latin America, the old resentment of us is asserting itself. Though the Cuban feeling does not and never will approach the antagonism harbored by Mexico, the state of mind of the ruling class is significant. A new complication has arisen for Uncle Sam in a domain where he had every reason to expect sympathy and support.

Though Cuba may possibly achieve some degree of political independence of the United States, she will find it extremely difficult to free herself from the economic authority that we exercise. Our investment of $1,500,000,000 tops the list of American holdings in Latin-American countries. It represents the largest employment of American money in any foreign country save in Canada. We dominate Cuban sugar production and distribution and provide the best market for her crop. The dollar bill is legal tender throughout the republic.

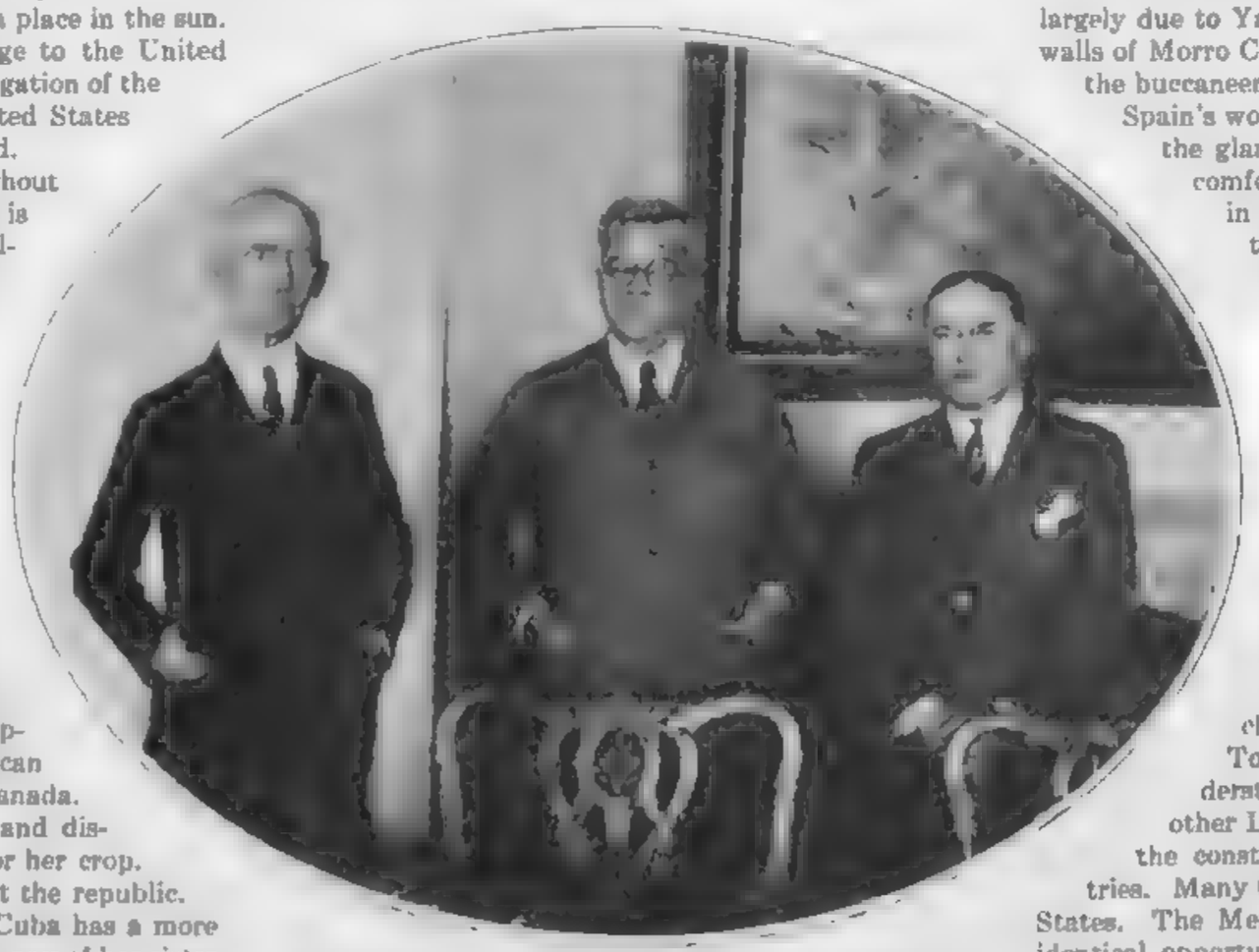
It is almost unnecessary to say that Cuba has a more profound sentimental interest for us than any of her sister Latin-American states. Upon her soil the first American army to cross the high seas registered its unselfish purpose. Incidentally, this adventure started Theodore Roosevelt on the road to the White House. We gave Cuba rank among the nations and freedom from many pests, not the least of which was yellow fever.

The Land of Empire Builders

BUT our war with Spain did much more. Through it we emerged from long isolation and were caught up in the whirl of international events and responsibility. Our advent into Cuba was the outpost of a larger world participation that culminated on the battlefields of France. El Caney and San Juan Hill were the prelude to St.-Mihiel, Château-Thierry and the Argonne.

Cuba is very much in the vogue, as it were, for two reasons. One is that the administration of President Machado is fast developing into a dictatorship of sorts. The other grows out of the fact that Cuba has joined Britain and Brazil in the control of an essential commodity. In this instance it is sugar. Here, as with kindred products, you find the usual inconsistency. British rubber control proved that the crude article was anything but elastic. Cuba has learned to her cost over years of depreciated price that sugar can be a bittersweet. No wonder she has started a movement for crop diversification.

In many respects Cuba is the key to our Latin-American relations. Mexico for the moment looms larger, but in the last analysis our influence south of Panama depends upon our status in the republic over which Machado now rules.



Ambassador Crowder, President Machado of Cuba and Mr. Marcosson in the President's Room at the Palace at Havana

Thus, all things considered, it is doubtful if Cuba has ever faced a more significant situation than the one which confronts her today. The effort to free herself from our sponsorship is only one of the many phases which make her a timely subject for analysis.

Geographically and historically, Cuba merits a word in passing. She is the largest of the West Indies, with an area nearly equal to that of Pennsylvania. Of her population of 3,500,000, only 600,000 are white males above the age of twenty. Approximately 95 per cent of the men of working age are employed at wages. The island was discovered by Columbus on his first voyage in 1492 and was the corner stone upon which the far-reaching and now vanished New Spain was reared.

From her shores two mighty empire builders went forth for the conquest of immense areas. One was Cortés, who sailed on the expedition that led to the subjugation of Mexico. The other was De Soto, who discovered the Mississippi and eventually found his grave in that Father of Waters. Hence Cuba is joined with two events that helped to shape the history of this Western world.

Columbus declared that Cuba was "the loveliest land that human eyes have ever seen." Nor has its luxuriant and beguiling beauty diminished since he first set foot upon its soil. The island is akin to that seductive lotus area "in which it seemed always afternoon." In lure and fascination it is an enchanted isle.

No less attractive is Havana, with its background of romance and adventure, where the modern skyscraper, largely due to Yankee enterprise, towers over the storied walls of Morro Castle. Here were the home and haunt of the buccaneers who roamed the Spanish Main. Here Spain's world power received its death blow. Here the glamour of departed days mingles with the comfort and convenience of modern times. As in Madrid, the bull cart and the limousine travel side by side. Here vamped the heroine of Joseph Hergesheimer's novel, The Bright Shawl, in the historic theater that still shelters color and gayety. Havana is the city of eternal contrast and charm.

A Universal Failing

BECAUSE of our close economic and political association, we are apt to overlook some of the reasons why she stands out among all the Latin-American republics. This involves a brief analysis of the Cuban character.

To begin with, the Cubans probably understand North Americans better than the other Latin-Americans do. This develops from the constant intercourse between the two countries. Many Cubans have been educated in the United States. The Mexican of the higher social class has had identical opportunities, but he does not comprehend us in the same way.

In the second place, the Cuban is mentally and physically more like an American than is the Mexican, the Chilean or the Argentine. This enables him to get the Anglo-Saxon psychology. He has the invariable Latin pride and sensitiveness, but is a better sportsman than his brothers of the south. Unlike the Mexican, he is still loyal to Spain, his ancient oppressor. About 80 per cent of the small trade in Cuba is in the hands of Spaniards, while the rest is controlled by Chinese.

Moreover, the Cuban is one of the world's champion spenders. In Havana and elsewhere on the island there is a phrase which says, "The dollar is made to roll." During the famous dance of the millions, when the sugar boom was at its height, the Cubans splurged on a scale that made the Argentines look like pikers.

The curse of the country has been corruption in politics. Men gamble in voters as they would gamble in securities or cotton. Unscrupulous leaders buy the votes, or rather

TION—By Isaac F. Marcosson

the promise of votes, of certain groups and then sell them to the highest bidders. This is something of a departure from the old American blocks-of-five system. The result is that the country lags economically.

Since our interest in Cuba is predominantly economic and leads that of all other foreign countries, we will get at the outset a bird's-eye view of the American stake on the island. From $50,000,000, which represented our total holdings prior to the war with Spain, there has been an increase to $1,500,000,000. Of this sum two-thirds is in sugar. We own eighty-five mills and about 4,500,000 acres of cane land. These mills produce more than 65 per cent of the total output of raw sugar in Cuba. It is worthy of note that in 1919 the American investment in sugar was only $375,000,000.

Second in volume and importance come railroads and public utilities, which account for approximately $300,000,000. We have $50,000,000 in tobacco, while the remainder of the investment is in banks, miscellaneous manufacturing, docks, warehouses, terminal facilities and mining.

A comparison between the productiveness, as well as our constructive economic penetration, in Mexico and Cuba is illuminating. The area of Cuba is 44,164 square miles, while that of Mexico is 767,198. The Cuban population is only 3,500,000 as compared with Mexico's 15,000,000. Cuba's yearly exports reach $434,000,000, while Mexico's have never passed the $341,000,000 mark. Cuba's imports have touched $359,000,000. Mexico last year bought goods valued at only $195,000,000.

The Sugar Bowl

THE per capita figures are impressive. In 1923—the latest statistics available—Cuba led all Latin America in the per capita of exports. It amounted to $135. Mexico was far down the line, with $12.30. In per capita of imports she also ranked first with $86.11, while the Mexican figure was $10.90.

The deduction is obvious. Through maladministration, Mexico has made it well-nigh impossible for the alien to take economic root there. Our investment in Mexico is $100,000,000 less than in Cuba. Business is in the dumps. The Mexican output of everything except politics has declined steadily since socialism leaped into the saddle in 1910, while Cuba has enjoyed steady expansion.

Unlike Mexico, Cuba has encouraged foreign money and enterprise. With only a seventeenth of the area and one-fourth of the population of Mexico, she outranks her in wealth and output. The contrast is all the more striking when you realize the natural resources of Mexico. She not only has immense potentialities for agriculture but her soil is vastly rich in oil, gold, silver, copper and other minerals. Cuba must depend largely upon two products, sugar and tobacco.

We can now go into the concrete story of sugar, which, as you have seen, is the principal American concern in Cuba and the backbone of the economic life of the republic. It touches the humblest native in some way. The price of the raw product is printed daily on the first page of every newspaper and forms one of the principal topics of conversation.

Cuba rises or falls as sugar goes up or down. She is the world's sugar bowl. Because Cuba is a one-crop country she has undergone many vicissitudes. She has ranged from years of almost stupendous plenty to a crisis which invoked a moratorium and made paupers of one-time commercial princes.

Everybody has contact with sugar, because it is one of the indispensable modern foods. Once a luxury—in Queen Elizabeth's day it sold as high as twenty-two dollars a pound—it now forms an important part of the universal diet and has become a basic industry. More than 80 per cent of the sweetening materials consumed annually in the United States consist of sugar or its derivatives. Nearly three-fourths of our annual sugar consumption is for direct household use.

Getting Sweeter and Sweeter

MOST Americans do not realize, perhaps, that they are the greatest sugar consumers in the world. We absorb nearly one-fourth of the whole supply from all sources. To be exact, we disposed of 6,117,000 tons of the raw product in 1926.

The average per capita consumption in the United States last year was 118 pounds. Denmark has the same per capita, but she is a small country and cuts no figure in the market. The United Kingdom comes second with a per capita consumption of 93 pounds. Canada is third with 90 pounds; Holland fourth with 89 pounds; Switzerland fifth with 83 pounds. The Germans and Austrians also are large sugar consumers.

Our sugar consumption has expanded at the rate of more than 5 per cent a year over many decades. Since 1917 the advance has been greater than before that period because of prohibition and the marked increase in the popularity of candy and sweet drinks.

It is only when you begin to probe into the story of what appear to be prosaic industries that you discover that they have backgrounds of romance and adventure. Coffee, tea and rubber, for example, had their origins in remote and picturesque places and have been caught up on occasion in the turmoil of international dispute. So, too, with petroleum.

None of these commodities has so diverting a narrative as sugar. The word is derived from the Sanskrit *çarkara*, which means small grains. The sugar

(Continued on Page 157)

The Rio Blanco Valley

MY OWN TRUE LOVE STORY

By Horatio Winslow

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE TURNER

"Oh," He Said to Me, "So That is Your Game, is It?—Kidnaping Innocent Young Girls!"

WHILE glancing through your valued paper of even date, noted prize reward sum of twenty-five dollars ($25.00) offered for best account of experiences under subject My Own True Love Story, and with purpose of winning above reward am submitting following personal facts for valued approval. Will add everything stated here is truth and nothing but same, and if necessary can prove by eyewitnesses. Will also add reason for using initials instead of names is because do not wish to embarrass anybody by account which please find below.

Was born year 19—, in city of R——, state of W——, but at age of ten parents moved to capital city of said state entitled M——, where have lived ever since and where scene of Own True Love Story is located.

For many months had been secretly engaged to Lucy V—— of 16— T—— St., also living in city of M——. In fact, we had known each other and been on friendly terms ever since my family had moved to Madison twelve years before. But as the moment to announce our engagement drew near I was surprised to find myself getting daily grouchier and grouchier, and knew not why.

And every time I would see a large pendulum swinging in a clock or boys playing marbles with large blue alleys, or anything at all that was round or painted blue or both, I would feel a bitter regret the same as if I was doing something I ought not to be doing. And once at a railroad crossing I pretty near got hit by a train because of watching two big, round, moving signals that made me want to burst into tears, I knew not why. Sometimes I thought I was going crazy.

But every day I would fight against all this and try to take myself in hand saying, "Now, Myron, what is the matter with you anyhow? Why are you acting so foolish? You are going to marry Lucy Vail, so make the best of it, as it is a suitable match and she is a swell girl from a fine family."

That is what I would repeat to myself during the day; but when the hours of evening fell and I started on my way to 16—, T—— St., then I would find my disposition as stated above, and likely as not I would come to myself standing in front of a certain optician's office, I knew not why, and looking sadly up at his illuminated sign.

Often I would argue with myself saying, "Myron, what more could you wish? Lucy is not only a sweet girl but she is the best possible match, because she is practical and not always doing things for no reason at all. How happy you ought to be to know you have won the heart of a girl whose every action is sensible." But the more I argued, the grouchier I got, until one spring evening, when like a flash from a clear sky the secret came out.

Walking down M—— St., I was about to pass the hall where the Protective and Mutual Order of Traveling S—— were holding their annual benefit dance, when I observed something that made me stop short and shiver the same as if a piece of ice had been dropped down the back of my neck.

And as I looked this girl in the eyes and remembered I had seen her at another dance a month before, I understood all that had been happening to me.

There was no use trying to continue where duty called. And though I could not help wishing that the earth would open and swallow me up before I had time to telephone Lucy about feeling sick, and before I had time to buy a ticket for the P. and M. O. dance—nothing like that happened. Hence a few minutes later I made part of the merry throng of revelers, and on the other side of the hall was the pair of blue eyes responsible for my action.

"Remember, Myron," I said to myself with a last impulse of decency, "that you are an engaged man, and there is yet time to turn back and live up to the sacred promise you have given."

But even before I had finished this remark, the girl had turned her head slightly and had begun to roll those mysterious eyes in my direction.

I can only describe the effect by saying it made me feel the same as if I was walking on a tight rope and somebody had cut it at one end. Before I could control myself my feet had taken me across the room, and in a sincere voice I was uttering the following falsehood: "Excuse me, but I am sure you remember me. We were introduced at the Jolly Five Dance a month ago."

What she said to this or what happened immediately after I do not know. The next thing I remember is calling her Opal and being called Myron, and hearing her say to her escort, "Kindly go back and sit down, Harold. Can't you see I am in the middle of an interesting conversation? Please go on, Myron. Perhaps it is because I can never explain to myself anything I do that it is such a pleasure to me to listen to a thinking man of the world like yourself who has reasoned everything out."

I must have acted strange the next night when I called on Lucy V——, and during the week that followed she must have been surprised more than once by the regular way I kept falling sick, thereby having to break dates. But though I despised myself for thus acting, whenever I thought of Opal T—— and her eyes I did not seem to be able to do any different.

It was on Friday evening, a week after the dance above mentioned, that, arriving at the Vail residence, I was ushered into the parlor and found Lucy waiting for me, a smile on her face that seemed changed from her ordinary pleasant look, though I could not tell how. "Myron," she said in her usual voice, though even this was not exactly as usual—"Myron, I think it would be best for both of us tonight not to try to take that Spanish lesson over the radio."

I felt uncomfortable, I knew not why, as I responded, "All right, Lucy; only you always said Spanish would be a practical language for us to learn."

"My opinion on the subject has not changed, Myron. I still believe you ought to follow that hunch you spoke of some time ago and start out for yourself. I am sure you could export quantities of that patent article to the various Spanish-American countries, which would make a knowledge of the Spanish language useful as well as ornamental. But I think this evening we will omit our radio lesson in favor of a little frank and confidential chat."

"All right, Lucy," was my comment. "what shall we talk about?" Though not noticeable from my remarks, I had begun to feel distinctly uneasy.

"We will talk about you, Myron, because that is probably the most interesting topic in our repertoire. Myron, during the last four weeks, and especially during the past few days, you have changed in an alarming manner. Before you never noticed the moon; now you cannot look at it without a respiratory disturbance. Ten days ago flowers meant nothing to you; now I never see you without a decorated buttonhole."

She stopped, but I did not say anything.

"Two evenings ago I offered you a piece of chocolate cake with walnuts in the frosting, and you declined. It is the first time in recorded history, Myron, that you ever declined anything to eat. And lastly, when in the dear dead past beyond recall I have tried to interest you in poetry, you have assumed a facial expression that would have made your fortune in the movies. Yet yesterday Myrtle Middlestone told me that during the past week you have spent all your noonings in the library, reading Famous Love Poems and sighing and snuffling over them to such an extent that she has had to ask you to control your emotions, because complaints were being made at the desk."

I sat there wishing I was somewhere else.

"Myron, I am a practical woman, and the fact that we have been contemplating matrimony makes it necessary for me to continue being practical. Myron, you are in love."

"Yes, Lucy," was my manly reply, thought up on the spur of the moment, "I am in love with you."

"The sentiment does you credit, Myron, but it is not true. According to the most reliable reports, you are in love with a new girl in town named Opal Tregennis."

I tried to insist it was all a mistake, but she would not listen.

"I know you, Myron, and I know myself. I am not one of those superb and mysterious personages like Opal T——, capable of inspiring a man with the grand passion. I am just a simple girl, with nothing mysterious or inexplicable about her; and rather than see you ruin your life to keep a foolish promise, I prefer to set you free. Myron, our engagement is at an end."

Giving My Uncle Mark a Look Full of Quiet Contempt, I Walked On Down the Street

"No, no," I cried wildly, finding my voice. "You do not know what you are saying, Lucy. You will break my heart."

"I know exactly what I am saying, Myron. I cannot fight against the grand passion and I have no intention of trying. In your present mood I would not be a helpmeet in the great struggle for existence—I would merely cramp your style. I love you dearly, but it is better that we part. Good luck, Myron. Here is your ring. And remember I am always your friend, and in the future if ever you wish to know how a practical woman looks at some problem that puzzles you—ask me, Myron, ask me. Good night, Myron, and mind your step." The door closed. I stood on the front porch of the Vail residence, my right hand across my fevered forehead and feeling that my heart was going to break.

II

THOUGH I had been quite honest in thinking that my heart would break, at the same time I was not displeased when, after walking a couple of blocks, I found it had not done anything of the kind. In fact, before reaching home I twice caught myself breaking into a merry whistle, and later I went to sleep smiling as I thought of the new idol of my heart.

Such was the end of my secret engagement to Lucy and the beginning of my open courtship of a pair of blue eyes. (By this last I mean Opal Tregennis.)

I shall not try to describe all my emotions during the period that followed; I had so many it would use up your entire paper. Let me state that every time Opal rolled her eyes in my direction I had the same sensation as being knocked over by a big wave. I would wake at night covered with sweat and saying, "If Opal does not return my affection, then I had better crawl into some deserted cellar and there breathe my last; but if Opal loves me, the world is mine." And during the day, when not with Opal, I would find myself sighing, I knew not why, or writing poetry on a blotter, or smelling of a flower, or listening to a bird on the roof. And the hours passed like a dream.

But my affection, I saw, was returned; and when Opal would place her two hands on my cheeks and say, "I may be very impractical, Myron, and do many things on impulse and for no reason, but you know that my love for you is steadfast, don't you, Myron?" then all my doubts would be at an end.

Though it might be supposed that from now on I was perfectly happy, such was not altogether the case.

Often, as she stated, Opal's actions were inexplicable.

After a game of bridge with her parents she would say, "Myron, you are simply wonderful. You remind me of Napoleon B——."

"Why do I remind you of Napoleon B——?"

"Because he was so lucky at cards," would be the reply.

But the next day, instead of giving me any more compliments, she would remark,

"Myron, for heaven's sake stop looking at me. Say something or I will scream."

In the matter of dates she was more than ordinarily inexplicable. I would come over at eight o'clock only to be met by her mother, who would say:

"I am, indeed, sorry, Myron, but Opal wants me to tell you that she forgot all about having a previous engagement. She regrets it extremely."

Or I would be preparing to go somewhere else when the telephone would ring and a familiar voice would say:

"I am going to a dance, Myron, but if you haven't time to take me, I can get someone else."

And in all these cases her first escort, Harold H——, was invariably mixed up.

"Opal," I said finally, "this has got to stop. Either you are interested in this silly-faced high-school boy or you are interested in me. Either say the words that will make you mine—all mine—or let me go quietly away to Africa and enlist in the Foreigners' Legion."

Such was the process by which Opal and myself became openly engaged, while Harold H—— dropped out of the picture for good. But though I had thus won Opal, and hoped soon to lead her to the altar a blushing bride, in certain other ways everything was not so good.

One afternoon when returning from work I ran into my Uncle Mark. "Yesterday, Myron," he said, "at the M—— Club I was talking with your esteemed employer, and he told me that you seemed unable to tell time."

"Unable to tell time," I repeated, not believing my ears.

"He said you were daily mistaking 9:30 A.M. for nine o'clock."

"What did you say?"

"I took the liberty of telling him that you were just passing through a phase and that a little later you would doubtless plunge with renewed vigor into the early-to-bed-and-early-to-rise stuff."

"What did he say?"

"Aplenty, Myron, aplenty. But, boiled down, it came to this: Outside the office, in his opinion, you were spending more than you earned and inside you weren't doing your job. If I were you, Myron, I should stop tearing around with this matrimonially inclined beauty."

"Are you insinuating anything against Miss Tregennis?" I said, clenching my fists.

"I am just stating a philosophical fact, Myron. A lad who becomes infatuated with a woman in that state of mind is running a terrible risk."

"Do you mean it would be a risk for me to marry Miss Tregennis?"

"Not the kind of a risk you mean, Myron. Although Miss Tregennis is a marrying woman, and although she wants to get married, I'm sure she hasn't any intention of getting married to you. Think that over."

Giving my Uncle Mark a look full of quiet contempt, I walked on down the street.

But it was impossible to rid my mind of all that he had said. As a matter of fact, I had been coming late to the office, and my nightly excursions with Opal had reduced my bank balance to practically nothing.

Moreover, I had abandoned all efforts to invent a certain article I had in mind, because since going with Opal I had been kept absorbed about entirely different matters. And I knew I would never be able to settle down again to any kind of work until our future was definitely arranged.

"Opal," I said that night, "we are now engaged to be married."

"Yes, Myron."

"How happy I would be, Opal, if you would only name the day."

Her eyes rolled in my direction, and I felt as if I had been struck by lightning.

"You are wonderful, Myron—so wonderful that before I answer your question I am going to ask a favor of you."

"What is it, Opal? You have only to name what you want me to do, and I will do it."

"There is a terrible man in town, Myron. Only this afternoon he looked at me so insultingly that I am still all upset." *(Continued on Page 56)*

"During the Past Week You Have Spent All Your Noonings in the Library, Reading Famous Love Poems and Sighing and Snuffling Over Them to Such an Extent That She Has Had to Ask You to Control Your Emotions"

QUINCES

By RICHARD CONNELL

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

"HE'S a quince," said the first lady.

"Nice eyes though," said the second.

"But little or no chin," said the first.

"A woman doesn't marry a chin."

"I did once," said the first lady, with a sigh. "I just can't resist an aggressive man."

"Perhaps," said the second lady, "our friend the quince is suffering from a blighted romance and has forsworn all women."

"Not he. I've known him ever since he came to New York ten years ago. Never had a real romance. If he sees one coming his way he runs like a rabbit."

"That's odd."

"I don't like rabbits."

"Who does?"

Jim Cormac, his ears on fire, extricated himself from the corner where chance had wedged him and stalked out into the kitchen, where his host was cracking ice and squeezing oranges. The studio was full of people, milling around, and the two ladies had had to raise their voices to make themselves heard in the bustle and babble. He had not particularly wanted to overhear their chatter, but their sharp soprano words registered on his unwilling eardrums. He wasn't sure, of course; but he had a strong suspicion that the ladies were talking about him. Jim Cormac frowned. A highly paid newspaper man of thirty-one, who signs his own column in one of the biggest city's biggest dailies, is not rendered especially happy by hearing himself described as a quince and a rabbit.

In the kitchen he had the mildest possible sort of drink and privately cursed the gregariousness which had impelled him to come to the party. He was always swearing off studio parties, and always going to them. This one was more than ordinarily crowded and noisy. By way of consoling himself Jim decided to go home early and write a rather scathing piece about studio parties. He would begin it, "In New York a studio is any large room with tall windows, inhabited by a stockbroker."

He was emerging from the informal bar—an ironing board laid across the washtubs—when he encountered Nell Haviland. She was lovely and stately in her white *robe de style* embroidered with gold, the sort of woman people are always trying to get to be the goddess of something in society pageants.

Nell Haviland was an artist. In an alley off Washington Square she maintained an elaborate studio, *née* stable, full of startling screens and beautiful, uncomfortable furniture. To it she was conveyed four or five days a week in her limousine from her house far up Madison Avenue, and there, incased in a lavender silk smock, she molded grotesque statues of large-lipped darkies, served tea and talked of the primitive in art.

Jim Cormac started nervously when he saw her, and took a step back.

"Hello, Jim." Nell Haviland's smile and voice held a cool grace. "Not running away, are you?"

"Hello, Nell. No, I'm not going—just yet." Then he added: "I think I'll go home early though. Have to do a piece."

"Tell me about it," she said, taking command of him and leading him to a divan.

"It wouldn't interest you much," said Jim. "Not up your street at all. It's about a prize fighter."

"But I'm mad about prize fighters."

"It's a rather dramatic story," Jim said. "True, too. It's the psychology of it that interests me. But let's not talk shop. How have you been?"

"Very well. I'm doing the most diverting statuette of a pickaninny. But see here, Jim, why didn't you come to tea Thursday?"

He evaded her eyes. "Had a job to do," he said.

"Oh, you and your jobs! One of these days I'm going to be very cross with you, Jim."

"I hope not, Nell." He said it very earnestly.

"Come to tea at the studio Monday," said Nell Haviland, "and I might forgive you."

"I'll try my best to make it."

She looked at him quizzically. "You're a funny bird, Jim," she said.

"I'm Doing the Most Diverting Statuette of a Pickaninny"

"Thanks. I'll add that to my collection of compliments. I've already been called a quince and a rabbit this evening."

"Who called you that?"

"Never mind. I wasn't supposed to hear, but I happened to. I think they meant me. I have a feeling that there's something painfully accurate in those epithets."

"Stop nursing the old inferiority complex, Jim."

"Have I one?"

"Have you? About as big as Grant's Tomb."

"Oh, we all have them," said Jim. "They come in assorted sizes."

"Have I one?" Nell Haviland questioned.

He hesitated. "It isn't very pronounced," he said.

"Meaning that I rather fancy myself?"

"Well, no." He stopped and flushed. "That isn't what I mean. I mean that you seem so well adjusted to life, so sort of sure of yourself that at times it's—it's ——"

"Go on."

"—— well, rather terrifying."

"It's my size," lamented Nell Haviland. "There should be a law against women being taller than five feet six. I was five feet ten when I was fourteen, and the boys of my own age were shorter and wouldn't dance with me. Being a wallflower hardly tends to make a girl oversure of herself, does it?"

"I can't believe you ever were a wallflower, Nell," said Jim Cormac. "You're so—so magnificent."

"Why, Jim Cormac! An old woman hater like you paying compliments!"

"I'm not a woman hater," he declared.

"Jim," said Nell Haviland, "it's funny, but I don't know what you are. You're a puzzle."

"I just heard a couple of women trying to solve me. The answer seems to be 'quince,'" said Jim.

"No, that isn't the answer."

"Do you know it?"

"No. I don't seem to fathom you, Jim. Do you realize something?"

"What?"

"You and I have known each other five years. We've been excellent friends. Yet this is the first time we've ever talked in a really personal way. We've discussed books, art, plays, gossip—everything under the sun and moon but ourselves. That's curious, isn't it?—for a man and woman supposedly mature and sophisticated."

He lit a cigarette with uneasy fingers. "I suppose so," he said. His gaze wandered toward the door. "Why, there's Joyce Yard!" he exclaimed. "I didn't know she was coming."

"Oh, Jim, you're hopeless," said Nell Haviland. "That's so like you. We begin to talk about you, and you change the subject. Never mind about Joyce Yard. She'll have half the men in the room around her before she has taken off her hat."

"I really should speak to her," said Jim Cormac, looking miserable. "I cut a luncheon date with her last week and I'm afraid she's sore at me."

"She has plenty of luncheon dates," said Nell Haviland.

"She's seen me," said Jim. "I must speak to her a minute. She's one of my oldest friends, you know. Will you excuse me?"

"Oh, very well," said Nell Haviland stiffly.

Jim crossed the room to greet the girl who had just entered. She was small, almost diminutive, and she had alert dark eyes. "Good evening, Joyce," Jim Cormac began.

"Oh, it's Jim, the demon date cutter," said Joyce Yard, but she smiled as she said it. "How dare you leave me sitting in a restaurant, toying with a roll, for half an hour?"

"I'm terribly sorry," said Jim. "Truly I am. I tried to get you on the phone. I had the restaurant paged. You see, I had a rush job to do."

"Old stuff. You just didn't want to come."

"I did. I wanted to come very much. Please forgive me."

"Oh, it doesn't matter."

"Don't say that, Joyce. It does matter. Will you give me another chance?"

"Oh, sure. Ring me up at the office sometime," said Joyce carelessly. "Now I think you'd better go back to the Statue of Liberty."

"She seems not to be missing me," said Jim, as, from the corner of his eye, he noted that his place at the side of Nell Haviland had been promptly taken by a vast man with a billow of red beard—Bob Cantwell, the artist, who was roaring into his companion's ear a flood of anecdotes, compliments and somewhat shocking comments on the other guests, while Nell listened, a little alarmed and greatly entertained. Jim turned to Joyce Yard.

"You shouldn't call Nell Haviland names," he said. "Everybody says she's the handsomest woman in New York."

"Oh, she is," said Joyce Yard. "She strikes the eye with her tall pale brow and queenly carriage. There seems to be a vogue for whale women this season. Shrimps like me haven't a chance."

"You're not a shrimp, Joyce."

"Thank you. . . . Jim?"

"Yes?"

"Sit down a minute and talk to me." They found two chairs in a corner. "Please don't play with your tie that way," Joyce Yard said. "You've nothing to be nervous about. I'm not going to spring at you, or anything. I want you to tell me something."

"What, Joyce?"

"Are you falling for Nellie the Beautiful Cloak Model?"

"If you mean Nell Haviland," said Jim Cormac, "the answer is yes, I think I am. In fact, I think I fell five years ago."

"You think you did? Wouldn't you be likely to know?"

"Well, then I did."

"Are you engaged?"

Jim played with his tie. "No."

"Why not?"

"Well, the fact is I haven't proposed to her."

"Why not?"

"Lord, Joyce, but you're inquisitive!"

"The privilege of an old friend," said Joyce Yard. "Remember, Jim, I've known you since you were a cub. We banged typewriters side by side in the old days on the Morning Gazette. That gives me some rights to pry into your affairs, I think—or doesn't it?"

"You have been a good friend to me, Joyce," Jim Cormac said. "No reason why I should be a clam with you, I guess."

"Are you going to tell me why you haven't proposed to Nell Haviland?"

"Joyce, the plain truth is, I don't know."

"You want to?"

"Yes, very much."

"Cold feet?"

"That's inelegant, but it may have some truth in it."

"Jim, I want to ask you something."

"How can I stop you?"

Her dark eyes looked at him steadily. "Why do you play your cards so close to your vest?" Joyce Yard asked.

"Do I?"

"You certainly do. Jim, you're the most cautious man I ever knew. Why, it shows in your work. Your stuff is clever and wise, but it pussyfoots. You never take a real crack at anything that isn't a man of straw. You're always holding back. As a matter of fact, you shouldn't be doing an easy daily chore. You should cut loose from a regular job and write novels or plays. I hate to think that people will soon be saying, 'Oh, yes! Jim Cormac. He's a might-have-been.' Now I suppose you're mad."

"I'm not mad, Joyce," said Jim Cormac soberly. "Perhaps you're right. Lord knows I'm not too well pleased with myself. But, you see, my hard-headed Scotch father's motto was Play Safe. I had that dinned into me when I was a kid. For a fellow like me, that isn't such a bad philosophy. After all, I suppose I haven't much to kick about. I'm sitting pretty. Easy job. Long contract. Twelve thousand a year. No debts. Excellent health. No responsibilities. Nice flat. Why should I tamper with my luck?"

"Jim Cormac, you're kidding yourself, or trying hard to. You're not satisfied with your life. You shouldn't be. It's soft. It costs you nothing. You're just vegetating. For one thing you're a born husband and father. You'd like to marry—Nell Haviland, for choice—and you sit round twiddling your necktie and saying nothing to her about it. Why?"

"Oh, she wouldn't have me."

"Why not?"

"She's Nell Haviland, and what am I?"

"What is she?"

"The handsomest woman in New York, and intelligent and gifted too. Moreover, she's a real aristocrat. The Havilands are one of the oldest and richest families in the city, so ——"

"You're not exactly a hobo, Jim," cut in Joyce Yard.

"Joyce, I'll tell you something. When I'm with Nell I feel like a hobo. Or sometimes like a gawky and not too tidy small boy."

"Rubbish!"

"That may be, but that's the way I feel. I've wanted to ask her to marry me—oh, any number of times—but somehow the words always stick in my throat. I'm so perfectly sure she'll laugh at me and turn me down cold. I couldn't stand that."

"Lots of men have been rejected and lived," said Joyce. "You'd be surprised what a rubber ball the heart is."

"Not mine. If I asked Nell, and she said no, it would finish me."

"Then why ask her?"

"I must, Joyce. It's on my mind all the time. I get up every morning saying to myself, 'Today you've got to propose to Nell Haviland.' Then when it comes time to go to her studio for tea, or to some place where I'd have the chance, my knees begin to wabble and I fake up some excuse for not going. I hate myself for it too."

"Listen, Jim. Let your tie alone and pull yourself together. Take Nell home tonight. Tell the chauffeur to drive slowly. Take her hand at Forty-first Street and say the fatal words at Forty-fifth."

"Lord, if I only dared!"

"She isn't apt to shoot you, you know."

"No, but she's apt to do worse than that—laugh at me."

Joyce Yard shook her head. "Jim," she said, "do you know, I doubt if you really are in love with Nell Haviland?"

"Why do you say that?"

"Your attitude toward her is so blamed intellectual. You'd think she was a problem in geometry. Love isn't like that. It's an emotion, hot and bubbling, and when you're full of it it's like being full of Scotch. You jump through a plate-glass window and damn the consequences. But you, Jim—you act more as if you wanted a new hat than a wife."

"This seems to be truth night in West Tenth Street," said Jim Cormac. "Anything more?"

"Yes, a lot. Jim, I think you're playing some curious trick on yourself."

"How so?"

"I think you feel keenly the need of the companionship and stimulation of marriage, but for some obscure reason that you yourself may not know, you decide you are in love with a woman you believe to be unattainable."

"Then you think Nell Haviland is unattainable?"

"It doesn't matter what I think. I don't want to marry her. It's you who have picked out Nell. My idea is that back in some hidden corner of your mind lurks the notion that since you believe Nell won't have you, you have a good excuse for not asking her. You like to moon about her, and sort of pity yourself. But you won't take a chance on asking her. Thus you avoid the pain of defeat."

"You seem to think you know more about my subconscious motives than I do," complained Jim. "I suppose I should feel flattered at having so much interest taken in me by the smartest newspaper woman in New York."

"Oh, I've made something of a study of your case," said Joyce Yard lightly. "I may use it in my book Why Men Behave Like Quinces—if I ever write it."

"I wish to heaven I knew what to do," exclaimed Jim Cormac.

"Ask her."

"She'll probably say no."

"There are several million other white women in New York. Nell isn't unique, you know."

"You don't seem overly fond of her."

"Nell has her points," said Joyce Yard. "But honestly, Jim, I think it would be a risk to marry her."

"Why?"

"She's so confoundedly self-possessed. That argues a cold nature, Jim. She can't forget she's a Haviland. I'll tell you, Jim—and you may think me catty, if you will—the thing I dislike most about Nell Haviland is that she is an amateur. She dabbles."

"She works hard."

"That's the bunk. She putters. Sculpture is just a phase with her. Ask any art critic about her statues. He'll tell you a child can do as well with a bucket of mud. A few years ago she was all excited about social work. Then it was the stage. Next year it will be astrology."

"You're painting an attractive picture of a wife," said Jim Cormac dryly.

"I'm sorry, Jim. But, you see, I'm interested in what is going to become of you. I'm wondering how well you can play the rôle of husband to a rich wife, and how happy you'll be in it."

"Please don't worry your head about me any more, Joyce. I should be old enough by now to tackle my own problems. But, you see, there's something inside me ——"

Then someone put a record on the phonograph, and a young man with pale hair and a simper dragged Joyce Yard off to dance.

Jim Cormac saw that Nell Haviland was being swung about in a dance by Bob Cantwell, who danced—and looked—like a whirling dervish. Jim started for the door.

(Continued on Page 118.

"Joyce," Said Jim Cormac, "Come Out in the Hall With Me—on the Stairs—Anywhere. I Must Talk to You"

CLEANING UP

FROM GAGS TO RICHES

By JOHN GOLDEN
In Collaboration With Viola Brothers Shore

Richard F. Outcault, William H. Crane, B. J. Greenhut and John Golden

Rapley Holmes, Who Played the Part of the Fat Old Innkeeper in "Rain," in the Car With Dudley Field Malone. At Left—Lucy Cotton and William Meehan, Stars in an Early Production of "Turn to the Right"

THERE may be something more unwelcome than an amateur in a theatrical agency, but I do not know what it is. I went the rounds of the theatrical offices of my day, grateful if I rated a friendly word from an office boy, fired with hopeful optimism if I encountered from a friend or a chance acquaintance a whispered tip:

"Swear you won't let on I told you," from the scarcely moving triangle of a twisted corner of a mouth or the ambush of a sheltering palm, "but I hear Frohman is thinking of doing a new play and there may be a part in it for you."

And swearing never to divulge whence I had received this momentous piece of secret information—probably already published in the theatrical news and common gossip on the Rialto—I would run to the Frohman offices, pursued by specters of other applicants bent on the same mission. Any man who passed me on the street might be the lucky one who would beat me to the job. I would arrive breathless, only to be turned from the door.

Back again on the daily round of the half dozen agencies, any one of which might at any moment hold out the key to the door to happiness, wealth, fame—for a fair commission, of course.

A Brief Engagement at Wilkes-Barre

TO THIS day I can see the patient, sympathetic look on the sweet face of old Mrs. Fernandez, mother of the present Bijou Fernandez, who had the most flourishing of all the actors' unemployment agencies, as day after day I wore her best bench as shiny as my one pair of pants, waiting against time, hoping against hope, that she might pronounce the open sesame to the land of my dreams. But at the close of every afternoon she would dismiss me with the same sad "No, Johnnie; no calls for your type today."

Mrs. Fernandez liked me, which is probably why she never got me a job.

But another agent, Colonel Milliken, did not share her weakness. It is more than thirty years since I have set eyes on Colonel Milliken, but I can still recall vividly this potentate of the unemployed—tall, broad-shouldered, heavy-jowled, with long, bristling, waxed mustaches—the most overwhelmingly magnificent personality in the whole world.

One day when I drifted in with the rest of the dust, "Come here!" boomed the colonel.

For a moment the shock of pleasurable emotion almost paralyzed my powers of speech. "S-speaking to me?"

"You!" bellowed the agent. "Want a job?"

"Y-yes, sir," I stammered.

"Well, there's a fellow down in Wilkes-Barre named Hamilton—got a stock company—doing My Jack. Do you think you could play the lead in that show?"

Did I think it? Well, I wasn't at all sure. But "Certainly, sir," I spoke up with all the assurance I could muster.

Whereupon, after reluctantly accepting two dollars on account of commissions to accrue, he gave me the handwritten script of a part as thick as a New York City directory and the address of Mr. Hamilton's theater.

From an actor friend who had a job I borrowed the car fare to Wilkes-Barre. Mr. Hamilton's daughter was a fairly good little soubrette. They were playing a heavy melodrama. The leading man had suddenly disappeared, and so, enter young John Golden on the scene with his part rough perfect—in spots. The company, in their ill-assorted street clothes, stood uneasily about the dimly lit stage, and when I came in, as there was no further need for delay, we went immediately into the rehearsal.

It seemed to me Hamilton was a very nervous man, always getting up and whispering to his daughter, then glaring at me, then whispering again to the soubrette. I thought he ought to keep his mind more on the rehearsal, because, being new in the part, I might need a little directing. But he let me go through the first act uninterrupted. Then —

"That is all, ladies and gentlemen," said Hamilton, "until three o'clock."

I started to go, but he detained me with an outstretched finger. "I'd like to speak to you for a minute alone."

But he did not keep his word. For the rest of the company were still at the stage door when he said, "What you ought to get is a job playing the cornet in a German band."

"Me?" I protested, bewildered. "But I can't play the cornet'"

"Well, you can't act, either. What does Milliken mean, playing practical jokes on me? Get out of here and don't come back. Who ever told you you were an actor?"

Cast as a Waiter

I COULDN'T think of a good reference at the moment. "B-but," I stammered, "who's going to pay my fare back to New York?"

"You can search me!" he replied. "But I'll give you a good imitation of a man who is not!"

Marie Wainwright, the Star of "Amy Robsart"

I did not wait to see the imitation. And the next rôle I played was waiter in a beanery until I had money enough to get back to New York.

Back again on the Rialto, doggedly determined to find my place in the theater, going the rounds once more, with a shade less assurance, perhaps, but the lack hidden deep inside me. No matter how tired in body or sore in spirit, the visit to the agency or theatrical office must be made with a buoyant tread, with a light jest on the tip of the tongue, lest somebody detect a diminishing of self-confidence, a lessening of faith in the divine powers within.

One day in the pocket of my torn coat I found a letter I had never used—the last of those I had received through John Poole and addressed to Walter Sanford. With hope worn a little thin from too much exercise and too little

Edwin Booth as Iago in "Othello." At Right—John Golden, at 17, in the Same Role. These Photographs Show Young Golden's Desire at That Age to Look as Much as Possible Like Booth

nourishment, I brushed my long hair to cover my soiled collar, removed as many spots and as much dust as I could from my clothes, borrowed a red necktie, and with my inevitable walking stick in one hand and my letter of introduction in the other, I entered Mr. Sanford's office.

The boy told me to wait, and I did wait—a whole afternoon. Finally out of his office came the great manager. I proffered him my letter. He read it, asked a perfunctory question or two. And in this casual fashion occurred the long-sought miracle. I was engaged by a great manager for the New York production of Ye Earlie Trouble.

I have in my possession today an old document which only one thing keeps Frank Gillmore, general factotum of the Actors' Equity Association, from framing, and that is the fact that I won't let him have it. It is the contract signed by Walter Sanford, producer of Ye Earlie Trouble at Proctor's, as party of the first part, and John Golden, actor, as party of any parts that were left over.

The Forfeit List

PROCTOR'S, at that time a legitimate playhouse, was located at Twenty-third Street—and still is, I hear on good authority. My contract is dated August 29, 1892, and reads in part:

The party of the second part agrees to render services at said theaters, opera houses or halls in the character of assistant property man, understudy, or all other characters and doubles in which he may be cast, in a correct and painstaking manner, paying strict regard to make-up and the proper dressing of the characters assigned, and to conform to and abide by all rules and regulations adopted by the first party and to pay the forfeits set opposite each rule.

The rules stated:

1. Any person employed in this company acting improperly or talking loudly shall forfeit $5.00.

2 For absence from any song or piece of music 50 cents forfeit. For absence from whole rehearsals $5.00 forfeit

3. Any person appearing intoxicated in street, hotel or barrooms shall forfeit a week's salary.

4. Any person using indecent, profane language or improper jest—not the author's—shall forfeit $1.00.

5. Any person restoring words cut out by manager will forfeit $1.00.

6 Any member absenting himself from theater will forfeit a week's salary.

7. In case of illness, manager reserves right to withhold salary.

8. For talking behind scenes, a forfeit of $2.00.

9. No person permitted, on any account, to address audience. [Violation of this rule incurred a forfeit of a week's salary.]

10. No one shall be allowed to enter the audience part of the theater on the same evening on which they are to or have appeared on the stage. For violation of this rule a forfeit of $5.00.

11. Any person guilty of conduct unbecoming ladies and gentlemen, calculated to bring disrepute on this organization, also all who wish to conspire against the interest of the organization, the private affairs of the concern, or by their conduct manifest a disposition to throw obstacles in the way of the management, will forfeit one week's salary.

12. No intoxicating beverages in dressing rooms. For breaking this rule a forfeit of $5.00

13. Loud talking and laughter can be heard in the auditorium, therefore is forbidden. Violation will forfeit $2.00

14 Everyone must be on trains stated on call board's notice. Failure to do so will forfeit $5.00, and will also pay their own railroad fare.

15. Anyone showing disrespect towards stage manager will forfeit $5.00.

16. Anyone disobeying manager or showing disrespect towards him will forfeit $5.00.

There were other rules about receiving no pay on the nights when we weren't playing and half pay during Lent and Christmas; and as if all this were not enough, the managers, who must have been warned against the evils of gambling, had added—just in case they were not completely covered—"Any new rule which may be found necessary shall be considered as part of these rules and regulations after it is publicly made known to the members of the organization."

But to me it was a priceless document. It meant that I had what everyone I knew was seeking—a contract and a job. Ye Earlie Trouble was by Henry Guy Carleton, one of the best writers of the day.

New York University Chancellor Elmer E. Brown Presenting a Loving Cup to John Golden

Unfortunately, Carleton, who always insisted on reading his scripts to the actors, stuttered unmercifully. The assembled cast sat there miserably, while Carleton read: "Th-th-th-the f-f-first s-s-s-scene oc-c-curs," and so on. Once or twice Walter Sanford, the manager, tried to read a scene, but Carleton, though he suffered from diffused utterance, had a singleness of purpose seldom rivaled.

Opening Night in New York

IT TAKES, ordinarily, about four hours to read a play. But the cast of Ye Earlie Trouble, including such fine names as the late Joseph Haworth, Mary Shaw, then a beautiful young leading woman, Henry Woodruff, Theodore Roberts, now a movie star, and John E. Ince, father of the famous Ince boys, assembled and were dismissed and reassembled and redismissed for four whole days while Carleton stuttered through his play. Actors weren't being paid for extra rehearsals in those days, so it was all right with the management.

Six or seven weeks of rehearsal pass more quickly when you read about them than when each one of them means a board bill out of a diminishing surplus or a growing debit. But even so, they pass, and at last comes the supreme, the long anticipated moment—the opening night in New York. The least actor is as nervous as the star—as worried for fear some untoward combination of malignant circumstances will show him in an unfavorable light before all those demigods, the New York critics—that at the last minute something will come between him and his triumph. I know, because I was the least actor. But the great moment came and went without mishap, even as I did in my rôle of butler.

(Continued on Page 108)

Lillian Russell at Home. From Left to Right—Dorothy Russell, John Golden, Archie Gunn, Lillian Russell, James Clarence Harvey, Mrs. Ross (Miss Russell's Sister), Richard Harding Davis and Mrs. Gunn. The Children are Miss Russell's Nieces

THE BORIKOFF SAPPHIRE

By William J. Neidig

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK L. SPRADLING

DONOVAN would not have gone to that restaurant that noon of himself, nor would he have stopped to look at gems in shop windows. The morning had been dark, even for the Loop. A cold wind from the lake had brought snow. But Lawyer Gillette wished to glance again at Paget's display of precious stones, and O'Day, Donovan's chief, suggested that they keep on to Mordani's, in Madison Street, for their luncheon.

"You're more out of the jam on the top floor," he said.

Donovan assented. On the way down he let the lawyer explain his interest in windows. The explanation failed to impress him. Donovan was jewel expert for Redelos Indemnity. But he heard it out without comment. What it amounted to was that a rich neighbor wished to give away a fine Siamese sapphire.

"No harm in that, unless he gives it to you."

"That's the way I see it," replied the lawyer; "at least until I pick up the points."

"Show me the stone. I'll tell you all about it."

"Can't. He won't lend it."

Donovan nodded, but O'Day cried out in protest, "Oh, but, Gillette, you're not that easy!"

"I'm not easy at all. He let me test it with a file. He guarantees it to be true sapphire. He's a responsible man. That part's not what worries me—no. What I have to learn is sizes and prices."

"And color," said Donovan.

"That's it. So I'm going to school in this way to fit myself to judge."

"Going to school through a window."

"Everybody does," Gillette replied airily.

Donovan remembered the reply, and as they stopped before the window containing the display he decided that it did have educational value, since some of the stones were described and priced. Most of them, however, had a value too great to be useful. He pointed this out as he explained differences.

"I don't know any finer sapphires now on sale," he said, "with the exception of a few among the Borikoff jewels the Breitman firm has in its vaults. The Borikoff assemblage is probably the finest that ever came to market. It contains one sapphire —— But it wouldn't help you any to see that sapphire. It's much too fine for any comparison."

"Breitman? I don't know the name."

They Did Not Drive Up to the Stoker's Lodgings in the Taxi, for No Car Could Have Made the Twisting, Narrow Courts; But They Arrived Openly

"Famous in the trade. The firm consists of two brothers, and it does business on the fourth floor of the building we're bound for."

"Has it a show window?" asked Gillette.

"The Breitmans don't need one. They show their important goods by appointment—to millionaires. I know, because they carry our insurance."

It was the Breitmans themselves who gave further direction to the talk. At Mordani's, Donovan found himself seated at a table not far from the two brothers, who had a customer with them. But whereas when he had seen them last, Carl Breitman had shown his usual poise, now he talked with nervous inconsequence, like one who had somehow forgotten his lines. Neither the younger brother nor the customer seemed to notice the nervousness. The party rose to leave almost at once.

"That man they had with them was Ferdinand P. Bender, oil fields and oil," said Donovan. "What do you think, chief?"

"They're selling him the Borikoff jewels," replied O'Day.

"Some of them, probably. Even Bender could hardly buy them as a whole. I thought Carl Breitman was looking worried."

"Who wouldn't?"

"I don't know," said Gillette. "I'd rather sell them than insure them. You're not looking worried."

"Stones of that importance aren't stolen," was O'Day's reply to that. "Their value protects them."

"Just what jewels are the Borikoffs?" asked Gillette.

"Tell him, Donovan."

"I can't," said Donovan. "All I know is, they exist."

The jewels had in fact arrived on the northeast wind out of nowhere, along with whispers of banishment and murder. What even their more remote past was could not be spoken. Whisper hinted dimly of forgotten conquests and kings long dead.

"Some of them, I think," Donovan went on, "came out of Asia Minor with the Goths. That sapphire I spoke of is said to have been unearthed by Spanish peasants at Guarrazar with the crowns of King Recceswinth and others. Whisper has it that it fell into the hands of a duke The crowns the peasants divided among themselves, only to find that they could not wear them."

"They should have learned their value," said Gillette. "Then they could have sold them at their leisure."

But O'Day suggested that they should have kept the crowns for their beauty, and not tried to sell them. "Anyhow, the sapphire now lies with its fellows in the Breitman vault, and I think it will not be lost sight of again very soon."

They tarried over their coffee for a while longer, talking of this thing or of that. The business of the morning was over. The dining room had color and movement. Donovan had no further jewels at the moment to appraise. No clients awaited Gillette in his own office. O'Day was free.

Suddenly the head waiter was seen tripping across the floor toward their table. He seemed to be in great haste.

"Mr. Donovan," he began, "you are asked to come at once to Mr. Breitman's office. An accident of the greatest seriousness has happened."

"Happened to Carl Breitman?"

"That they didn't tell me."

"Good-by!" cried Donovan.

"I'll just drop out," said Gillette.

The restaurant occupied the top floor of the building, the Breitman offices, as has been said, a part of the fourth. O'Day and the lawyer overtook Donovan at the elevator, for the noon crowds were still dribbling in from the street to slow up the service. Gillette went on down; the two others stopped off.

They were halted by a guard at the door. "Who do you want to see?" he asked.

"Tell Mr. Breitman that Donovan is here. He's expecting me. Donovan, of Redelos."

"Which Mr. Breitman?" asked the guard.

"Carl Breitman."

"He's not in," said the guard.

"But I hear his voice," replied Donovan, as a man was heard speaking somewhere within.

"Not in," repeated the guard.

"The younger Breitman then. Donovan, of Redelos Indemnity."

"He's not in either," said the guard.

O'Day stepped forward, now not so much uneasy as angry. "We wish to see whoever is in charge of these offices, and see him at once. Otherwise there will be trouble."

"I expect I'm in charge," said the guard.

"All right. What has happened and why did you send for us?"

Donovan had spoken in his usual tones; but O'Day's booming voice, never especially soft except under effort, had risen until it rang through the floor. Apparently it had made itself heard within, for a voice from the second room asked, "Who is it, guard?"

"Says his name is Donovan, and he has parties with him."

"Oh, the insurance men! Let them in."

As they entered, the speaker, whom Donovan recognized as one of the clerks, appeared at an inner door.

"I'm trying to see Mr. Carl Breitman," said Donovan. "He asked me to call at once. Where is he?"

"Mr. Breitman is too ill to see anybody."

"His brother then."

"Mr. Felix Breitman is out."

"Did he leave no word?" asked Donovan.

"No word of any kind. He left right after luncheon."

"Then who was it telephoned my restaurant asking me to call?"

"Couldn't say, I'm sure," replied the clerk.

"Somebody did—somebody from this office. What is it has happened in this office of the importance that I should be called from table?"

The clerk avoided his eye. "All I know is, Mr. Breitman was waiting on a customer and became ill."

"What customer? Mr. Bender?"

"The customer went out," replied the other evasively.

"Do you know Mr. Bender by sight?"

"The oil millionaire? Yes, I know him."

"Was he the customer?" asked Donovan.

"Yes, he was. He came in with Mr. Breitman to look at the Borikoff jewels."

"Where was he when he was waited on?"

"In Mr. Breitman's own office. Mr. Breitman took the case from the vault himself."

"Which case?" asked Donovan.

"That I don't know."

"Where is the case now?"

"In the office, but it's empty."

"Who emptied it? Mr. Breitman?"

"I don't know," said the clerk.

"What became of the jewels?"

"I don't know that either."

"Could you let me see the rest of the jewels, to check up those that are missing?"

The clerk looked distressed. "They're in the inner safe, and it's locked."

"I'd like to see whether it is or not," replied Donovan, speaking more softly.

"You can't. Nobody can. The vault's locked."

"You might open it for me."

"I threw on the time lock," said the clerk. "It can't be opened now until tomorrow morning."

"And why did you do that?"

"Mr. Bender told me to."

"Did he, indeed? Mr. Breitman is ill. The jewels are missing. Mr. Bender is gone. Was Mr. Bender stopped by the guard, or was he permitted to leave at his own will?"

The clerk wiped his brow, beaded with moisture. "Mr. Bender just seemed to take command of things when he came out. He placed the guard at the door instead of inside. He gave strict orders not to admit anybody or talk to anybody."

"Perhaps he's bought the business," suggested O'Day.

"Now that I understand the matter clearly," said Donovan, still speaking softly, "please take me in to see Carl Breitman. Otherwise I might have to call the police and break in." And he added: "I wish to speak further with you. Please do not leave."

Meanwhile he had heard the elevator door open and close down the corridor outside. Now he became aware of approaching footsteps.

Turning, he found himself confronted by Carl Breitman's missing customer.

The oil man, it developed, knew Donovan by sight, possibly through having had him pointed out that noon at table. Striding forward, he began speaking to him with the directness of a man addressing a policeman: "You're Donovan, of course. I felt I ought to send for you. Breitman fell ill and had an accident with his glassware. I did what I could, but I'm afraid it wasn't much."

O'Day's face lighted with relief. "I thought the jewels had been stolen," he said.

"They probably have been," replied Bender.

"What happened?" Donovan asked. "How do you mean—he fell ill?"

"I don't yet quite know all that happened. We two were alone in the room. We had had luncheon together and then had gone to his office to see these jewels. Breitman himself went to the vault for them. We sat down at the table, I on the partition side, facing the windows, he on the street side. Then he opened the case. One stone in particular leaped out at me—a big sapphire of the most delicate shade of blue imaginable. It was the most beautiful gem stone I have ever seen, without any exception."

"I know the stone," said Donovan.

"Breitman showed me the jewels, and I admit they were wonderful; but when it came to prices he began talking wildly about a treasure chest filled with jeweled crowns of solid gold that the finders did not know the value of. Then he began dreaming in millions. Me—I live close to the ground. I counted a hundred, then told him what I thought. When he grew angry, I rose and excused myself."

"He fell ill," Donovan persisted.

"I'm coming to that. As I say, I rose and crossed to the door. Breitman cried out, 'If they're that cheap, we'll throw them away!' I heard a funny sound, as if he had dumped them into a pile together. Then all of a sudden he seemed to go out of his head and began talking nonsense. When I turned at the door he began dancing up and down like a crazy man. The case was still lying on the table, but absolutely empty."

Donovan went grave. "Temperament, do you think?"

"Worse. Something snapped. I set two men to watch him and sent for a specialist. He ought to be here any minute. Then I had this man close the vault and ran down to the street. I called you from a booth."

"Why the street?" asked Donovan.

"I forgot to say that one of the windows had been raised a little, and Breitman did not close it when he came in. I was afraid he had thrown the jewels out of the window."

"Into the crowds of Madison Street!" groaned O'Day.

But Donovan asked, "What then?"

Bender shook his head. "If he did that they're gone. I saw no sign of them. I suppose it took me too long to get down."

"Why didn't you run to the window?" O'Day asked.

"I tried to, but Breitman fought me off."

"If a pair of guards had been stationed promptly—"

"They were," said Bender. "I have men watching the crowds to see that no one picks up anything further. My own chauffeur is one of them. He came too late, like me, but he's there now. The other is the watchman of the building next door."

"Gone forever!" groaned O'Day.

But Donovan crossed the room to its one window, which opened upon an alley, and stood looking out for a little time as if thinking. "The stones are probably in Breitman's desk," he said at last, "or in one of his pockets. If he did throw them into the street ——" Again he paused. "If he did throw them into the street, we'll have to run them down. Their value will protect them."

But O'Day only stared back at him with pitying eyes, as if Donovan likewise had gone crazy.

"I Had Nelson Follow Him. Burnson Probably Saw the Stone Picked Up. Nelson Trailed Him to the Stoker's Lodgings, Then to His Own"

II

THE ensuing movements of the jewel expert were not very intelligible to those who watched him. Donovan was not a detective. His methods of work were not those of the police. But because he knew precious stones better than most, he usually had charge of their recovery when stolen. The present case therefore automatically went into his hands.

"Shall I notify the police?" asked Bender, who seemed already to know this.

"Not until evening, I think," replied Donovan, without so much as turning his head.

"How about searching the pavement?"

"I'll speak to the janitor as I go out. You had better look to Breitman until the ambulance comes. You might help O'Day make a search of the office, after that, if you don't mind; but you won't find anything."

He suddenly wheeled about and addressed the clerk. "Please get the Cressym Company for me. Donovan, of Redelos Indemnity, tell them." He added, when the number was found, "Ask Cressym's if they have any whopping big Gablonz diamonds."

Gablonz, which is in Czecho-Slovakia, has become the world center, in these modern days, for the manufacture of imitation precious stones, instead of Strasburg, from whose situation on the Rhine River the familiar rhinestone takes its name. Imitation diamonds are made of a dense glass known to the trade as paste. The same glass, colored, becomes imitation rubies, sapphires, emeralds, or what not. Many of these are ground and polished; others are cast in their final form in molds. Some twelve thousand persons are engaged in the industry at Gablonz alone. The Cressym Company was not the largest importer in Chicago of this product, but it was the nearest.

"But what have paste diamonds to do with us?" O'Day could not help asking, as he awaited word from within.

(Continued on Page 145)

REROUTING RUFE

By Sam Hellman

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. BRINKERHOFF

"I Don't Think," He Goes on Slowly, "That We Care to Release Our Rights to the Atlas Layout"

THAT red necktie," I remarks over the lunch table, "blends with a quiet business suit like a black eye does with a blond debutante. You look as if you were auctioning off your shirt."

"But," returns Rufe, "you gave it to me yourself for Christmas."

"What of it?" I demands. "I knitted a green sweater for you last winter, but that's no reason for wearing it at a formal funeral in Lent. You're a business man now, boy friend, and it's the silent serges and the taciturn ties from now on."

"I know," grins Bannister, patting the three-alarm four-in-hand, "but I put this on today for sentimental reasons."

"That," I comes back, "is something else again that doesn't go with a business career. You do things for sentimental reasons and you'll be holding meetings of your creditors in Madison Square Garden and of your debtors in a phone booth. If you don't want your books kept in red ink altogether, stay off the sentimental ——"

"Aw, honey," protests Rufe, "I ——"

"—— during business hours," I goes on; "and nowadays," I adds hastily, pulling my hand away, "lunch time is a business hour. Been doing anything?"

"Dodging Pat Grogan mostly," replies Bannister. "What do you think Jim Rickett offered him for a return go between me and Red Malone?"

"The Bank of England and his daughter Imogene's hand," I snaps. "What do you care—or do you?"

"I don't," mutters Rufe. "I promised you I was through with the fight game, and that stays as it lays."

"But it lays kind of uneasy, doesn't it?" I suggests.

"Well," shrugs Bannister, "you can't kick fifty thousand iron men downstairs without feeling a little sorry for them."

"Perhaps not," I agrees; "but since you and Pat have been splitting the purses two ways, you can do the decent thing and let him have 50 per cent of the sorrow."

"I told him he could have it all," smiles Rufe; "but he's sure sore at you."

"I suspected," I remarks, "that I wasn't his favorite shade of chiffon. What does he say?"

"Oh," hesitates Bannister, "he ——"

"Shoot," I urges. "You can see the whites of my eyes."

"He says," gulps Rufe, "that you didn't get me to hang up the gloves because you cared anything about me, or objected to boxing, but that you were just trying to get even with him."

"For what?" I asks.

"For the way you think he treated your father," answers Bannister.

"The way I think he treated my father!" I blazes. "Everybody knows how he treated Dave Marberry. Made a fortune out of him when he was going good and wouldn't give a ten-dollar bill to help bury him when he died, down and out. However, that's not Pat; that's the fight game. Take it from 'em when they have it and leave 'em when it's left 'em."

Rufe knows that I'm leading from a handful of aces. I was brought up in an atmosphere of gloves; in fact the print of them is still in my monogram. My name's Glove Marberry—Glove being the old man's idea of a romantic something to hang onto a girl child. Vaguely, I remember him as middleweight champ, tossing the long green around among his yes men as if it had been mowed off the lawn; distinctly, I remember feeding him at the end with soup begged off the neighbors.

"I don't blame you," says Bannister, "for feeling like you do about the ring, but you do care for me by myself, don't you?"

"Boy friend," I returns, "try to get this: I care for you so much that I'm probably going to make you hate me."

"Huh!" exclaims Rufe.

"When the money doesn't roll in so fast," says I, "when the cigar-store cowboys don't give you a tumble, when the papers begin talking about yellow streaks as wide as poppy fields, when —— Oh, let's forget it. How about those people my boss tipped you to see—Hoxton & Company?"

"I saw them, but they got nothing for me."

"'Have nothing for me' would be better," I suggests. "That's strange," I continues. "I understood Mr. Mason to say it was all set—a good job and a fine chance."

"It was," growls Rufe, "if you call nailing up boxes and punching 'em into freight cars a fine chance. I told Hoxton," finishes Bannister with a grin, "that I'd promised never to do any boxing again."

"That must have given him a great laugh," I remarks coldly. "Where'd you expect to start—in the directors' room?"

"No," says Rufe; "but why should a bird with seventy grand in the kick and a reputation ——"

"A reputation?" I cuts in.

"Don't everybody know me?" he demands.

"Lots of folks," I tells him, "know of Rough-'Em-Rufe Bannister, the slugger, who fought the title holder off his feet, but there isn't anybody that ever heard of Rufus A. Bannister, the young business man. What's more, no one ever will if you try to trade on what you used to be. It's no selling point for adding machines or Navajo blankets that the lad peddling them has the meanest right cross in captivity. If you have an idea that a reputation in one line gets you over in another, give a think to the lassies who've crashed the stage on the strength of having shot their husbands into paid insurance policies. Know any of 'em that are still there?"

"It's like insulting my bank roll," argues Rufe, "for me to go to work for twenty a week. I ought to invest and ——"

"Sure you ought," I interrupts; "but you wouldn't sit in a poker game, would you, without knowing the value of the hands? I want you to get into some business, learn what makes the wheels go around and then step out for yourself with the unbeatable combination—capital plus experience. In the boss' line I've seen men with experience and no capital go on the rocks and others with capital and no experience settle for ten centimes on the dollar. With both, you'll have the perfect dish except for the seasoning."

"What seasoning?" asks Bannister.

"Work," I returns. "You're just a prelim boy, Rufe, as far as business is concerned, and you'll have to sweat for your cakes before they'll bring you your ale on a silver platter. You've got to start with shoestring money."

"I do, do I?" barks Bannister. "Drape your hazel eyes over these." And he pulls some letters from his pocket. "Here's a sporting-goods house," he goes on, "with an offer of two hundred a week and ——"

"That's out," I announces promptly.

"What's the matter with it?" growls Rufe. "It's a business and it's honest, isn't it?"

"It's one and might be both," says I; "but you wouldn't hire a reformed drunkard to sell alcohol to the drug trade, would you?"

"Alcohol?" mumbles Bannister. "There ——"

"Let's get this straight," I cuts in sharp. "You promised me you'd quit the fight game, didn't you?"

"I'm not going to fight," he comes back, sullen. "Can't I sell gloves without wearing 'em? Does a guy have to put ribbons in his hair because he sells ribbons? Do you wear cotton stockings because you work for a cotton concern?"

"No," I returns; "but you can't sell gloves without mixing with the mob that does use them. It isn't fighting I object to so much as the gang that goes with it. Anyways, I think it'd be more decent to put on the gloves than to cadge sales of them with a you-know-me-kid line of talk."

"All right, all right," grumbles Rufe. "I suppose," he continues, fingering another letter, "that puts this on ice too."

"What is it?" I asks. "An offer to go on the stage?"

"How'd you guess?" comes back Bannister, surprised.

"That's easy," I tells him. "Get your name any place in the papers, except the obituary column, and some booker'll take you on for a whirl. What's the proposition?"

"This baby," explains Rufe, "wants me to go on in a skit with the heavyweight champ in the picture houses."

"You an actor?" I inquires.

"Who knows?" shrugs Bannister.

"I, right now, and the whole world tomorrow," I assures him. "If you're an actor, boy friend, I'm a well-known Bulgarian man about town."

"What's the difference," says Rufe, "whether I can act or not? Folks just want to see me."

"They also want to see Bernard Shaw and Charles E. Hughes," I comes back, "but that's no reason for them staging a ten-round go at the Polo Grounds. Why don't you hire a hall and charge a dime for a peek at you? Why tax people seventy-five cents for a look and then penalize them sixty-five cents of the price to watch you act?"

"There ain't no use talking to you," he complains.

"Not with ain't's there isn't," I returns. "However," I adds coldly, "if my conversation annoys you, I can take

"But I Can't Kiss a Machine Works." And I Smacks Groom Heartily on the Cheek

it elsewhere. Your ears aren't the only pair that can be tuned in on my talk. Maybe I can get a set that didn't come over on the Cauliflower."

That isn't a nice thing for me to say. There's no cauliflower about the boy friend's listeners; in fact, there isn't a mark on his features, which is certainly coming sweet and clean out of more than two hundred fights. But his dumbness peeves me.

"I'm sorry," apologizes Rufe, "but I don't quite get you on that business stuff. You want me to start all over again like a hick kid from the forks of the creek?"

"Yes," says I, "with the trifling advantage of seventy thousand in cash, a mind trained to think quick in the pinches, lots of friends ——"

"—— and you," finishes Bannister softly.

"I don't know," I tells him. "I figured I might be a slight asset to you, but I'm beginning to think I win a blue ribbon in a liability show. Right now I feel like a red-backed trey in a green pinochle deck."

"No, you're not," says Rufe roughly. "You're a clean ace of hearts playing along with a dirty deuce of clubs."

"It Was All My Fault," Mutters Rufe. "I Knocked Myself Out With My Own Punch"

"Thanks for the five honors in one hand," I smiles "but what's in those other letters? Any good offers?"

"No," returns Bannister. "They're all about the same kind of propositions as the other two, but a deal was put up to me the other day that sounds pretty good."

"What is it?" I asks. "A scheme to start a silver-fox farm?"

"No," says Rufe; "rubber."

"The kind that bounces?" I inquires.

"And everything," nods Bannister. "Say"—he frowns suddenly—"I don't have to stay out of rubber on account of them using some of it in boxing gyms, do I?"

"You don't have to stay out of anything for any reason," I returns curtly. "What's the idea—selling rubber goods?"

"Nope," says Rufe; "growing the trees. You knew rubber came from trees, didn't you?"

"I've known it for two weeks," I comes back. "When did you get let in on the secret?"

"Just the other day," admits Bannister. "Instead of milking cows, you just milk trees."

"And you," I cuts in, "are planning to hire out as a dairymaid to a rubber tree—that it?"

"Sort of," grins Rufe; "except that we're going to buy a whole herd of trees—four hundred thousand acres of 'em."

"That's a lot of acres even on Broadway," I comments. "Where were these when last heard of?"

"Yucatan," he answers. "Know where it is?"

"Sure," says I. "It's in the rubber country. When do you leave?"

"I'm not going there," frowns Bannister. "We just buy the land, plant the trees and let the peonies do the work."

"Peonies, eh?" I remarks. "I thought the flowers of the fields neither toiled nor spun."

"Peonies," explains Rufe, "are Mex hunkies—laborers. You kidding me?"

"No," says I, biting my lips; "but tell me, who are the 'we' in this milk-from-trees skit?"

"This is serious," growls Bannister. "You've heard me speak of Jeff Nobles and Bill Halgan, haven't you?"

I had—several times. From what I'd gathered, Nobles and Halgan were a couple of rich sportsmen who'd made a sort of hobby of Rufe. At every one of his fights they'd buy out half the lower floor and stack it with their playmates. Just what their business was I didn't know, but I'd somehow understood they were investment capitalists—lads who would send a million out on the street, and spank it and put it to bed unless it came back with three more.

"Well," goes on Rufe, "a couple of months ago Bill and Jeff, through some kind of political drag, got hold of this Yucatan land for something like nothing an acre. Now they're figuring on raising tires and giving me a cut."

"For how much?" I inquires.

"Not a dime," replies Bannister. "I don't put up a red and get a thirty-thirty-thirty split in a rubber plantation."

"I'm a curious female," says I. "Do you mean to stand before this bright and intelligent audience and tell it that you're being made a present of a third of this teething-ring ranch—a hundred and thirty-three thousand acres?"

"Not a present," says Rufe. "I'm to pay my ante out of the profits."

"Ah," I smiles, "and if there are no profits, my pretty one, what then?"

"Then," comes back Bannister, "I'm out profits, that's all. I'm to do some work in the office, seeing that machinery is shipped O. K. and things like that, but I get a regular salary for the trick. Deal sound all right?"

"It sounds so all right," I replies, "that it can't be."

"What can be wrong?" argues Rufe. "To begin with, Bill and Jeff are a couple of square-shooters. They make bets of five and ten grand without a pencil mark. They're not asking me for money; they're just giving me a chance to gamble profits against no profits. They admit the thing may be a flop."

"Is Pat Grogan in on the deal?" I asks suddenly.

"Not that I know of," answers Bannister. "Why?"

"Pat and Nobles are pretty friendly, aren't they?" I goes on.

"Oh, yes," shrugs Rufe; "but what of it? You still got the idea that Grogan's staying up nights thinking up schemes to get me back into the ring?"

"I know he is," says I. "If you're so sold on this rubber deal," I continues, "why have you been talking athletic

(Continued on Page 88

"Be Your Age!" I Snaps. "Don't You Think I'm Wise to the Rubber Deal You and Halgan and Nobles are Framing Up on Rufe?"

AND SOLD TO—

By DR. A. S. W. ROSENBACH
As Told to Avery Strakosch

THE gas lamps in Stan V. Henkels' auction rooms in Philadelphia were being extinguished. An exciting sale of books had just finished, and I was left a rather bitter young man. The purchaser of the one book I had so eagerly hoped to secure was a thin, wiry man, with a face of rare charm. He was not an auction habitué, at least not at Henkels', or I should have recognized him. One gets used to the same old faces in an auction room. Earlier that evening I had noticed him two rows ahead of me, a distinguished-looking person; but once the auctioneer's hammer had struck, giving him the final decision on his bid, I changed my opinion, and he now appeared highly distasteful.

As I went to open the street door I passed him. He stood showing the book to a group of other buyers. I would have died rather than ask his permission to look at that ancient missal, which I felt he had deliberately taken from me. And what a copy! As perfect as the day it came from the scriptorium in Touraine nearly 400 years ago. More important still, it had belonged at one time to the exquisite and altogether enchanting Gabrielle d'Estrées. She may have treated her lovers negligently, but to her books she gave the gentlest care. If the truth were known, she had a more tender regard for her books than for Henry IV. Perhaps she abandoned him to find change and relaxation in looking at the pictures in this volume. I was nineteen; the ephemeral love affairs of great court beauties catch the imagination at that age as they never do in later years.

You see, I had been saving every penny I could lay my hands on to buy this book. I had read about it in the sale catalogue. It is not exactly clear to me today why I so desperately wanted to own this particular missal. Perhaps it was one of those waxing obsessions which seize book lovers at all seasons of the year. I remember it was a warm, languorous spring. The night air was sweet. As I walked along I asked myself many questions. What good had come of my hoarding every cent to purchase it? Wasn't it unfair of wealthy men who attend auctions never to give the poor student a chance? I had gone to that sale with fifty-seven dollars in my pocket. It was an enormous sum for me to invest in one book, and I really doubted that anyone would want this particular volume badly enough to pay more than fifty dollars for it. Imagine my surprise when this stranger overbid me by three dollars!

Depressed, I wandered for some time along the ill-lighted street before I was aware of quick steps behind me. It was my successful competitor. And from another direction I saw a horse and cab drive toward me. A dim street light revealed the blurred outlines of a rickety worn-out nag whose driver slouched above on the box. It was Wee-hicle.

An Expensive Ride, But Worth It

NOW Wee-hicle was a coachman of local renown. His thin, emaciated, Don Quixotic figure had always attracted my attention. Wee-hicle knew more individuals of prominence in Philadelphia than did the mayor himself. Further, Wee-hicle had vision. To be carried home in the early hours by Wee-hicle boded good. In this way he had sponsored the early careers of more youths who later became distinguished citizens than any Harvard professor. This night he drove to the curb and recognized me. At the same time the footsteps in the darkness quickened and an anxious voice shouted, "Cabby!" Now I wanted to go home with Wee-hicle myself. With a rude bound, I reached the cab door before the person behind me.

"Which way are you going?" he asked me as he came close to the cab. His voice was clear and friendly, nor was the dark too thick to hide the kindliness of his expression. With that forced reciprocal politeness which often overtakes one in the heat of anger or disappointment, I battled with a desire to grab the book and run off into the darkness.

"I can take you anywhere you care to go," I answered. He heard the vindictive note in my voice, as I meant him to. He looked at me uneasily. Perhaps he feared I had been drinking

"I feel like having a bite," he began. "I'd like to go to McGowan's. Perhaps you will join me." Without waiting for a reply, he leaned forward and called out our destination to Wee-hicle.

Those were the days when McGowan's was an all-night meeting place where convivial souls gathered to eat, drink and to be quietly merry. It was famous for its terrapin; in fact, it was at that time one of the great restaurants of America. Situated at the corner of Fifteenth and Sansom Streets, it had an entrance on either side. When we arrived I told Wee-hicle to wait.

A Corner of the Book Room in Doctor Rosenbach's Philadelphia Office

After ordering supper my host picked up the Gabrielle d'Estrées volume and exhibited it in a most tantalizing manner.

"You paid a very high price for that little missal," I ventured.

He looked up, surprised. "How do you know?"

"I was there—at the auction." At that moment the waiter brought two long-stemmed glasses filled with a golden-brown liquid. It was bitter and warming. "I was the underbidder," I said.

"You bid me up?" The waiter replaced our glasses with others. We drank silently. "So you wanted this book? Well, well! You love books?" I nodded. His face seemed to soften. "And what would you have given for it?" He handed the volume across the table to me and my fingers trembled.

"All that I have in the world," I said dramatically. "Fifty-seven dollars." The waiter came forward with our supper. It was a beautiful repast worthy of the skill of Dennis McGowan himself.

As we ate I listened to my new friend through an ever-thickening haze. He told me of his interest in books and manuscripts. He was not a collector exactly, he explained, but a man who bought intermittently as the desire came upon him.

"And now," said he, "since you wanted this book so badly, will you accept it as a proof of our newly made friendship?" He leaned across the table and I grasped his hand. He insisted upon my accepting the volume as a gift! Then we talked of books and bookmen until far into the night. We walked home in the early morning air.

The next day at noon, as I crossed the campus of the University of Pennsylvania, I was aware of a familiar figure who waved and attracted great attention with a coach whip. It was Wee-hicle.

"Say, young Rosenbach," he holloed, "what do you mean, keepin' me waitin' all night on Sansom Street?" He came toward me on a run, accusingly. "Sneakin' out on Fifteenth Street, you and your friend! I want my money! I waited outside all night long. Twenty-five dollars, night rates!" To quiet his shouting, I motioned him to follow me to my room. I had forgotten him completely. Had the preceding night been a dream or a nightmare? Surely it was neither, for there on my bookshelf was the missal in its old gilt binding—the book which had been forced so generously upon me. I paid Wee-hicle gladly and figured his services cheap at the price. As to the gentleman who presented me with the volume, it was Joseph M. Fox. He later became my partner in the book business.

The auction business is an old, old game. Herodotus, somewhere in his writings, describes the auctions which took place once a year in all Babylonian villages. In those days, before the advent of the bachelor girl, despairing parents hopefully offered their surplus maidens in the auction mart, where they disposed of them in marriage to the highest bidders. Then there were the auctions which followed military victories. The Romans solved the problem of dividing captives and other spoils of war in this popular manner.

Adventure That Never Stales

BUT the first book auctions, as far as records show, began in the latter part of the seventeenth century in Holland. The enterprising Dutchman who originated the idea of selling literary works by competitive bid, whether he was a book lover or interested only in cold commercial hopes of gain, should have his memory appreciatively marked by periods of celebration down the years. Can't you imagine every true book lover bowing to the name of this fellow who brought a new and sharp-edged enjoyment into the book game? There would be a logical reason for ancestor worship.

Of all the branches of the sport connected with book collecting, that of attending book auctions is the greatest, the most stirring. I presume some patient mathematician knows the number of facets of the Koh-i-nur diamond, but no one will ever be able to count the emotional reflections which take place during a book auction in the hearts and minds of men and women who are enamored of books. The book auction is an adventure. Other adventures may lose their glamour if you repeat them, but each experience at a sale of books brings a delightful thrill never to be duplicated.

Other experiences in your life may have been exciting, and you will always shrink from repeating them, in the fear, perhaps, that you may lose some one quality. But the book auction, which includes the sale of literary manuscripts and letters, continues to offer those very elements which first fascinated you. Don't be surprised when you find yourself one of the habitual adventurers. Unsympathetic, misunderstanding friends may accuse you of being a book-auction fiend, but you will listen indulgently and let it go at that.

Most of the great books of the world have found their way to the auction room at one time or another. Bibliophiles of renown have sat restlessly out front bidding against one another. It is these—rare books and their buyers—who have given to the auction its illustrious background. Nearly every collector enters the auction field to enjoy its seductive pleasures at some time during the period of his fever.

When you first go to an auction you firmly believe that prices are at their highest. The complaint of high prices is as old as the auction game itself. The morning after every sale you read the same old story in your newspaper, of the "crazy," "mad" and "exorbitant" prices which were paid. Present prices always seem high. If you keep a record of them you will find, in ten years' time, that these prices are extremely low. As a matter of fact, prices will never be lower than they are today. Certain items may fluctuate, but in general the great classics of all literature can be revalued upward every ten years. Very often you may have the feeling that you paid too much for some book—in other words, you were stung; and it may be so. But the beauty of it all is that an auction holds fair play for all sides. Even the experienced buyer is liable to get stung. You are in good company. And joy of joys, the auctioneer, your arch enemy, sometimes gets charmingly stung himself! For who can say when some bargain will drop unexpectedly into the collector's maw?

PHOTO FROM CULVER

Thomas E. Kirby

I remember a case in point. It was during the third part of the Hoe sale in April, 1912. In the catalogue a celebrated autograph play by Lope de Vega was listed. Entitled Carlos V, it had been written in Toledo and was dated November 20, 1604. Now manuscript plays by this famous Spanish writer are extremely desirable. Although the greatest book dealers and collectors of England, France, Italy and Germany were present that night, they either alighted or forgot its value. I purchased it on my first bid—$125.

A Market Where the Bulls Always Win

A COLLECTOR in Philadelphia had given me a bid of $7500 on it! He was even then sitting at his telephone impatiently waiting to hear if I had secured it for him. The above story is at the expense of a New York house. My next will be on a British concern, in order to balance honors.

At the sale of the Britwell Court Library in London in 1923, I noticed a little book lying sandwiched between Paice's Fortune's Lottery, or How a Ship of Bristoll Called the Angel Gabriel Fought Against the Spanish, and Pallinganius' The Zodyacke of Lyfe. It was Philip Paine's Dailey Meditations, or Quotidian Preparations for and Consideration of Death and Eternity, printed at Cambridge by Marmaduke Johnson in 1668. As it was passed around the room all my bookman friends looked at it and shook their heads. Of value, they thought, comparatively slight—only a dull theological work. As I reread the lengthy title something back in my brain made me concentrate more carefully upon it. Somewhere those printed words struck a vaguely familiar chord in my memory. All during the sale I kept turning forward to that page in my catalogue where it was listed. Suddenly I knew! Marmaduke Johnson it was who printed in Cambridge, Massachusetts, the first Holy Scriptures issued for the North American Indians—the Eliot Indian Bible.

Stan V. Henkels

The little book was put up for sale and I asked leave to examine it again for a moment before bidding. I knew at once it was printed in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and not England. This made it tremendously rare, because it was the only known copy, hitherto unrecognized, of the first volume of verse printed in North America. Those present took it for granted from the catalogue description that the little work was printed in Cambridge, England, and as such, was certainly worth less than the price at which it was soon knocked down to me—fifty-one pounds. After the sale several people, including a great American expert and the auctioneer, met me and rather twitted me for paying $250 for a stupid old religious tract worth but a few shillings. They were amazed I had shown such a lapse of judgment.

When I informed them what the book really was, the auctioneer sadly asked, "Doctor, what would you really have given for it?"

When I said £8000 or £9000—between $40,000 and $50,000—he was not any too happy. During the following year, when the little tract in the Indian dialect appeared for sale, they catalogued it Cambridge, Massachusetts! Thus listed, it sold for $34,500, as I have mentioned before.

You see, we are always reading of record prices and it is very rare to hear of the valuable things that slip through unobserved. It is this that gives book auctions their zest. And the auction houses, if they only knew it, benefit also by the chance bargain, for it is this very thing that attracts the public.

On the other hand, the most experienced buyer never knows when he will have to pay a really high price. It is the average, after all, that counts. Yet here is a phenomenon which has always seemed peculiar to me. When times are bad and prices in Wall Street are tumbling, when steel sells far below its worth and the oils go begging, rare volumes continue to command an ever-increasing price. In 1907, the year of the panic, books sold for record sums at auctions, while so-called standard securities dipped sharply in a helpless market. Two years later, when national finances were again wabbly, when the bears were having a picnic with the lambs, old books went for higher prices than ever before.

Books Bought as Investments

IN THE Henry W. Poor sale, held in New York in this same year, record prices were established, despite the prediction of the wiseacres, who said that prices must go down. It is for this reason that some of the wisest men in Wall Street purchase rare books as an investment. I know many a captain of industry who quietly hides away in the secrecy of his strong box rare little volumes, such as Shakespeare quartos, small pamphlets by Shelley, and even first editions of Joseph Conrad. These rich men realize—and rightly, too—that such treasures will always sell at a premium, even though the market is tumbling and Wall Street in a panic. Owners of precious books always find they do not have to wait for the chance buyer. Their volumes can be sent to the auction mart at any time, where they will realize, as a rule, their full value.

Two really great auctioneers were: Stan V. Henkels, of beloved memory, and the late Thomas E. Kirby. The latter in many respects exerted the greatest influence of any person in the auction world of this country. He was the founder of the American Art Association, and his opinions on objects of art were accepted as gospel by the most meticulous collectors, including the late P. A. B. Widener, William A. Clark and Henry C. Frick. He was really brilliant on the block, and his remarks were frequently the wittiest imaginable. I remember as a youth going to his auctions and being fascinated by his repartee and the rapidity with which he sold.

Stan V. Henkels was the only auctioneer who catalogued every work himself and cried his own sales too. His humor was irresistible, and the audience would often break out in guffaws of laughter at his many bright sallies.

In 1902 I attended a sale at Henkels' where the price of a certain volume caused the book world to hum for months

(Continued on Page 125)

A Book Sale at a New York Auction House

LOST ECSTASY

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

He Sat There for a Long Time, While the Buckskin Grazed Along the Side of the Trail and the Miller Drowsed on His Feet

V

THE vast empty back country began to show signs of life as shipping time approached, and the railroad in the valley, along which the little towns were strung like beads, awakened to new activity; locomotives pulled great lines of empty cattle cars and left them, so many here, so many there, on the various sidetracks by the shipping pens. Up in the mountains and north on the reservation the round-ups were beginning; small informal processions were starting out, the pilot on horseback, leading the chuck and bed wagons; cowboys in chaps and gloves, their ropes hung to their saddles, drove ahead of them the remuda of loose horses which were to provide their extra mounts. And in the upland pastures or out on the plains, where the blues and pinks of the spring flowers had given way to the sturdier reds, yellows and purples of the early fall, the cattle stood or moved slowly about, the cows with their calves, the steers, the range bulls with their flat backs and wide heavy heads.

Already the nights were cold. At the early round-ups the night guards came in chilled to thaw their hands over the stove, and to draw their beds into the shelter of the cook tent. The quaking aspens were bright gold; there was a thin scum of ice on the mountain pools in the mornings. And in the fields the country was threshing its grain. Trucks and wagons, their bodies built high with temporary boardings, rocked and careened along the roads on their way to the railroad or the small red grain elevators along the track. First-grade wheat was bringing a dollar and twenty cents a bushel, but the profit was small. The old cowmen, turned farmers, figured patiently—cost of plowing, cost of seeding, cost of harvesting and threshing. Even at a dollar twenty ——

Sometimes a herd on the way to the railroad blocked the passage of a wagon of grain; the old West and the new West met and intermingled. Cowboys, turned for the time into farm hands, eyed the cattle appraisingly while the way was being cleared for them.

"Look pretty good this year."

"Not so bad."

Or: "Kinda poor, aren't they?"

"Shipping to the feeders. Got some better stuff coming next Thursday."

Thursday. It was always Thursday, for the Monday morning market in Chicago.

The cattle would plod on, ten miles a day, to save all the weight possible. The dust hung over them in clouds, the cowboys sagged in their saddles at ease, now that the hard riding of the round-up itself was over. But there was still work to do. In the empty fields out beyond the pens they would again work their cattle, cutting out and holding the cut, and throwing back the unwanted stock that had drifted along with the herd. Then there would be the final loading, the nervous spooky cattle balking at the gangway and milling frantically, the final triumphant start up, the prodding and slapping until the car was full, and the signal for the engine to shunt another car into its place.

But before the L. D. was ready to round-up, things had come to a crisis between Tom McNair and Kay.

Fair time was approaching. In the bunk house in the evenings the men talked of little else. "If I draw that Roman-nosed pony of Saunders' again I'll bust out cryin'. It gave a couple of crow hops last year and then looked around for a piece of sugar!"

"The fellow that gets Old Abe'll get first money."

"He'll get a doctor bill."

The Indians were already driving down their animals from the reservation, fast-running horses and buckers, and putting their money on Little Dog, their best rider. And in his spare moments Tom was going over his equipment, fastening new leathers to his spurs, looking over his chaps, examining the green silk shirt in which he meant to stand out like a sore thumb before the grand stand.

Then one evening he learned from Kay that the Dowlings were not going to the fair, and took matters into his own hands with his usual readiness for trouble. He came to the ranch house, where Henry was drowsily reading the Ursula paper:

> Mr. and Mrs. Bill Sawyer are entertaining the Five Hundred Club this evening.
>
> Dicer's Emporium reports a new importation of corsets. That's right, Sam. We still believe in 'em.

Herbert was playing solitaire, and Kay had already gone up to bed. Tom rapped outside, opened the screen and clumped in his high-heeled boots to the living-room door. Henry looked up and Herbert continued to move his cards, but he had stiffened.

"Understand you're not going in to the fair," Tom said, tall and handsome and arrogant in the doorway.

"Not this year; Mrs. Dowling ——"

"How about my taking Miss Kay then? She sure ought to see it."

Herbert put down his cards and rose. "If Miss Dowling wants to go to the fair I'll take her," he said.

Tom eyed him. "She's got to decline my invitation first."

"Not necessarily."

"How do you get that way?" Tom demanded angrily. "Where do you come in on this anyhow? I'm talking to Mr. Dowling."

Henry, thus brought in, was puzzled and startled. He had never associated Kay's riding with this cowboy save in the way he associated Herbert with himself, as somebody to open gates. Now he was considerably outraged. He looked at the two, each so fiercely confronting the

other, and put up his hand. "That's enough," he said. "More than enough." And to Tom: "If Kay wants to go to the fair, Tom, Mr. Forrest will take her."

"That's not ——"

"That's all. I don't intend to argue the matter," said Henry, and lifted his paper once more.

Tom hesitated. A dark color rose in his face and he twisted his hat in his hands. Then he turned on his heel and flung out again without a word.

"Insolent young rascal!" said Henry, still astonished. "Acting as if —— Close that door, Herbert."

Herbert closed the door, very quietly, like a conspirator.

"What do you make out of that? What about him anyhow?"

"I don't know anything about him," said Herbert. And nobly added, "He's a good cowman, according to Jake."

"He has had time enough, apparently, to see a good bit of Kay."

Herbert said nothing. His face was carefully noncommittal.

"I don't like it, Herbert. Kay has never seen this sort of life before. God knows, it's not romantic, but she may think it is. Just why a fellow who can ride a horse and look after cattle should make an appeal to women, I'm damned if I know."

"He's a handsome devil."

"Handsome is as handsome does," Henry snapped, and picked up his paper again:

Mr. and Mrs. George Pinckney are receiving congratulations today on the birth of a son and heir.

Suppose Kay was really interested in this chap. Suppose she fancied herself in love with him. Kay! A man who always smelled of the stable, who earned sixty-five dollars a month and used it to gamble with! A periodic drinker, going on sprees, when he disappeared for days at a time, wallowing in who knew what filth?

Lightning struck a hay stack at ——

"Oh, hell! What did you mean by saying he's a handsome devil?"

"He is, rather."

"You think she is interested in him then?"

"I don't see any use in denying it. Yes, I think she is."

"What you really mean is that she's built up some sort of romantic figure out of him. Isn't that it?"

"That's a part of it."

"And what's the rest?"

Herbert hesitated. "I hardly know, sir," he said at last. "I think it may be more than that. She's no child, and she's got a good hard brain. I think she knows exactly what he is—in the back of her mind anyhow. She mayn't know any details, but she suspects them. Only—they don't make any difference."

"You are talking as though she is in love with the fellow!"

"Don't you think she is, sir? Infatuated anyhow?"

"I know damned well she's getting out of here if she is."

Kay Dowling

Shortly after that, Henry went up to bed. He was very stiff; his back ached, and into the bargain he was more uneasy than he cared to admit. There was a little stubborn streak in Kay. She was like her grandfather in that. And Herbert was right—she had a good hard brain. Two weeks ago, or three, she might have been only romantically interested. But by now she knew the fellow, or ought to; she'd had chances enough.

He grunted, and opened the door into his wife's room. She was reading by the light of a lamp on the end of the washstand beside her bed, and when he entered she wiped the cold cream from around her mouth with a handkerchief, preparatory to his good-night kiss. But he did not kiss her at once. He sat down on the foot of her bed.

"What about Kay, Katherine? Is she making a fool of herself?"

"I don't know what you mean."

"With Tom McNair?"

"Oh, Tom!" There was relief in her voice. "She's playing around with him, of course, but that's all. She's accustomed to attention, and he's about all that offers out here."

"There's Herbert," he said sturdily.

"She can always have Herbert, and she knows it. I wouldn't worry; she's only amusing herself. And there's nothing much else for her to do."

He got up. His back was really very troublesome; he must have twisted something in the field that day. Well ——

"We'd better be getting on anyhow," he said, not entirely convinced. "I'm about through." He kissed her perfunctorily. "Good night."

"Good night, Henry. Be sure to open your window."

Lying sleepless in his bed that night, Henry planned to leave the next day. But when he wakened in the morning he had a bad case of lumbago. He had never had anything much before, and he was convinced that he was in a serious condition. Every time he moved he groaned. It was, indeed, between groans that he had his interview with Kay.

"You mean," said Kay, staring down at him, white and angry, "that you forbid me to ride out with Tom McNair?"

"That's what I've said. I generally mean what I say."

"But—how dare you, father? How can you? You would think I'd done something wicked."

"Not necessarily." He groaned again. "Unwise, certainly."

"But what has happened? You haven't objected before. Just what is it you are afraid of, father?" she asked, more gently. "I won't disgrace you. You know that."

"He's not your kind."

(Continued on Page 128)

They Had Moved to a New Location, and the Herd, Nervous on the Strange Bed Ground Anyhow, Was Stampeded Just Before Dawn by a Half Dozen Shouting Demons on Horseback Who Rushed at It in the Darkness, Yelling

SIDEHILL

By HUGH MacNAIR KAHLER

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT E. JOHNSTON

She Stamped Her Foot. "Don't You Even Care What I Did?"

SHE jerked open the steel door and jumped, just as the train, after slowing almost to a standstill, began to regather pace. Her fingers twitched at the edge of the door as she slipped past it; the clang of its closing sounded before she struck the snow bank at the edge of the crossroad. By the time she had struggled to her feet the rear lights were dim in the dusk and the snow that eddied in the cut. She laughed—a harsh sound—and stooped, stamping her feet and slapping the snow from her skirt and the thin silk stockings that gave her legs the look of nakedness.

"Jump off on purpose?"

She whirled abruptly, her arms inbent at the elbow, her lips withdrawn from set teeth. In the drifted road two vast shaggy horses regarded her with mild, disapproving suspicion. Behind them, wrapped in blankets on the seat of a long low box sled, a man surveyed her. Her tension relaxed; she straightened, laughing again.

"No, I just opened the door for air and fell out," she said. "Where am I?"

"Nearest town's Glenville." He gestured vaguely with his whip. "Eight miles."

"Thanks for the good news!" She laughed again. "What'll you charge to drive me there?"

"Just been. Couldn't go back tonight. Kind of late for my chores right now."

"You can let 'em wait, can't you? I'll make it worth your while."

He shook his head. "Won't wait—chores. And I don't guess I could get through the road, anyhow. Drifted up pretty bad when I came by." He glanced along the track. "Snowplow's working up yonder somewheres. Guess that's why Number 6 slowed down."

"Well, you can take me to the nearest house, anyway, can't you?" She looked about her; on every side the storm and the lowering darkness lifted a blank wall, unbroken by the promise of a lighted window. The man reflected.

"Guess mine's the nearest," he said. "Way I'm headed, anyhow. I could take you there all right, only ——"

"Only what?" She spoke impatiently, as the wind sent a swirl of snow against her ankles.

"Might be two-three days before I could get you down to town. Been snowed up longer'n that, we have."

"All right, I'll have to take the chance, won't I? It's that or freeze, isn't it?"

He stood up, unwrapping the blankets. She waded through the drift, scrambled up over the heavy runner. He arranged the blankets deliberately, showing her how to fold them under her feet and twist the edge behind her while they both stood so that when they sat on the spring seat their weight held the triple fold in place. The horses heaved forward at his word; the runners creaked.

"Name's Hoban," he volunteered abruptly, after a long silence. "Les Hoban—short for Lester. Everybody calls me Sidehill, though."

"What for?" She spoke incuriously, her head bent so that her face was muffled by the fur collar of her coat.

He chuckled. "Oh, just a nickname, kind of." He made a forward motion with the whip. "Live up the hill yonder—guess that's how I came to get called that."

The woman followed the gesture. A vague darkness loomed in front of them, like a wall beyond the slanting flutter of the flakes. It came slowly nearer and more forbidding. Presently, when the horses stopped at a red gate in a half-buried fence, she cried out, "You don't mean to tell me we're going up that!"

Hoban tilted back his head. "Looks kind of steep, don't it? Wouldn't guess one team could haul a ton of feed up that road, would you?" He chuckled. "Used to go pretty near a mile out o' the way before I figured out this here short cut."

He clambered down, forced the gate open through the new, loose snowfall; the horses plodded through the gap and stopped again. Hoban closed the gate and came back to their heads. The woman watched him as he stooped and fumbled in the snow. An iron hook at the end of a thin wire rope was linked into the ring at the end of the tongue. Hoban floundered to the fence and jerked at a wire. From far overhead came the thin, brittle note of a bell. He climbed back on the seat, chuckling.

"Watch now!"

A high, shrill voice came from above them; he answered with another wordless shout and lifted the reins. The horses strained forward and, mysteriously, the heavy pung slid forward and up the ugly grade. Hoban laughed softly and pointed with the whip. On another path, a few feet to the left, another sled, laden high with chained logs, slid down deliberately toward them, met and passed them as they rose, the horses floundering upward now at a vast, ponderous trot.

"Handy, ain't it? Pull 'most any kind of a load up here with them logs to do the work. Loaded 'em up yesterday—be already to haul to the sawmill when the roads are broke through again. Nothing to it, only a pulley block and some wire rope. Fixed up a kind of trigger contraption so ma can start 'em down when I ring the bell." He made a clicking sound with tongue and teeth. "Handiest thing in the world—a good sidehill."

The woman moved her shoulders indifferently. Above the breast of the rise, lights glowed from windows that seemed to be cut in the steep slant of the hill itself. There were vague, rounded outlines of a house that became visible as the sled approached, its roof covered so that it seemed to blend and merge into the drifts behind it. A tang of wood smoke hung pleasantly in the air. Farther on, barns loomed obscurely about a huge snow-capped mound of straw.

"Here we are." He slid down to snow that came almost to his knees. "Carry you in; no sense to getting wetter than you got to." He lifted her easily from the seat, carried her around the angle of the house and set her down on stone flagging in the shelter of a match-board storm door. "You go right inside. Ma'll tend to you. I got to get to my chores."

He moved away. The girl hesitated, lifted her shoulders again in her gesture of indifference, fumbled with an old-fashioned lift latch. A wave of lamp-lit warmth reached out to envelop her. She went forward into a low-ceiled kitchen, where a tall lean woman looked up from a cookstove to regard her with gravely placid, incurious eyes

"I'm sorry to bother you, but your son says there's no other place to stay. I fell off my train and ——"

"You better get on some dry things." The voice was even, emotionless. The woman led the way to a bedroom through a narrow hall; she lighted a twisted-paper spill at the lamp and stooped to a sheet-iron stove. There was an instant response of cheerful snapping noises, the faint smell of cedar, a grateful glow of warmth. The woman went out, returned with her lean arms full of heavy garments. "You can come out when you're ready," she said. The door closed after her. The girl stared at it blankly for a moment, and then, laughing under her breath, slipped out of the cheaply smart fur-collared coat.

"It certainly ought to be safe," she said softly. She laughed again at the glass when she had changed. The shapeless woolen dress came to her ankles; home-knitted stockings of gray wool and loose flat-heeled carpet slippers made her feet grotesque and monstrous; a faded jacket sweater with darned elbows hung loosely about her shoulders, absurdly out of harmony with the short, smartly waved fluff of bobbed hair and the insolent, sophisticated prettiness of the face it framed.

Slowly the amusement faded out of the image in the cracked glass. She took a pocket comb from her bag and experimented deliberately with her hair, parting it in the middle and drawing it back as flat and smoothly as she could, holding it while she studied the effect. There was a coarse towel on the swivel rack beside the washstand, and she scrubbed her lips with it. Without the purplish insistence of the salve they lost something of their fullness. She carried the glass lamp back to the kitchen.

The older woman, busy at the stove, nodded approval. "You can blow it out," she said. "Guess you're more used to lamps than you look. Most city women 'd leave it burning in there."

"I didn't see the sense of wasting oil." The girl laughed shortly. "What can I do to help you? I don't want to be any more trouble than I've got to."

"It's no trouble." The quiet eyes surveyed her. "It's a real treat to have comp'ny. But you might cut some bread, if you want to. 'Supper's 'most ready." She turned the slice of ham that spatted in the skillet. "Housework's real easy when you live on a sidehill this way."

The girl stared. "I don't see what difference that makes. A sidehill?"

"Guess it wouldn't matter in a city. Makes consid'ble difference, though, if you got to get water out of a well 'stead of having it run right into your kitchen." She indicated, with a sidewise movement of her head, the iron sink against the wall. "Comes down from a spring a ways higher up. Les—that's my son—he's a great hand to tinker."

Hoban came in before the girl could answer. He carried two pails of milk and spoke no word until he had set them on the broad shelf beside the sink, deliberately removed successive layers of outer garments and washed, with noisy vigor, in the granite-ware basin. Even then he merely nodded at the guest and addressed himself briefly to his mother. "Supper 'most ready?"

"Just about. You two might's well sit down."

"'Most starved." He gave himself wholly to the business of remedying this, eating without haste, but earnestly

and in silence. The girl, her brows drawn slightly together, followed his example; and Mrs. Hoban, moving between stove and table, seemed placidly content with the lack of words. Hoban, finishing a fourth tumbler of milk, pushed back his chair.

"Still snowing," he said. "Don't guess I can get you down to Glenville for two-three days, the way the roads'll drift up. Might be longer if it don't slack off pretty soon."

"If it can't be helped it can't." The girl moved her shoulders indifferently. She rose and helped unskillfully with the task of clearing the table. Mrs. Hoban accepted her collaboration without remark, providing her with a dish towel and showing her patiently how to use it. Hoban strained the milk and poured it into wide shallow pans. He brought in high armloads of stove wood to fill the big box beside the chimney. Like his mother, he seemed to take the girl's presence as a matter of course. It was evident that neither of them saw any necessity, on her account, of varying the routine of the household or departing from its habit of silence. When the dishes had been washed and put away, Mrs. Hoban settled herself beside the lamp, with a sewing basket, and her son smoked deliberately, his feet crossed on the shelf that projected from the base of the stove.

The girl broke the silence with a sudden jarring laugh. "What's the matter with you?" She raised her voice under the soberly inquiring glances, singularly alike, that they turned toward her. "Don't you even want to know my name?"

"Expected you'd tell us when it suited you." The woman spoke evenly. "It'd be handier, maybe, if you got to be snowed up with us, to know what to call you."

"All right, call me Annie Frayne." The girl laughed again. "Is that enough? Don't you care who I am or where I came from?"

"I don't know as it matters," said the older woman meditatively. "You'll tell us, I guess, when you get round to it." She glanced at the window as an eddy of snow rasped on the panes. "Looks as if you'd have plenty of time."

Annie Frayne turned sharply to Les Hoban. "Don't you want to know anything about me, either?" she demanded, a challenge in her look and tone. "Are you satisfied with just knowing what to call me?"

He regarded her at some length. "I guess I see what you mean," he said slowly. "You kind of feel ma and I'd ought to go pestering you with questions. Maybe we would if we lived down on the flats. It's kind of different living up on a sidehill."

"I don't see that." She spoke impatiently.

"Not yet, but you're right apt to, if you stay here a spell." He wagged his head, his face twisted as if by the unfamiliar strain of seeking words. "It's kind of queer, living on a sidehill. You get to looking for the easiest way to do things. You got to, it's so hard to get anywheres. Ma and me —— Well, look at how you told us who you was, without us asking. If we was valley folks, I guess we'd asked you right off. Noticed that's how they mostly do. Ma and me, we kind of got in the habit of giving things a chance to come easy, I guess." He grinned. "You'll tell us what you're a mind to, I expect, without us pestering you; and I don't know's you'll tell us any more'n you're a mind to anyhow."

He rose deliberately and began to wind the clock. Annie Frayne laughed. "I'll tell you this much, anyway," she said. "I didn't fall off that train. I jumped."

"Saw you." He continued to turn the key. His mother, after a brief incurious glance at the girl, went on with her mending.

"Don't either of you want to know why?" Annie's voice was harsh.

"Guess you'll tell, if you're going to." Hoban did not turn. "We ain't asking."

"I jumped because I didn't want to be arrested. They were waiting for me at the Pittland station. If I'd stayed on the train I'd have been locked up by now."

"Don't know as you're much better off, snowed up." The man's tone did not change or quicken. "Safe, anyhow, long as this snow lasts. That's one thing about living on a sidehill—trouble's got to climb to get to you." He set the clock back on the shelf and turned to survey her, with a sleepy grin. "Kind of get out of the habit, too, of going down to meet it halfway, if you stay up here a spell."

She stamped her foot. The loose slipper made only a ridiculous slapping sound on the scrubbed floor. "Don't you even care what I did?"

He opened the door; a jet of snow thrust spitefully through the crevice. "Just as lief save it till morning," he said. "Looks's if they'd be plenty of time to talk before you can get away from here." He yawned. "Kind of a pity to use it all up right off."

"We'll use this up right now!" The girl spoke with sudden heat. "I was ——"

"You'd ought to be ashamed of yourself, Les!" Mrs. Hoban's tone held a dry severity. "Playing your pet tricks on a body that's tired out and excited!" She turned to the girl. "Don't you say another word, Annie. Les, he knows the best way to make a body talk is p'tending he don't want to listen. You come along to bed. Maybe you won't want to tell, time you wake up."

She lighted the glass lamp and led the way into the bedroom where the girl had dressed. Annie Frayne glanced back, as she followed, but Hoban, busy with the stove, did not look up.

II

THE ring of Hoban's ax, dulled and flattened as if even sounds froze in the breathless cold, guided Annie Frayne through the naked woods that thrust up from the steep slant of the snow. She made slow, toiling progress toward the noise, her feet breaking through the crust in spite of the huge, shapeless felt boots that magnified and distorted them. Below her the hillside fell away abruptly. She could look down on the roofs of the barns that seemed to lean inward toward the slope. A thin, curling drift of wood smoke rose toward her from the chimney of the house, almost vertically beneath her. She could see the wide, level sweep of the flat valley, stretching away to the tiny

(Continued on Page 63)

"If I'd Been Caught the Other Day, it Would Have Served Me Right, to be Locked Up. I'll be Sent to Prison if They Catch Me"

SOME PARTY

By KENNETH L. ROBERTS

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

They Repair to the Corner, Accompanied by Mr. Sims, Who Assists Them by Doing His Famous Ukulele Imitation With the Help of a Flower Vase

A Priceless Evening With the Younger Set

CHARACTERS

MISS SOPHIE BONNER, *a baby blonde, aged 17.*

MISS PEARL LISCOMB, *an all-around baby, aged 18, with some skill at athletic pursuits.*

MISS MIGNONNE PERKINS, *a young lady with fragments of a Parisian education, aged 18 years and 5 months.*

MISS RITA MARBLE, *a semimusical brunette, aged 17.*

MR. PUCKY SIMS, *the life of the party, whose sallies invariably cause hearty laughter. Age, 19.*

MR. JOHN DUCKBOARD, *who really works and oughtn't to be out. Age, 22.*

MR. EDDIE RICKET, *a young intellectual (in his own mind). Age, 24.*

MR. HERBIE CLAIBORNE, *a wonderful dancer. Age, 18.*

PLACE, any American city.
TIME, early 1927.

SCENE

[*An end of the dining room of the Saukegawasset Country Club. At the right is a large doorway opening on the dance floor. Through the doorway comes the slippery moan of a trombone, the feverish and slightly sour wail of a saxophone and the limping thuds of a bass drum, engaged in the rendition of the popular success, Who Bought the Gowns for Cleopatra When Cæsar Went to Rome? At the left may be seen the edges of other tables.*

[*On the table are eight crumpled napkins, two plates of celery and olives, eight ash trays piled high with cigarette butts, and the next course. A waiter passes sadly from seat to seat, placing cubes of ice in the tall glasses at each place.*

[*The music stops and is followed by three clangs of the cymbals, whereupon* MISS SOPHIE BONNER *enters, clinging clingily to the arm of* MR. EDDIE RICKET. *Close behind them strides* MISS PEARL LISCOMB *with an air of independence, followed by* MR. JOHN DUCKBOARD, *who is surreptitiously glancing at his wrist watch. They are followed by* MR. PUCKY SIMS *and* MISS MIGNONNE PERKINS.

[MR. SIMS *is acrobatically engaged with his handkerchief, tossing it lightly in the air, catching it again and bowing graciously to right and left, to the intense delight of* MISS PERKINS, *whose gliding walk is modeled on the lines of the slinkiest manikins in the best Parisian dressmaking establishments.*

[MISS RITA MARBLE *and* MR. HERBIE CLAIBORNE *straggle in at the end of the procession.*

[*As* MISS MARBLE *takes her seat, she lightly warbles the last two lines of Who Bought the Gowns for Cleopatra, while* MR. CLAIBORNE *pushes in her chair and simultaneously executes a difficult double motion from the Black Bottom.*

[MISS BONNER, MISS LISCOMB, MISS PERKINS *and* MISS MARBLE *at once pick up their vanity cases and begin operations on their faces. Each one uses a different colored lipstick.*

MISS BONNER: Oh, Rita, you're using the orange kind! It's too adorable on you! Just sweet! Let me try it. Do you mind? (MISS MARBLE *negligently throws her lipstick across the table to* MISS BONNER, *who drops it on the floor with a shrill scream of distress, picks it up again and increases the Cupid's bow of her upper lip from a size 3 to a size 5.)*

MR. SIMS: At-a-boy! *(He sings the third line of the great song success, A Lipstick Tastes the Same to Me, Morning, Night or Noon.)*

MISS MARBLE: Some peppy orchestra tonight!

MR. CLAIBORNE: Say, boy, you haven't heard anything till you hear that new bunch out at the Nighthawk Tavern. That saxophone baby's got it all over everyone you ever heard. Gee, he's hot!

MISS PERKINS: Have you ever been in Zelli's in Paris? Talk about your wonderful orchestras! It's a perfect love!

MISS MARBLE: There's no use talking about music unless you've heard Moskerri lead the orchestra at the opera! My, he's slick! Gestures? You never saw anything like them! I'd think he'd be dead when he gets through leading.

MR. CLAIBORNE: Say, there's a drummer out at the Green Tomato that throws his drumsticks up and catches 'em again while he's playing. He's some boy! *(He throws his knife in the air and catches it again by way of demonstration.)*

MR. RICKET *(who has been busily engaged in devouring his cold fish):* Music in this country has become nothing but drum pounding and saxophone blowing. There's nobody like Paganini today.

MISS LISCOMB: Who's that gent? I never was strong on my Latin history.

MR. RICKET *(with a superior air):* He merely happened to be the world's greatest violinist.

MISS BONNER *(rolling her eyes at him):* Aren't you just too clever!

MISS LISCOMB *(sarcastically):* Gosh! The world's greatest information bureau! No home complete without him! Now, honey, tell us girls who won the woman's golf championship of Albania last year?

MR. RICKET *(slightly nonplused):* Wasn't it Glenna Collett?

MISS LISCOMB *(derisively):* Listen to the big boob! Glenna Collett! Where do you get that stuff?

MR. RICKET: Well, who was it?

MISS LISCOMB *(with a shriek of laughter):* Paganini. *(Everybody except* MR. RICKET *bursts into uproarious giggles.)*

MR. SIMS: That's hot!

MISS BONNER *(busily engaged in rolling her eyes from side to side in search of admiring glances):* Oh, there's Micky Daggett with somebody. Isn't he the sweetest

thing! I think he's adorable! He's the most adorable dancer. Who's that brunette he's with? I thought he liked blondes! (MISS LISCOMB, MISS PERKINS *and* MISS MARBLE *reach for their vanity cases and powder their noses.*)

MR. SIMS: Well, he's suffering from high brunette pressure right now. *(The assemblage screams with merriment.)*

MR. CLAIBORNE: He's got a complex on brunettes, maybe.

MISS BONNER: Oh, I've got a new complex.

MR. DUCKBOARD: What is it?

MISS BONNER: Oh, I won't tell, but maybe you'll see me out with it some day soon.

MISS PERKINS: I thought complexes were things you oughtn't to explain.

MR. RICKET: It makes me sick the way some of you folks get complexes and inhibitions all mixed up. Why don't you read something and find out what they are for, or something?

MISS LISCOMB: Why should we, when you can tell us?

MR. SIMS: Yes, you tell 'em, kid. *(The others explode with laughter.)*

MR. RICKET: Well, a complex is something that you're born with that gives you an urge to do something that you wouldn't do if you didn't have it.

MR. DUCKBOARD *(looking at his wrist watch)*: Didn't have what?

MR. RICKET: Didn't have the urge, you big sap

MISS PERKINS *(with a bored air)*: I knew a girl that wouldn't wear anything but black nightgowns. I suppose that was a complex.

MISS BONNER: I'll bet I'd look sweet in a black nightgown.

MR. SIMS: Now don't get rough, Sophie.

MR. RICKET: No, no! That's no complex What a complex is is this: There are two of 'em, see? One's an inferiority complex and one's a superiority complex. Suppose I always wanted to eat hard-boiled eggs but didn't dare to because I was afraid they'd slip out of my hand and land in my lap or something like that. That would be an inferiority complex.

MISS MARBLE: I don't see why

MR. RICKET: Well, you don't have to see why. It just is. And if another man wants to eat hard-boiled eggs, and is afraid that he'll drop them, but doesn't care and goes ahead and eats all the hard-boiled eggs in sight whenever he gets a chance, regardless of his fear and everything, then he has a superiority complex

MR. SIMS: I suppose you'd call that last guy a good egg. *(The assemblage, barring* MR. RICKET, *howls with mirth.)*

MISS PERKINS: Speaking of eggs, we had the most adorable plovers' eggs when we were at Zelli's—in Paris, you know—last summer. Did any of you ever eat plovers' eggs? They're perfectly delish!

MR. CLAIBORNE: Say, did you know the Chinese eat eggs a hundred years old?

MISS BONNER: I never heard anything so ridick in my life!

MR. CLAIBORNE: They do so! I read about it in a newspaper.

MR. DUCKBOARD: Say, you don't want to believe everything you read in the newspapers. How could anybody eat an egg a hundred years old? Any egg that old would dry up or explode or something.

MR. CLAIBORNE: That's all right. I'll bet you a thousand dollars that Chinamen eat eggs a hundred years old. Don't they, Eddie?

MR. RICKET: Chinamen eat all sorts of things. If anybody ever ate an egg a hundred years old, it was a Chinaman. Chinamen did everything ahead of everyone. Any time anyone invents anything, some Chinaman comes along and says the Chinese invented the same thing about five thousand years ago.

MR. CLAIBORNE *(triumphantly)*: What did I tell you!

MISS MARBLE: Did they invent complexes?

MR. RICKET *(cautiously)*: I don't know about inventing complexes

MISS LISCOMB: Don't you know who invented complexes? Good night! I thought you knew everything! Say, girls, here's something Mr. Wisenheimer doesn't know. Why, everybody knows who invented complexes!

MR. RICKET *(sullenly)*: Who was it?

MISS LISCOMB *(with a scream of laughter)*: Paganini! *(Prolonged merriment from everybody except* MR. RICKET. *The orchestra bursts into the strains of that popular success, If Solomon Had a Thousand Wives He Must Have Known How to Pet. The assemblage moves in a body to the dance floor and the curtain falls for thirty seconds to denote the passage of fifteen minutes. The rise of the curtain finds six of the little group seating themselves at the table.* MISS BONNER *and* MR. DUCKBOARD *are absent and unaccounted for.* MISS LISCOMB, MISS PERKINS *and* MISS MARBLE *engage themselves busily with their vanity cases.*

MR. SIMS *(worrying a hip flask from his pocket)*: Anybody want another shot?

MISS MARBLE *(wearily)*: Foolish question Number 10. *(The flask circulates.)*

MISS PERKINS: Where's Sophie and John?

MR. CLAIBORNE: They're parking in the third coupé from the end. John has to go to work at 8:30. Oh, you early night work!

MISS LISCOMB: Early night work is right.

MR. CLAIBORNE: I'll say it's right.

MISS MARBLE *(snuggling close to* MR. CLAIBORNE): What's the matter with you, Herbie? Are you off me for life?

MR. CLAIBORNE: Who? Me?

MISS MARBLE: Who but? Do you think I'm talking to a waiter?

MR. CLAIBORNE *(in a reserved manner)*: What's the use of calling up? You've always got dates ahead, bright-eyes.

MISS MARBLE *(giving him a devasting quarter roll of the eye)*: I can't help being popular, can I, Herbie? *(She hums a bar from a popular song success: "Ah'm a popular gal when there's lovin' enough; but when there ain't, Ah'm rough, rough, rough!")*

MR. SIMS *(picking up his fork, running his hand through his hair to give himself a musicianly appearance, and strumming on the fork as though it were a ukulele* . Strut your stuff, kid. Let's give 'em a few barber shops.

(Continued on Page 52)

"The Emancipation of Woman Dates From the Time When They Began to Lay Aside the Stifling Bonds of Clothes and Corsets and Everything"

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PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 23, 1927

Government by Emotion

THE attitude of those politicians who make a profession of irresponsible protest and of those pseudo-intellectual radicals who make a profession of discontent is not particularly important. They echo, sometimes in good faith, the familiar whine of the little fellow who takes advantage of strength and good nature. The country understands their motives and discounts their utterances. Only when they proclaim the Administration and the country wrong is their god in his heaven and all right with their world. Their utterances and their journals of dissent are as standardized as Henry's car. They live for and by destructive criticism.

What the professors in our colleges think, believe and teach is a very different matter. If there is any fair standard by which to judge a scholar, it is his scholarship, his capacity for taking pains in assembling his data, his resourcefulness in unearthing new facts, his desire to verify every statement, his passion for the truth. But if he is gullible, swayed by sentiment and emotion, passing judgments based on selected facts and half truths, he has fallen far short of the high standards that his profession has set for itself.

No one doubts the good intentions of the professors who have issued ill-timed statements calling for a further downward revision of the war debts. Most of them are high-minded, earnest men, though a little shortsighted, perhaps, owing to the narrowness of their cloistered world. But one is surprised to find that their argument is all for Europe, that it follows closely the lines of European propaganda, and that American arguments and facts are either ignored or lightly touched on. There is a good deal to be said about moral values on America's side—more, perhaps, than on Europe's.

Propaganda always comes clothed in the garments of idealism, putting forth its specious pleas in the name of the helpless and the oppressed. This is the form that Mexican propaganda is taking; this is the form that much European propaganda has taken; and for that reason, we suppose, the professorial mind is peculiarly susceptible to it. Incidentally, it is almost too easy for those who are not directly affected to give away billions with a large and noble gesture.

Because professors as a class are more remote from realities than almost any other class, they should be doubly careful before committing themselves on questions that have a thousand practical angles that are not found in their textbooks. One may perfect himself in the theory of life in college, but its practice can be learned only outside the campus walls. It is a commonplace with every man of affairs that the university graduate must go back before he can go on with the business of life. He must learn that many textbook truths are only half truths in practice.

One begins to wonder whether the attitude of some of the colleges is as loose toward the spending and conserving of their vast endowments as it is toward the billions borrowed for prosecuting the war. These billions did not come out of some vague general fund that cost nobody anything, as the proponents of cancellation seem to assume. One also begins to wonder whether there are not vital defects in our methods of higher education and intellectual kinks in the brains of those who preach the doctrine that the under dog is always right. Often he is the under dog because he has a mean disposition and has imposed on good nature.

Our self-appointed keepers of the national conscience must have felt very sure of their conclusions; for they must have been aware that the publication of their statements would bring to debtor nations new and probably false hopes of virtual cancellation of the war debts; to Mexico encouragement to continue its anti-American propaganda and its antagonism to America. They must have known it would becloud a critical situation which was beginning to clear. They must have foreseen that it would seriously embarrass the Government in its dealings with several other nations; and yet they felt so sure that they were right, and that the experts who had given intensive study to these obligations and problems were wrong, that they felt warranted in tossing a monkey wrench into the machinery of international relationships.

A surprising number of Americans have swallowed Mexican propaganda, quite regardless of the record, until they are convinced that Uncle Sam is a bully, as one professor of Romance languages writes us, instead of the rather long-suffering and soft-hearted old fellow that he really is. But Americans in Mexico and many Mexicans not tied up with the present administration have a very different picture to paint. As one of these Mexicans says at the conclusion of a long letter on the situation, "Americans have no conception of the tyranny prevailing here."

"Mob rule" is a term of reproach in the mouths of our intellectuals. But leaders of the mob are not always the uneducated. Led by these same intellectuals, we are in grave danger of mob rule, aroused and stimulated by propaganda and emotional appeals. The orderly processes of government, the successful handling of difficult foreign negotiations by those who are in possession of all the facts, are being jeopardized.

America is far from perfect, but it is far better and sounder than its critics, both European and American. A little less propaganda and a little more knowledge; a little more patriotism and a little less politics; a little more Americanism and a little less radicalism, are about what the situation calls for.

Our Financial Charter

IN THE turmoil and confusion of the closing weeks of the last congressional session very slight public attention was given to the fact that the long-discussed and extraordinarily important McFadden Banking Bill has at last become law. The primary purpose of this act is to define the activities of national banks, modernizing and liberalizing the law, and making it possible for these banks to compete on more nearly equal terms with those existing under state charters. For some years state banks and trust companies have been gaining relatively at the expense of the national institutions. Yet it is only over the national banks that the Federal Government has complete control for financing purposes in times of grave national emergency, and only the national banks can be compelled to join and support the Federal Reserve System.

Most of the changes made, with a few exceptions, were highly technical and of a noncontroversial nature. In one respect—that which concerned branch banking—there had been years of violent and bitter discussion, which had prevented earlier and needed legislation on numerous other matters. There are those who regard the new law as a compromise on the subject of branch banking, but in any case the long-protracted fight over this aspect of the legislation has almost completely obscured other and equally, if not more, momentous features.

The law as it now stands provides indeterminate charters for the Federal Reserve Banks. The passage of the McFadden Bill, therefore, was a triumph of the Federal Reserve System over its enemies. Both branches of Congress gave the system an overwhelming vote of confidence, and the significance of its perpetuation is probably greater than is generally realized.

If this country is to continue upon a fairly even keel of well-being and prosperity despite the upheaval in other parts of the world, it will be necessary to continue unimpaired some such mechanism as the Federal Reserve. Without it we should no doubt already have shared more fully in the disasters of Europe.

It may, however, not be amiss to point out that while the Federal Reserve System is nothing like as bad as its comparatively few enemies have sought to show, it is probably not quite as perfect as its many but often uninformed friends believe. Efforts to prove that such troubles as the farmer has suffered from in the past few years are the result of malicious machinations to destroy values on the part of the Federal Reserve Banks have not impressed the country.

On the contrary, the great majority of sane, sensible people have gone to the other extreme and ascribe to the system a beneficent financial legerdemain which it does not possess. It has not prevented large numbers of bank failures; and while no panic has taken place since it was inaugurated, the depression of 1920 and 1921 brought in its train commercial and agricultural failures nearly equivalent to those of a panic. No one seriously argues that all this could have been prevented by the Reserve banks; but clear thinking requires that no miraculous powers be ascribed to institutions which do not possess them.

We would be the last to suggest any hasty or ill-advised tinkering with the Federal Reserve. In the vernacular of the day, the banking system of this country is "sitting pretty." More than ever it should be possible for the Federal Reserve Board and the Federal Reserve Banks to pursue well-considered policies. But there is no reason why gradually there should not be study of possible improvements in the nation's banking.

The passage of the Federal Reserve Act was a great achievement. Many pet notions of many reformers had to be abandoned; many adjustments, and possibly concessions, had to be made. A rather elaborate piece of mechanism had to be set up, with many boards, classes of directors, agents and governors. Even to this day it is all rather unintelligible to the average business man.

This is not the occasion to analyze the mechanism in detail. It will suffice to mention two rather striking anomalies. Although the Federal Reserve Board is supposed to be the supreme body, every banker knows that policies and activities have been as much or more determined by an informal conference of governors of the several banks, although the law does not provide for any such body. Then, too, the Comptroller of the Currency has continued, under the terms of the law, to remain for all practical purposes in charge of the national banks—an independent government official overlord over some seven thousand banks, instead of a department or bureau head under the Federal Reserve Board, which would seem a more sensible arrangement. Thus we have apparent duplication of authority, and strange inconsistencies.

There is nothing pressing to be done. No man can foresee a crisis. But peace is believed by many to be the time to prepare for war. Now, at least, is the time for students to give thought to a perfecting of our banking mechanism. It can be done now in calmness and a spirit free from passion. Nor is there any reason why business men should not know more about the banking system in which most of them so thoroughly believe. In the main, they will find their confidence is not misplaced.

SOUTH OF PANAMA

By David Lawrence

JUDGING by the fragmentary dispatches in the past few months from different parts of South America, reporting anti-American demonstrations, the average reader in this country might easily get the impression that the people of the United States are cordially disliked by the people south of Panama. There is, however, no way of measuring the intensity of feeling, particularly because anti-American demonstrations are about as customary in South America as anti-British demonstrations used to be in this country, twenty years ago, when the clamor for Irish home rule was at its height.

In the face of this dislike of the United States, however, our exports as well as our imports have increased beyond any figures in our history. Also more than $1,500,000,000 has been invested by citizens of the United States in South American countries since the Armistice, of which probably $500,000,000 has been in the form of loans to governments. It might also be noted that South America, within the past ten years, has done more to develop its railroads, improve its harbors, pave its roads and develop its resources than in any other ten years since the continent was discovered. In fact there is a boom on just now in some of the South American countries very much like that which was witnessed in the western part of the United States after the days of '49. American capital has recognized at last that it can afford to turn its eyes southward and aid in the economic progress of countries which, though rich in natural resources, have always lacked the money to take their products out of the soil.

The political relations of the United States with South American countries have not been so satisfactory as might be desired, but this is not the fault of any single act or any single administration. It is rather an accumulation of grievances, based mostly on suspicion, as well as criticism of acts of the United States north of Panama. It does not seem to have dawned upon South Americans that the policy of the United States in the Caribbean is and must be different from the policy it has pursued and will pursue south of the Panama Canal.

In the past quarter of a century American marines and warships have not been landed south of Panama to protect American lives and property, nor has the United States had an unpleasant experience involving a threat of force with respect to any South American country. Yet in some of the principal countries, like Argentina and Chile, as well as in Uruguay, it is usual for students to engage in demonstrations denouncing the "imperialism" of the United States and calling for a union of Latin countries against the "Northern Colossus." There has been a tendency for these student organizations to form alliances with the workingmen. Thus a strong combination is developed in which the ignorant classes are often led by the radical intelligentzia.

This is not a healthy state of affairs, but seemingly very little that the United States does affirmatively is able to change the situation, especially since some of the leading newspapers in South America have found that one of the easiest ways to please a large circulation is to intensify anti-American sentiment. Plenty of ammunition for anti-American attacks is to be found in the partisan editorials inside the United States and in speeches delivered in our own Congress. Indeed, recent events in Nicaragua and Mexico have furnished anti-American speakers and writers in South America with articles from which to quote confidently to their audiences. There was a time before the war when the British, French and Germans thought it to their interest as trade competitors to stir up feeling against the United States; but though there has been only a slight recrudescence of this activity in recent years, nevertheless the seeds of an antiforeign sentiment were planted.

The nationalistic spirit which has swept Mexico and made it difficult for foreign capital to begin worthwhile enterprises has not yet interfered with the sane, logical development of the resources of the South American countries. Indeed, while the demonstrations of the students against the Americans have been growing, the older heads in the communities have recognized that an economic entente with the United States is essential. Frequent steamship sailings to South America have brought about a significant interchange of populations, particularly in the realm of business and education.

The culture of South America has always been essentially European, and it is not to be expected that the

(Continued on Page 73)

The Only Man Who Could Save Her Heard the Call

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

When Notes are Due—If American Bank Borrowers Adopt European Methods

All Front

WHERE are you getting the backing for your business venture?"

"We don't need any backing for our line of business; we're going into the manufacture of ladies' evening gowns."

One Touch of Nature

THE fool and the sage gazed upon the Grand Canyon.
"Some hole!" said the fool to his silent companion,

"It really inspires me, fires me, thrills me;
Its God-given grandeur effectively stills me
My senses are reeling, there's no use concealing
The feeling that's stealing o'er me as I gaze.
How wonderful, beautiful, marvelous, massive!
Before all this splendor I'm silent and passive.
Amazing, astounding, dumfounding, stupendous,
Enormous, prodigious, gigantic, tremendous ——"

The sage stole a look at his gushing companion,
And heaving a sigh, pushed him into the Canyon.— A. L. L.

The Early Worm

EARLY to rise
And early to bed
Makes a man healthy
And socially dead.
J. R. S

The Ratzenjammers in Russia

"VY DUND you poys," said the Captain, "take a run up by Moscow and spend a leedle holiday mit your Russia cousins, Olof and Illgyl?"

"Hurrah!" said Hans.

Mrs. Hentz "Well, I Suppose You'll Develop Into a Hard-Boiled Egg Like All the Rest of My Children"

"Hurroo!" cried Fritz. And presently the pair packed their belongings and boarded the appropriate train, promising at the end of their holiday to rejoin the Captain in America.

Upon the arrival at the Vladivitch home, Cousins Illgyl and Olof, pale, thoughtful, unshaven boys of ten and twelve respectively, stood waiting on the porchevitch to greet the two little mischief-makers.

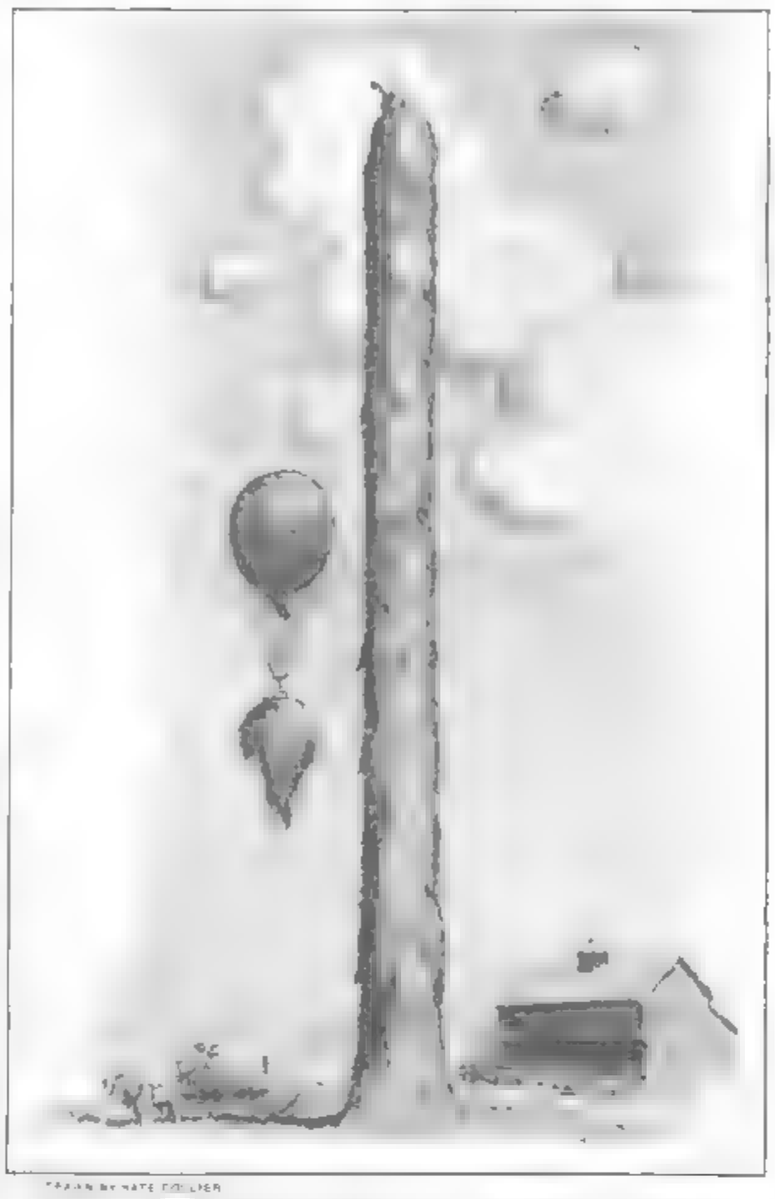
"Welcome!" said Illgyl gravely.

"Welcome!" boomed Olof.

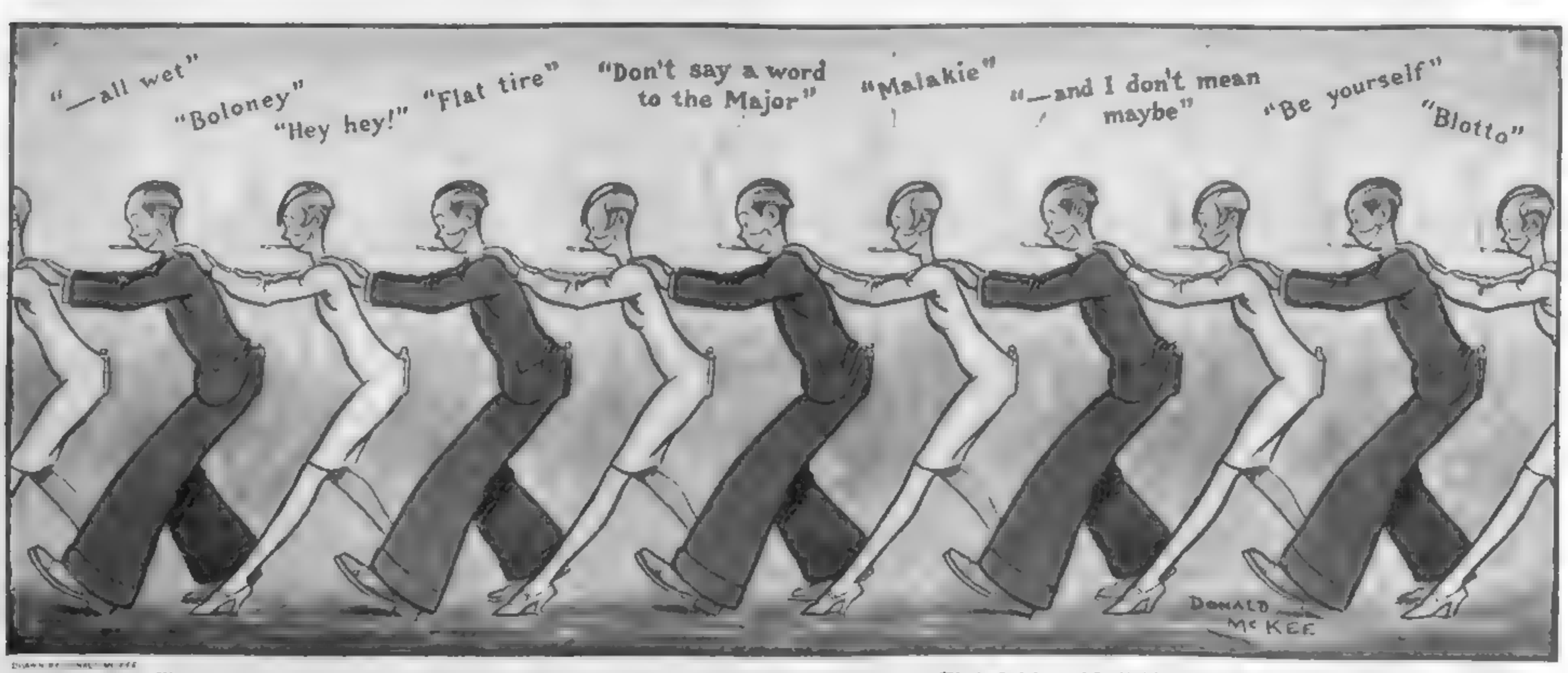
"'Ullo, Prunes!" said the two Ratzies in merry rejoinder.

But they were soon to find that their Muscovite kin were anything but the corrugated damsons.

(Continued on Page 202)



The City Steel Worker Who Has Built Skyscrapers All His Life Goes In for Farming and Builds a Haystack



It Has Been Well Said That the Outstanding Characteristics of the Present-Day Young People are Their Spirit and Individuality, Their Freedom From Convention, Their Forthright Repudiation of the Shackles of Tradition, Tribal Custom, Group Leadership, and the Like. To be Young in This Day is to be Wide-Eyed, Fearless, Untrammeled, a Blazer of New Trails; a Lone Independence is the Big Idea

Nature's tonic in hot liquid food

VEGETABLE SOUP!

"EAT VEGETABLES." Why do the physicians and the food experts give this advice? One of the principal reasons is that in vegetables are stored the iron and the other mineral salts which the body requires.

These minerals have important work to do in keeping bones, muscles and other tissues strong and healthy. Unfortunately, however, a large portion of these valuable minerals is often thrown away in the water in which vegetables are cooked. But in soup we retain far more of the beneficial mineral salts. So vegetable soup is one of the most healthful foods to eat and to give to your children.

Campbell's Vegetable Soup contains fifteen of these invigorating, health-promoting vegetables. Each one is carefully selected—the finest grown—and so is richest in nature's wholesome food.

In addition to all these vegetables, Campbell's Vegetable Soup brings you delicious and stimulating broth of choice beef, alphabet macaroni and other substantial cereals, fresh herbs and tempting seasoning. Thirty-two different ingredients in one soup!

This is the most popular hearty soup in the world. Wherever housewives purchase for the family table, this soup is depended upon to supply its generous abundance of nourishment for luncheon or dinner or supper. It's a regular household standby. For there's so much in it and it tastes so good!

DO YOU rely on the famous and spotless Campbell's kitchens to help you every day? Even in such a difficult, troublesome dish to make as vegetable soup, Campbell's French chefs offer you the finest quality and highest skill. You have scarcely to lift your finger, it's so easy and convenient!

32 ingredients **12 cents a can**

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

THE MAD MASQUERADE

"No," He Announced Firmly, "I Am Not Married on My Honor"

By Kenyon Gambier

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

A LOT of industrious beavers, these four young people, working together with light hearts to put a house in order; a force of men under an English-speaking foreman was engaged at the château; Paris purchases were made without hesitations or delays; Tybo found his secretaryship no sinecure. He was in the highest spirits, for the end was in sight. He did not care now what he did, nor what he accepted. How foolish to draw the line, or to cavil at this or that when his successor was on the way. The automobile, the liveried chauffeur, the six suits of clothes, the silken underwear, the bulging pocketbook, the bank account, the château itself—how absurd not to revel in these delights for the short two or three weeks they would last.

Some people save and save, just to play the millionaire for a month, just to have the intense pleasure of buying what they want and doing what they will without thought of the cost. The chance had come to him honorably, unsought. He was having a vacation beyond the wildest dream of imagination. With the knowledge that it was about to end, he did what others at the seaside or in the mountains do—he reveled in each of the few remaining days.

One evening he sat with Peter Archer in the twilight on the terrace of the château. They looked out over the valley stretching wide and green. "Emeralds strung on the silver wire of the Loire," she murmured. "How lovely." She turned her face to him. "What comes after?" she asked.

"What comes when any holiday ends? Why talk about it?"

"I think of it. We all do. We've had such jolly times together. Need they end?"

"Forget it, Peter." His tone was impatient.

"You may be willing to forget your friends ——"

"Oh, cut it out. I am shutting my eyes."

"Open them wide. You'll see something. You might see some chance in Paris, something to do here." She put a hand on his arm.

"As a speaker of French," he said, "I'm a boiler maker."

She took out a cigarette and he lighted a match for her. She glanced at him as the tiny flame fluttered out.

"The auto is very late," he said.

"We don't want to lose you, and that's the truth, Tybo. Why don't you let Lord Llanthony start you in something? Or Frank would. He has plenty. He has spoken about it. He would consider it a good business. That's how much he thinks of you."

"That's mighty kind, Peter. Wouldn't I be a yellow canary if I stayed in Europe? I'd be popping Lord Llanthony one all right, wouldn't I, to live on the same continent? No. One Tybo at a time. I fade out."

"He's forced that," she cried, "and you fall for it. He's starred you, underlined you, flaunted you—he and Sara. Anybody but you can see why—so's you'll just have to go."

"I don't believe it," he declared flatly, surprised at her indignant tone, at her attack on Sara.

"I don't mean to be nasty." There was a little break in her voice and a hint of apology. "But you've done them an immense service—oh, perfectly immense, and—and"—her voice fell almost to a whisper—"they use you."

"Of course they do. What's got you tonight, Peter?"

"Oh," she flamed, "open your eyes wide. They're not fair. They're not aboveboard. You're so straight, you don't see what others do."

"Peter!"

"I'm sorry," she said humbly. "Sara is perfectly lovely. She's splendid in lots of things. I think heaps of her. But Lady Llanthony was a frightfully worldly woman and she's had Sara with her a lot. And he—well, everybody knows Lord Llanthony. Always a schemer. How can Sara help herself? It's a point of view. You don't know you've got it. You just go on scheming everything your way. You could have been hidden away all this time. You know you could. Outside the hospital and ourselves nobody need have known you as Lord Pontlottyn. Was it good sense, or good business to star you?

"How can the real Tybo come here? You know he can't. Why have they seemed to play the fool? One reason—there's only one—to make you so conspicuous that you must go back to the States. With their debt of gratitude to you they couldn't dare to say afterward that you must go back if you wished to stay. They couldn't presume to give orders to you about your future life. But they could make you so well known that you'd just have to go to save yourself embarrassment. They've done it all right. You couldn't walk the Grands Boulevards without being hailed at least once as Lord Pontlottyn. Well, will you stand for it? The embarrassment's theirs, not yours. You could explain."

She burst into tears—this irresponsible gay-hearted kid in tears! Tybo put his arm round her. She nestled close. The boy felt most uncomfortable.

"I'm silly," she sniffed. "Please forgive me. But you don't really have to go, you know."

"Ah, there's the auto. Come, Peter." He sprang up quickly. "Why do you always say 'they'?" he asked gravely as they walked down to the road. She stumbled sure-footed Peter—and caught his arm. She leaned

(Continued on Page 40)

In the City of Sunbrite homes are "double clean"

Sunbrite-clean!

—*get* "double action" *in your cleansing*

In your bathroom two kinds of cleanliness are necessary. The kind you see—shining, spotless. And the kind you cannot see—but you know is present when things are sweet and sanitary.

This does not mean you need to do two separate jobs of cleansing. You can do it all in one quick, easy process, now—with **Sunbrite,** the double action cleanser!

Sunbrite isn't just an ordinary scouring powder. It takes off stains and dirt rings like magic, to be sure, but it has another, an even greater value.

It has a sweetening, purifying power, like sunlight. It leaves everything it cleans fresh and sweet and odorless, free from any taint of staleness.

Sunbrite does twice the work—yet it costs so little! Enjoy this new effective cleanliness "double action" gives to your kitchen, your bathroom.

Swift & Company

QUICK NAPTHA WHITE SOAP CHIPS BEST FOR WASHING MACHINE USE

(Continued from Page 38)

heavily. In the open auto she was silent for a long time. Then she laughed. "It's the gloaming, Tybo," she confessed; "it always makes me melancholy. I'm sorry."

"Why do you always say 'they'?" he repeated.

"Sara's fine; she's splendid," she answered, "but she's clever. Her eyes are always open. She knows what she's doing, always."

"She rates at the top," he defended. "She's absolutely straight."

"Of course, so are you."

"But you said ——"

"Oh," she cried, a little pettishly, "don't you know that a girl's straightness is different from a boy's?"

"I did not know it."

"Well, it's true." She was suddenly fluttering high spirits and rattling out amusing nonsense. He felt relieved and laughed with her. Moods—he had never suspected it—about his going too. That was nice of the kid, but he wished she would not see black in the twilight. Perhaps it was true about Lord Llanthony; perhaps he did wind about a little when he might go straight; but Sara, never. It did not matter. He thought less of Peter because she could not see that he was in honor bound to go. Any man would see it. Attacking Sara, too; that was funny. Still, it was nice to think that she was going to miss him such a lot.

Why couldn't she have kept her mouth shut? He wanted to forget, to enjoy. Oh, hang the kid! When they finally neared her home she kissed him full on the mouth.

"Don't go, Tybo," she whispered.

"If you promised one every day," he answered, "I could not stay."

"As many as you like when you like."

He opened the door of the auto. Oh, darn the kid—getting sentimental. They were waiting late supper. Peter, bright-eyed, suddenly full of ginger, danced over and kissed surprised Sara.

"Oh, go the rounds," Sam Tibbetts yelled.

Peter flung her arms round his neck and kissed him too. They sat down to a merry meal, but sometimes Sara looked reflectively from Tybo to sparkling, boyish Peter, not usually given to kissing. A pressing claim for kindly aid came up in the talk. An American woman with a child two years old, deserted by her husband, in actual want; relations in the United States; her fare must be paid somehow.

"Do you box?" Sam Tibbetts cried, and Tybo nodded incautious assent.

"My studio," Tibbetts said. "International contest; Great Britain versus United States; Lord Pontlottyn against Sam Tibbetts; matched middleweights. Fine! Tickets, five dollars. Great sporting event. All receipts to charity without deductions. We'll get that passage money, all right. A little soft, My Lord? So am I. Two weeks for training. How about it? A cinch."

The idea was acclaimed amid laughter. It was apparent that the two were thinking less of charity than of getting their fists into each other's faces. Tybo forgot for an instant that he must fight for Great Britain, that he must court blazing publicity. He thought only of the joy of punching this irritating youth, who was always annoying him with sly digs and who was painting the portrait of Sara. He measured his opponent with appraising eyes. The fellow had ten pounds more weight—all the better.

"Thank you, Sam Tibbetts," Sara said; "and so that's how you do my portrait. You risk a sprained thumb, a strained muscle. Do you think I'm going to wait?"

"Oh, come! It shall be finished before the grand international battle."

Sara shook her head. "I'm sorry, but I can't spare time for a sitting till next week."

"But you said ——" Tibbetts was angry.

"Much too busy."

They could see from the way that he looked from Sara to Tybo that he was thinking whether he would rather fight or paint. Sara won. "In a month?" he said. My Lord, wishing it were now, nodded assent.

A cloud hung over the evening in spite of Peter's gayety. It was always that way when Sam Tibbetts was there; all had to be on guard. It was a relief when Frank Archer put his head out the window at the sound of an automobile, and then announced: "My Lord's man is below."

Sara flung on her wraps. Tibbetts grabbed his hat. "I'm going your way, Miss Desmond. Could you give me a lift?"

"With pleasure: What time tomorrow for your chauffeur, Tybo?"

"Nine o'clock, please."

Tibbetts left with sly, irritating thanks to My Lord for the use of his automobile. Tybo's hands clenched when the door had closed, and he projected a fist. He turned to Peter's good night and saw her pale and weary. He watched her lagging walk, her drooping head.

"Peter's overdone it, Frank. There's a lot of running about down there. I must look out for her. I thought she was as strong as a young pony."

"Even ponies get tired at night," said the brother.

They smoked a good-night cigarette together. Tybo laughed. "Time the play stopped," he said. "I was asked for my papers down there—oh, a trifle; slight accident in front of the château. The gendarme came to hear my version of what I saw. All I could show him was the embassy letter about my passport. He gave it the once-over and was satisfied, but the next man won't be. Yes, time for the curtain to ring down."

Frank nodded, unusually silent for him.

"Lord Llanthony," Tybo laughed, "doesn't give a hang what he does when he's after something. He couldn't fall for my view about the passport at all. He said an oath of allegiance was a mere formality, and after swallowing a camel why should I strain at a gnat? He didn't press me at all. He never does that. But it's going some, isn't it, to ask a chap to swear a false oath?" Tybo chuckled. "I asked him why he had the château deeded to me. Income tax and other complications, he explained; he saved money and trouble by not owning real estate. Why not to his wife, to Sara, I asked, instead of me. He laughed. 'What's your name?' says he. He had me there. I'm so wound up and muddled and twisted that I claimed a château that's deeded to Tybo Evans, commonly known as Lord Pontlottyn. So the boy comes back to a home he owns; and that was what the old man was really after."

He yawned. He was tired, sleepy, but he did not want to be alone. The shadow of the coming parting lay heavy tonight—the parting with a mother who must be told of an exchange of sons. He let his cigarette go out as he speculated on the kind of young man who was coming. If the son was all right—but what chance of that with the son's record?

"I've watched the papers for the murder case," said Frank. "Nothing doing ——"

"Good." (Continued on Page 176)

"I'm Crazy. That's the Truth. I've Fallen for Him So Hard I Hate Him. It Hurts Me So Much to Hate Him That I Love Him More"

Hupmobile has given the *Eight* a New Significance

In the growing aspiration toward the results which only an eight can give, the Hupmobile Eight is winning greater and greater preferment.

It is the largest-selling straight-eight in the world because in Hupmobile, eight cylinders take on a new significance—surpassing sixes and less perfected eight developments in performance, smoothness and facile ease.

To the unequalled possibilities of the eight, Hupmobile brought its wealth of fine manufacturing experience and engineering ability—and produced this magnificent straight-eight, flawless in performance, elemental in simplicity, and with unheard-of eight-cylinder economy.

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After two years, Hupmobile Eight remains the newest experience, the greatest value, in fine motor car performance.

Little wonder, then, that this splendid creation has started a literal landslide to its own super-excellence.

Fourteen Distinguished Body Types—priced from $1945 to $5795 f. o. b. Detroit, plus revenue tax.

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Brougham

$2245

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RUGS & CARPETS

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THE MAKING OF A MERCHANT

I Was Walking Downtown One Day With Another Jeweler Named Hartman, and on the Side Street We Saw About Half a Dozen Well-Dressed Fellows Talking Together Earnestly

By Jesse Rainsford Sprague

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

IN MY time I have steered my business through four country-wide panics—those of 1893, 1907, 1914 and 1920. Each one arrived in a different way, but all of them, except the 1914 crisis, might have been foreseen by any merchant who took the trouble to study the signs of the times. Always, a panic is preceded by a spell of such prosperity and thriving business that people have a tendency to believe life is an easier thing than it really is. A merchant does not need to be a business man to make money during such boom periods. The public doesn't count its pennies and will buy at almost any price the storekeeper sets on his goods. Even if he doesn't sell much he makes a profit, because the value of his stock goes up. It is only when hard times come along and a merchant has to earn his profits through actual merchandising that the weak sisters begin to fall by the wayside.

In a way I was fortunate to begin my career as a merchant in the midst of the 1893 panic, because right at the outset I had to learn that business is no joy ride, but a somewhat grim contest in which the prize goes to the man who can operate over a term of years at a shade less expense than his competitors—who can sell his goods at ninety-five cents and earn a profit, when his rivals must charge a dollar.

The Early Bookworms Were Not Caught

FOUR times out of five, when a merchant goes into the hands of his creditors his downfall is publicly ascribed to lack of capital. Yet this is but a surface reason. Lack of capital merely means that he cannot pay his bills in a time of crisis. If a man operates on a wrong policy long enough he will eventually lack capital, even though he started with $1,000,000.

Failures spring from the most trifling causes, mainly human, and it's a good idea once in a while to analyze some of them. A few years after I started in business there was a young fellow named Clarence Henderson who opened up a book and stationery store three or four doors from my place, and who ran through about $10,000 of his family's money in something like a year and a half. Clarence's main characteristic was optimism. He was a chubby, bouncing little man, and when, as it frequently happened, I used to walk down to work with him mornings, he would tell me of his plans in the most enthusiastic manner, his eyes almost popping out of his head with eagerness. One incident will give an idea of how Clarence operated. For several mornings he kept hinting at some mysterious scheme that he was about to promote that, he said, would create an absolute sensation in Centreton and stamp him as a merchant of the highest order; and finally, a day or so before the great event, he confided the details to me under promise of strictest secrecy.

It seemed that a traveling man for a publishing house had come along and offered Clarence a chance to buy copies of a popular novel at a figure where it could be retailed for fifty cents, instead of the dollar and a half that the book had sold for when first published, and Clarence had ordered 1000 copies that he was going to put on sale the following Saturday. I suggested that, as the work had been out for several years, it might not sell in great quantities even at the low price, but Clarence scoffed at the idea.

"You haven't got any imagination, Pete," he told me. "You don't realize the sales possibilities that await the live merchant right here in Centreton. There are 20,000 families in the city alone, to say nothing of all the people in the surrounding country. Do you mean to tell me that one family in twenty won't want to buy a copy? I'll be sold out before noon!"

That Friday night Clarence and his clerks worked late fixing up for the morrow's big sale, and he hired boys to shove circulars under the front doors all over town, describing his special offering, as well as taking a full-page space in Saturday morning's paper. Clarence never told me the exact results, beyond admitting that he did not sell all his books, but one of his clerks who came to work for me later on gave me the details. It seemed that they opened up the store at seven o'clock instead of eight the morning of the sale, in order to take care of the crowds, but no crowds materialized. People just went on past as usual, some slowing up to look at the books in the show windows, but no one came in to buy. It was after eleven o'clock when they had their first inquiry for the novel, and that was from a lady who explained she did not come to purchase, because she already had a copy, but merely wished to compare the quality of the fifty-cent edition with her own. During the whole day something like six copies were sold.

Professional Optimism and Conceit

WHEN Clarence went into bankruptcy his creditors got less than twenty cents on the dollar, and mainly because of similar optimistic ventures. There was nothing the matter with the novel; it was a bully good book; but Clarence got excited over it three or four years too late, when the market was already so well supplied that his low price failed of its object.

I never can quite get over the idea that extreme optimism is always a little bit tinged with conceit—that the

(Continued on Page 45)

The Cadillac is one of the incidental blessings of living in a large and prosperous country where standards of luxury are the highest in human history. ✦ Only America could produce a car so superlatively fine, without that penalty of high premium which the flawless thing usually exacts. ✦ In Cadillac we see one of those amazing paradoxes with which America is continuously astounding the world. ✦ Everywhere else, the finest is always the most costly. ✦ In America, the one automobile which provides that complete motoring excellence upon which most successful Americans insist, is purchased for less than cars which may properly be compared. ✦ It is precisely because the Cadillac *does* afford that entire satisfaction which goes beyond price, that America delivers to Cadillac's door a demand exceeding that of all the rest of the really fine car market combined. ✦ The beneficent economic circle is completed when Cadillac, because of its great facilities and efficiency, delivers back to the public America's finest car at a substantial saving in money.

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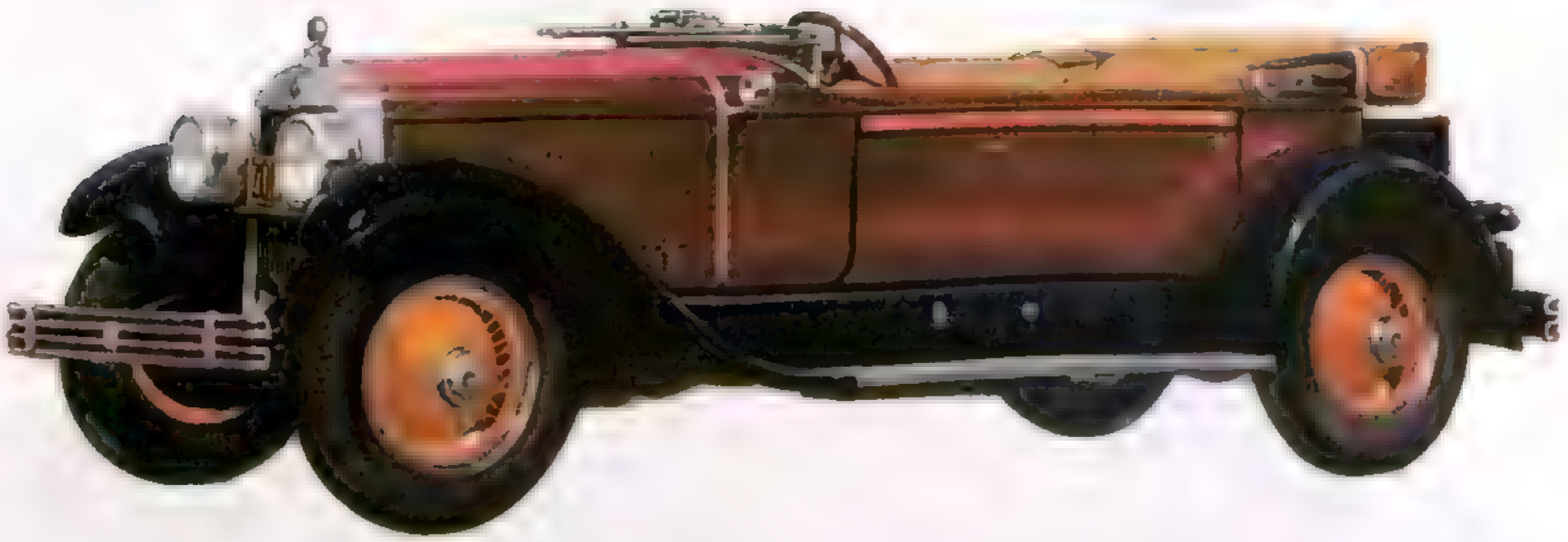

NEW 90 DEGREE

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DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

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professional optimist is filled with a belief that nothing can ever go wrong with him, because he is a special kind of person. Anyhow, the retail game is too hard a proposition for a man who is overoptimistic or has more than a normal opinion of himself. The whole thing in merchandising is to guess what people are most likely to want; and you can't do that to the best advantage if your mind is too much cluttered up with thoughts about your own superiority.

Cornered in the Jewelry Market

AT ONE time there was a man named Fred Semple in the jewelry business here in Centreton. I knew him very well, because he started learning his trade with the old firm of Heep and Crawford about the same time I went to work for Mr. Stewart, and we ran around together quite a lot in the old days. He was a nice-looking chap and the girls all used to look in Heep and Crawford's window as they went past. He was the only jeweler I ever knew who could look at his work through his magnifying glass stuck in one eye, and at the same time use the other eye for keeping track of what was going on in the street. Perhaps it was because the girls made a fuss over him that eventually Fred came to have a pretty good opinion of himself and constantly demanded admiration. I guess I can best give an idea of him by describing how he used to play pool. He always chose the hard shots, and he made them with a bang and a flourish that sent the balls flying around the table; and about once in ten times he would make his point. When that happened he would thump his cue down on the floor and give a quick look around the room to see if he was being properly admired. I guess everyone knows some person who acts more or less that way. I remember when Fred was twenty-two or twenty-three years old he went on a vacation to Atlantic City, and directly after he came back he sported a gold medal that he said was a reward for saving someone's life down there. I don't know how it leaked out, but afterward our crowd learned that Fred's heroism consisted in helping some others pull a young lady out of the surf when she got confused and started to scream, and he made the medal for himself when he got back to Centreton.

Some years after this Fred married a girl whose father was very well fixed, and the old gentleman advanced him the money to buy the Heep and Crawford business. This gave him a chance to show how good he was. He had a set of fancy fixtures made by some firm in Chicago and built himself a balcony at the back of the store where he sat most of the time during business hours. He told me, once, he thought it cheapened a business for the owner to be on the sales floor along with his clerks. This might have worked all right, though people in a place like Centreton are inclined more to neighborliness; but Fred developed another habit that, in the long run, broke up his show.

He aimed to corner all the jewelry business of the town; and to accomplish his purpose he adopted the policy of trying to buy all the goods that were manufactured, so his competitors should not get any. All a salesman had to do in order to get Fred to buy a bill was to promise not to offer his line to any other Centreton jeweler; and as his credit was pretty strong on account of his rich father-in-law, a lot of manufacturers gave him the exclusive sales of their goods. This worked all right for a while and Fred made a lot of noise about his exclusive lines, but the system had some weaknesses. He wasn't quite strong enough to take on all the good lines that were manufactured, and his competitors managed to get enough merchandise to keep them going very nicely. Then, in order to get manufacturers to confine their lines to him, he had to contract to purchase certain quantities from each one, and in time he began to get badly overstocked. Anyone could predict the finish of such arrangements. He was buying, all the time, more than he was selling, which naturally made him slow in paying his bills, and some of the manufacturers began to get restive. I was walking downtown one day with another jeweler named Hartman, and on the side street just around the corner from Fred Semple's store we saw about half a dozen well-dressed fellows talking together earnestly. Hartman laughed and said they were salesmen for some of Fred's exclusive manufacturers, who were holding a curb conference to decide whether it was wise to offer him any more merchandise before he paid up some of his back accounts.

At the time of the smash a man came on from New York to represent the creditors, and he told me Fred had thousands of dollars' worth of stuff tucked away in his vault that had never been shown to a customer, and some of it had lain there for a year or more. The creditors got only thirty cents on the dollar, in spite of the fact that on paper Fred's stock was worth far more than the total of his debts. So much of the stuff was out of date that it brought practically nothing at forced sale.

Advertising Helps From Rivals

THE way I look at it, storekeeping is too hard a game to allow a merchant to use his business for the purpose of elevating his personal ego. Very few stores pay more than 5 or 6 per cent profit on their total sales; and if a man runs his business to show how clever he is, that margin can easily be wiped out in the attempt. I never have believed it paid to make a lot of effort to get exclusive lines or to worry much over what your competitors are doing. You can't keep your rivals from getting merchandise if they have the money to pay for it, and often it is an actual advantage to have some other store carry the same stuff you do. The goods have so much additional publicity, and the store that gives the best service and has the best clerks gets the trade.

Every once in a while someone apparently discovers a way to build trade other than by traditional methods, but in most cases, I have noticed, the new scheme turns out to be a flash in the pan. About the most outstanding example that I remember was a man named Al Jenkins who started a clothing business on Market Street just after the war. Jenks, as everyone called him, had been star salesman for one of the old-established clothing houses in Centreton, and had enough of a following among the spenders of the

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I Heard Morrison Say He Could Not Give a Decisive Answer Yet, Because He Had Not Heard From His Headquarters in New York

Does Society Mock at Marriage?

By Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.

OF FORTY-SEVEN society couples whom I know personally, and who were married within the past six or seven years, only six are still living together as man and wife. Forty-one of the forty-seven are either divorced, separated or sojourning in Paris or Reno.

"What's the reason for this?" an editor asked me, when I quoted these figures to him.

"That's what I ask every one of them myself, when I meet them," I told him; "and though I've received more than a hundred theories, I can't make any of them fit any basic principles, except that there is a general change throughout the world in the order of things."

For some inexplicable reason, love, it seems, is a luxury that only the less prosperous can afford. The fashionable world, in its utter sophistication, is inclined to disbelieve in the existence of any such thing as lasting love. To it a romance which endures is seldom achieved; at least within its own ranks. The exceptions to this rule are so rare that the lucky persons cannot hardly consider themselves a part of the social system; but instead belong to the ranks of those of more moderate means

Glance over any list of persons present at any fashionable gathering; more divorced couples will be found than married ones. Too, glance through the columns of any paper for one month's time; at least fifty notable names will appear in Paris divorce news, and as many more from different parts of America. It would appear, from all this and from personal observation, that marriage in the fashionable world is no longer taken seriously.

In Search of New Thrills

THE man of average means may well ask himself why this condition happens to exist among the fashionable set and not with him. He, fortunately, finds himself quite contented and happy with his wife and children. He is busy scraping together enough to live on and to provide for his family; he may indulge in an occasional row with friend wife, but it is soon forgotten, and she minds her business while he minds his. Sunday supplements intrigue him; fashionable weddings interest her; both of them—though they do not often make it known—down deep in their hearts, would like to exchange places with those of more social distinction for a little while, just to see what it is like.

Both of them wish the latest debutante and her recently acquired husband the very best of everything in life—that is human nature—yet both of them are quite certain, regardless of all the publicity about the wedding, that the romance will be short-lived and that in the not-too-distant future these society names will again come upon the horizon, this time in an action for divorce.

It is well said that nearly every time the wedding march is played in society realms another case is being made for the international divorce lawyers.

Again the man outside the social realm asks himself why this condition exists? What is it that makes for so much divorce? Did the war have something to do with it? Is it the present mode of education and fast living? What is it?

Of course times have changed greatly in the past fifteen years. A different standard of living has developed for all of us: the extraordinary has become commonplace. Particularly is this so in society. People who used to care what other people said and thought about them have changed their point of view. There has been a growing tendency to do as one pleases and take the consequences. Duty has ceased to be the most important part of life. A sort of socialistic principle has permeated the so-called classes. As in the dark days of the war, so now, to a rather large extent, one finds a feeling of rebellion, a kind of I-don't-care attitude, toward the very foundation of life. The desire continually to have a good time; the search for more happiness, new pleasures, added thrills, has taken a particularly strong hold on that part of the race known as society. To them it would seem as though very little mattered except the fulfillment of their own individual desires of the moment. Carelessness has gripped them, recklessness too.

Duty, to the less wealthy woman, is her religion, but to the society woman it is often another term for rebellion. The very word "duty" to this type simply means an occupation, and she detests the thought of having an occupation of any sort. Her position in life, she feels, has been created for her, or maybe she has married into it. Her hours are her own; her day is what she will make of it. Restrictions only anger her; and if they are placed about her by her well-meaning husband the *entente cordiale* is soon shattered. In her soul she is swearing eternal vengeance, and in time it makes itself known.

Even the debutante hates to be prevented from doing the things she has set her youthful heart upon accomplishing. It galls her to be told that such and such is not proper and is quite against the code of ethics practiced by the hard-working people of the land.

She likes to be different, and wants people to know that she is different. She detests the drabness of life as it is led by the men and women who form the greater part of civilization. Anything that is prohibited, just because it is prohibited, she seeks an opportunity to do. I know a lot of society girls who carry flasks. They may have nothing to do with drinking, but they are carried just as a symbol of the young woman's rebellion against any curtailment of her freedom.

There can be little hope of equity where rebellion reigns. Years ago sensible society people whipped sense into their unruly children. It was an honor, in those days, to be adjudged as deserving of the insignia of duty. The laxness of things during and just previous to the war changed all that. Fifteen years ago, when I was growing up, I can well recall that any boy or girl who disobeyed his or her parent's wish usually met the consequences when he or she got home. Very few society children dared play hooky from their tutors or private schools. If they did, the old-fashioned principle of "spare the rod and spoil the child" took swift charge of the situation. Chaperons were the constant supervisors of all young people's parties. We thought we were little devils if we eluded their watchful eyes: and if we did, it was never for long, for we were too fearful of the consequences afterward.

Even as we grew older the inevitable chaperon, with her many assistants, watched over our pleasures and our joys. Cutting in at dances was not then permitted; the long-since-forgotten card dances were still in vogue. If we sat out a dance, either because we were afraid to dance with our partner or because we hoped for a stolen kiss, we found at our elbow the gracious woman who had been sent there to watch over us. We never were allowed an opportunity for indiscriminate flirting with girls we did not know; for at or away from a social gathering we were constantly watched by some one of the many servants our parents had secured to guard our morals.

Two Girls and Two Flat Tires

I WELL remember, when I was eleven years old, or thereabouts, a party given at the Marble Palace, as the home of Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, in Newport, was known. An elderly Frenchwoman had been engaged to watch over the affairs of the younger members of society, and she in turn had secured the services of three of her aged friends. Some one of us youngsters had discovered that this lady happened to be nearsighted and was not wearing her glasses because she was afraid they would mar her looks.

There were among the guests the two young daughters of a Russian nobleman, both charming-looking girls, on whom all the younger boys secretly had their eyes; but Frank Roche, son of the dignified Mrs. Burke Roche, and almost twice our age, with much ease and grace got himself introduced to the young ladies shortly after arriving at the party, and a few minutes later brought up Vincent Astor and Hermann Oelrichs. Most of us were furious. Finally McLean Harriman, ringleader of our group, hit upon a brilliant idea. When a few moments later Mr Roche came out of the house with his companions, whom he had promised a spin around the ocean drive before dinner at the Stuyvesant Fish's, he found, much to his fury, that the two front tires of his little electric sport car had been deflated. If we had had sense enough to keep quiet about this episode we probably never would have suffered the consequences. Instead, we gleefully told it to some of our other friends. In repetition the story was so enlarged that it was not many minutes before the five of us were in the hands of Mrs. Belmont's Arab servant, her constant bodyguard for many years, and as severe a spanking as I can remember ever having received was administered to each and every one of us before the assembled throng. It was many weeks before we were again invited to the Marble Palace, and I

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Grandpa Smashed the Camera of the Impudent Photographer Who Tried to Snap Grandma in Bathing Costume, But —— Their Grandchildren Feel Different About It

Buick Power is Proved on the "24-Hour Hill"

Buick does not guess about the power of the Buick Valve-in-Head Six-Cylinder Engine.

Buick *knows* this famous engine produces more power for its size than any other automobile engine on earth.

Buick has proved this fact decisively, in comparison with many cars, on the "24-Hour Hill" at the great Proving Ground of General Motors.

The "24-Hour Hill" is not a hill at all, but a device which faithfully duplicates the pull of any hill for any number of miles. Natural grades are not long enough nor severe enough to adequately test the mettle of any motor car.

But by means of this mechanical "hill" Buick cars prove their ability to climb anywhere that wheels can get traction.

Test, not guess, is the basis for Buick design. Buick success is founded on this constant search for the new and better thing—on this accurate, beforehand knowledge of results.

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BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICH.
Division of General Motors Corporation
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WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

GRANDPA

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and undressed there, combed their hair and shrieked and yawned at the world.

"They hurt my heart," said Mr. Djhani in his precise beautiful English. "For almost eleven years I have lived in America, and not a man, and only a few women, have ever given me their souls—become one with me as we do in India."

"Ah, yes," said Lily pensively.

I was only five feet or so from Mr. Djhani, trying to read a novel, and so I couldn't help but overhear the conversation. I wanted to tell Mr. Djhani that, regrettable as it might be, they could not, and much as at times the male and female Americans might desire to give their souls away, it was practically impossible for them to do so. That it wasn't in their northern blood, and that the rare exception usually required watching.

"The trouble," said Lily, "is that we are too young."

"Yes, too young."

"We lack the subtleties, the nuances, that thousands of years of history have given you."

"True; very true."

"We are young and crude." And then—oh, Lord, I knew she was going to say it! They all do sooner or later; all Europeans and all expatriated Americans. St. John Ervine, an Irishman, is even writing essays about it. "We have not suffered enough," said Lily.

Mr. Djhani shivered as if he had suddenly been confronted by an earth-shaking truth. "Ah!" he exclaimed. "You have put your finger on it—you have not suffered enough."

"Who was your original ancestor?" I asked Lily abruptly.

She turned toward me, startled. She and Mr. Djhani apparently had forgotten my nearness. "I? Why, what do you mean?"

"Well, mine was Adam. So, as far as blood-and-race memories are concerned, I'm about as old as anyone. Somewhere I've got a mental wound from being run out of my cavern by a dinosaur—if dinosaurs and prehistoric men were coexistent. I forget if they were. But coming down to more modern times, I have in my blood the sufferings and rebellion of an actual great-great-great, and so on, grandfather who fought Cromwell in Ireland and an actual great-grandfather who left Ireland with a price on his head. How's that—just to take up one branch of my sufferings? And if you're talking about what's happened to all of us since we've been in America, are you comparing us to England or France?"

"To all Europe, of course."

Lily had recovered her poise. She was superior and slightly amused.

"But you can't do that. If you are comparing us to France, I will admit that France has had its full share of suffering, although even that is nothing compared to Poland; but if you are comparing us to England, I will have to say, although I mean it politely, bunk."

"Why, what are you talking about? Do you suggest for a moment that we suffered as England did in the last war?"

"Absurd," murmured Mr. Djhani.

"Certainly not; but history didn't begin with the last war, although most people think so. For eight hundred years England, except for a mild rebellion or so and the Wars of the Roses, enjoyed the fattest security the world has ever known. Then they suffered, but they've been talking about it ever since."

"Well, perhaps they have, but when have we suffered at all? We're a great swollen nation, greasy with prosperity."

I stared at her incredulously.

"Did you ever hear of the Civil War?" I asked in an awe-struck voice. "Did you ever hear of the War of the Revolution that lasted some eight years? Did you ever hear of Bleeding Kansas, or the settlement of New England, or the settlement of the West?"

"Don't be silly. Of course I have. Grandpa fought in the Civil War."

"He did? Have you ever visited a Civil War battlefield—Antietam, or something like that?"

"Good gracious, no!"

"But you visited the war area over here, I suppose? Well, some day visit a Civil War battlefield. You'll find it interesting. That happens to have been the bloodiest and most desperate and most heartbreaking war the world has ever known until the last one. It hung on for four years too. Do you know one of the reasons why we were so slow coming into this one?"

"No."

"Because in America there were still left thousands of old men and women who knew what real war was, while in Europe, of course, for all their uniforms and armaments, outside of the Balkans and Russia, there was no one at all. There had been no real wars over here since the time of Napoleon. The Franco-Prussian War lasted less than a year. Suffering! What do you mean by suffering? What do all these nonsensical foreigners mean when they say the same thing? I ask again, don't they or you believe in heredity? They do for themselves, but apparently they don't for us.

"What's become of all the blood of the unhappy and persecuted who settled America and are still settling it? Until recently, we were a frontier country, and anyone who thinks pioneering is a flat in Paris ought to try it the way I have done. Suffering! Why, it's part of the American tradition! You could read it in the faces of Americans up until your generation. And now, just because for the first time in our history we have a little general comfort and can relax a little and clink a few dollars in our pockets, a lot of people, including some of our own citizens, are upbraiding us. Fat England, sleek France, who were taking their ease when we were cutting down trees and fighting Indians. Not," I concluded, "that I believe in the theory of suffering at all; I am merely telling you a truth."

I stopped, a trifle ashamed, as one always is after such an outburst. I had given my soul away a trifle, did Mr. Djhani but know it. Neither he nor Lily, however, seemed to be the least moved or convinced by my little speech.

"You ought to talk to grandpa," said Lily, and not with kindly intention. "He's an old-fashioned American—very national. He loves to tell about the Civil War if anyone will listen."

"That's a good suggestion," I retorted, getting up and brushing the sand off my trousers. "I've never met him, but I need him. I'll ask him to have tea with me. Only don't let me leave with the impression that I am narrowly patriotic. I'm probably more internationally minded than either of you. You see, I'm so broad-minded that I think both France and India have faults, as well as my own country."

I stalked up the beach and up the shaded path to the terrace of the hotel with the impression that Lily and Mr. Djhani were smiling tolerantly at my retreating back. The old gentleman was sitting where he always sat, a shawl covering his knees, his large hands, the color of parchment, folded over the handle of a cane. He was extraordinarily immobile. His blue eyes peered at the harbor, his hawk nose stood out against the mottled sunshine and shadow of the garden. In the bay, beyond the moss-scarred, discolored white of the balustrade, fishing boats moved with complete aloofness.

For a moment he was unaware of my presence, and then he looked up with a timid annoyance and his hand went to his pocket. The loneliness and the gesture were not lost on me.

"How do you do, Mr. Austin?" I said.

"Hey?" He was very deaf, but his immobile face lighted up and his blue eyes twinkled. They were not so dim, after all.

"Oh," he chuckled, "so you're an American, eh? Thought you were somebody with a bill—about the only people who talk to me. . . . Odie—James R. Odie, from Indiana. That's my name, not Austin. . . . Sit down."

"You're Mrs. Austin's father then? Will you have some tea?"

A look of pain crossed his face. "Not if I can help it. . . . Yes, I'm Jeanette's father. You know the girls—Lily too?"

"Yes, I know them both."

For some unknown reason, he chuckled again. "Lily's a right smart girl—studying painting. . . . Where do you come from?"

"From the East originally, but for a number of years I've been living in New Mexico."

The hooded eyes stared at me. I could see that despite my appearance, which was the latest New York and Paris could do for me, I had made an impression.

"New Mexico, eh? I know that country well. Prospected and herded cattle all over it. But Utah's my stamping ground. Ever hear of the Bright Boy?"

"The copper mine?"

"Yes. I discovered it." There was a moment of silence and then a sigh. "Yes, sir, found it and developed it. But I haven't been there for fifteen years. My son James runs it. I'm too old—I'm eighty-six. They just take me around with them and put me in chairs. . . . Order your tea."

I called the little waitress in Breton costume who served in the garden and told her what I wanted. The long shadows of late afternoon fell across the carefully clipped apple trees. In the harbor the fishing boats drooped home like gulls.

"Queer," said grandpa—"queer. All powerful quiet and peaceful, isn't it? I suppose if my folks hadn't come to America, I might be one of these old fellows saying his prayers, or whatever it is they do, in the sun. Sometimes I kind of wish I was, instead of sitting here thinking about General Sherman and Indians and copper mines. It's been settled a long time, this country. Even when they have trouble, it's all up where they've always had trouble. They sort of localize it. Not like our war that got up and quit you the moment you found it. I was one of Sherman's bummers—went through Georgia with him. That was a mean job, but a mighty fine man."

I heard the voices of Lily and Mr. Djhani under the balustrade. Lily was laughing. "I can't imagine where mother is," she said. "She never tells me anything. She just plays bridge all day long."

"What a waste of soul!" sighed Mr. Djhani. "What a waste of soul! That is the trouble with so many American women—they have nothing to do."

"But not my generation," objected Lily. "We're finding things."

"Yes, your generation. But you are different."

"Met my wife in Georgia," said grandpa. "Had to burn her house down. Couldn't help it—orders." He chuckled again. "My, she hated me at first! I don't blame her. But as soon as I saw her I said to myself, 'That's the girl for me.' A regular little spitfire, but brave! And pretty! All alone there with her mother and three young sisters. Been taking care of the place for two years. I went back later and showed her I wasn't such a bad fellow. And my guess had been good—yes, sir, it certainly had been good. Took her West in a year or so. We went out first in a covered wagon, and one night she held off four or five bad men while I was away. Pointed a gun at 'em and dared 'em to come on. Then we lived in a sod house for five years. But Western Kansas wasn't my country. I moved up to Dakota and kept store for the Brulé Sioux for a while."

"You talk Sioux?"

"Oh, yes, sure. Not such bad people, the Sioux, either. But one of them stuck me with a knife once. And another time Hattie—that was my wife—and myself lay under a pile of saddles and blankets all night when they were raiding a ranch. Pretty ticklish work, that. There were a couple of dead fellows on top of us, all bleeding from their scalps and wounds. I don't know what I would have done without Hattie. I was mad. But she kept whispering, 'They're all dead. You can't help them. Lie still.' And then she'd stroke my hair and kiss me." He shifted his hands on his cane uneasily.

"Old fellows talk a lot, don't they?" he asked. "But I was mighty glad I could give Hattie all she wanted in the end. It was only for the last ten years of her life, but she certainly had all she wanted. That was after I'd found the Bright Boy. . . . Houses and horses. But these young people—my daughter, Lily—they don't know anything. Think money grows on trees. If they'd seen a sod house or two, or a few blizzards, or if they'd been lost and starving —— Jeanette was born in a log house in a blizzard, and I was the doctor. But she doesn't remember it. Thinks the world began when the motor car was invented."

A shadow fell over my left shoulder and I looked up, to see Madame de Norvins

"Sit down," I said, getting to my feet. "I'm hearing something interesting."

"Oh, pshaw," said grandpa, "this lady won't want to listen to this."

Shyness overtook him. He stared at the fishing boats in the harbor.

"Yes, I will," said Madame de Norvins decisively.

A quarter of an hour later I left to dress for an early dinner, and when I looked out of my window I saw grandpa and Madame de Norvins still talking, their heads close together, in a darkness now lit with round milky lamps.

Madame de Norvins passed me that night while I was having coffee. "He is fascinating," she murmured. "It is, after all, like talking to a fighting seigneur of the France of the thirteenth century, isn't it? Did you know that he had three bullets in him?" Her voice became less reflective. "Have you seen Jacques anywhere?"

"I saw him a little while ago with Miss Austin."

"Ah!" Madame de Norvins disappeared into the mysterious blackness, filled always with the shadows of trees and the sound of the sea and the clicking of Breton sabots.

Along the sunken lanes there was always this sound of clicking sabots and of rough Breton voices

Madame de Norvins passed me again the next morning. From now on she stopped me two or three times a day. Indeed, she began to act very much as a courier would act bringing news back from the front, or as a miner would act reporting from time to time the developments of a new lead.

"My grandfather would have understood that old man," she said, "although they seem so different. But there are essentials in common. Yes, very distinctly. Real aristocracy." Or: "He becomes more and more absorbing. Has he told you about the time a partner stole a mine and all his money from him, and he and his wife went to work in this partner's hotel as cook and waitress? In three years he owned the hotel and had the mine back, and gave his partner five thousand dollars and told him to leave the country. Some man, that, as you would say in America! Some woman!"

"Not all of us say it," I objected.

Or: "It is a pity his women have gone down instead of up, isn't it? But perhaps that is not just the way to put it. In a certain sense, they have gone up. The trouble is they either haven't gone far enough, or, going up, they have shot off at the wrong angle. Too much pot. You know what

(Continued on Page 50)

Five years ago, through honest pride in its work, Fisher began to sign each of its bodies with a monogram plate. An incidental result of the appearance of the symbol, "Body by Fisher," is that today the public is grouping motor cars in two divisions—those which are equipped with Fisher Bodies, and those which may not claim that distinction

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GENERAL MOTORS

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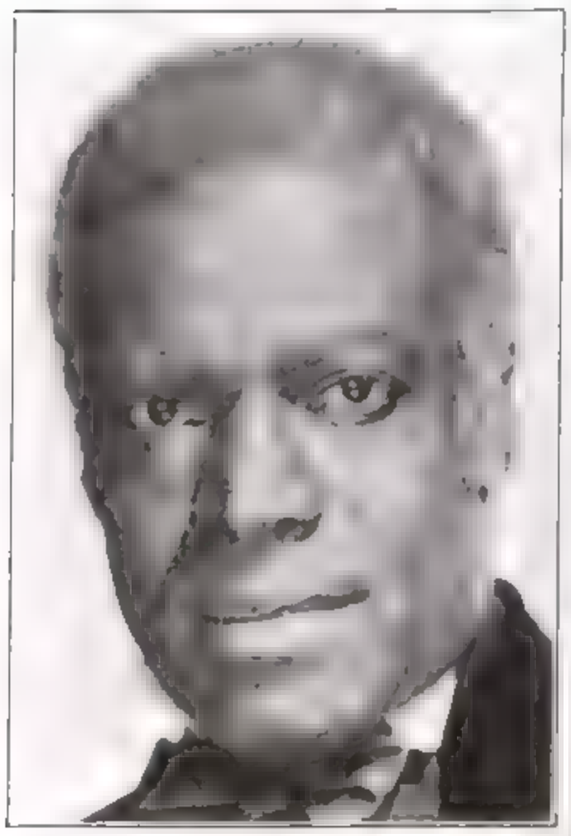
Our Weekly Letter



JAMES B. LOWE as *"Uncle Tom"*

Imagine spending almost one million and a half dollars to produce one moving-picture. It is well nigh unbelievable, yet that's the amount Universal has already invested in its super-production of *"Uncle Tom's Cabin."*

But the result justifies the means. I have watched its progress with delight and amazement and I can assure you it will be one of the most remarkable pictures you have ever seen.

It will have required over a year and a half to make *"Uncle Tom's Cabin."* It required long and careful search to find talent to fit the numerous important rôles. It took weeks of travel, by the entire company, by steamboat and otherwise to visit and include many actual localities in the South made memorable by Harriet Beecher Stowe's story.

The picture is as true as art and reality can make it. It will transport you back to the picturesque period before the Civil War when romance was in the air. Rather than have some actor black up and represent "Uncle Tom," we found "Uncle Tom" in the flesh in the person of JAMES B. LOWE, the celebrated negro actor.

We secured "Little Eva" in the person of VIRGINIA GREY and chose her from more than 300 beautiful children. We picked GEORGE SIEGMANN as "Simon Legree" because he fits the part like a glove; MARGARITA FISCHER for "Eliza" because of her exceptional talent; LUCIEN LITTLEFIELD for "Lawyer Marks" because he is a comedian of rare ability. MONA RAY as "Topsy" has electrified all of us. The same care was exercised in the rest of the cast, even to the most insignificant character.

The direction by Harry Pollard has been masterly and I am glad to make this public acknowledgement. I believe this picture, because of its beautiful handling, will be extraordinarily successful.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

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UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

(Continued from Page 48)

that means? It's the same way with plants. You give them too much earth and too big a pot and their roots get lazy." These disjointed reflections, and more of the same thing almost every day for a week. Madame de Norvins undoubtedly was conducting some sort of experiment and doing a large amount of consecutive thinking.

Meanwhile the romance of Jacques and Lily seemed to be on the edge of getting to the edge of being a real romance. They did not throw the tennis ball so much; instead, they began to take walks in the afternoon.

"I am puzzled," said Madame de Norvins; "distinctly puzzled." And then she paused and smiled as if a solution had suddenly occurred to her. "Let us all have coffee together tonight on the terrace after dinner," she suggested. "Yes, that would be excellent. You and I and Jacques and the Austins, and that old man—that old eagle. I should like to see them all together—the three generations. No pot, too much pot, broken pot with the roots sprouting—but oh, so stupidly! Yes, that is a good idea."

"Shall I arrange it?" I asked.

"Will you?"

It is difficult to describe what followed. It was one of those delicate occasions the subtle drama of which requires precise and detailed description. For one thing, each word of the conversation should be reported, and with extreme care; and then the flickering play of moods should be emphasized—the silences, the mental and physical attitudes of each member of the group, the sharpness of the situation, of which only Madame de Norvins and myself were aware. To be done properly, this should be done gradually. And above all, the most important subtlety of all, the subtlety which had created the situation—the subtle differences between races should be dwelt upon. The exact meaning, for instance, the French give to a word or a gesture, nothing being wasted, everything having its proper weight, everything intended to prove a conclusion that, in this case, could not be reached for two hours at least. This, in contrast to the large carelessness of the English language, the large carelessness of the American mind which says whatever enters it, sure that in the end all can be explained and made right.

And surrounding this pool of contrast and hidden currents was, of course, the starlit night, filled with the murmur of the sea and the thick shadows of the trees. Near us were a score or more of little round tables, with here and there an electric lamp on one of them, and beyond the tables was the white façade of the small hotel, up the walls of which, growing on rectangular trellises, were masses of climbing geraniums. In the distance, from time to time, someone played, in the dance room, ragtime on a mechanical piano; and when the music died away, the chatter of the people near us distracted, with its sibilant, casual French, my growing sense of portentousness. But not for long. Portentousness was there; also Nemesis.

Grandpa, in badly fitting evening clothes, which he wore with distinction, because he could not help but be distinguished, leaned forward with his hands clasped over his cane, a look of deprecating delight upon his face. He was not used to being the center of attention. Beside him sat his daughter, silent, with the vast mysterious vacuum of that lost generation of Americans which was suddenly translated from a poverty it did not understand to riches it understood even less. Beyond Mrs. Austin sat Jacques and beyond Jacques sat Lily, and opposite grandpa were Madame de Norvins and myself. The white arms of the women glimmered in the dusk and gave a wistful impression of gentleness that was absent, save, perhaps, in the case of Mrs. Austin.

"My grandfather was too old to be in the Civil War," said Madame de Norvins.

"Hey?"

"My grandfather was too old to be in the Civil War."

"Was he? Well, I was a young fellow."

"I have always taken an extraordinary interest in that war. Not many French people do. I wish you would tell me some more about it."

Lily stirred restlessly and looked at her mother. The mechanical piano rippled into the strains of Valencia.

"It changes a young fellow to go to war," said grandpa.

"Yes, I am glad Jacques missed it. My husband lost an arm; my eldest boy was killed."

"Did I ever tell you of the time I saw the 5th Kentucky, Confederate, charge the 5th Kentucky, Union? Cavalrymen?"

Valencia skipped into silence. Grandpa's voice rose on the air, gaining strength, as it always did, when he told a story. Grandpa was a good story-teller; he had lived long enough in the Far West to be that. You saw with excellent distinctness the clouds of gray men—gray boys, they really were; their colonel was only twenty-eight—charging in the clear misty morning across the fields upon the cloud of blue-clad boys. Neighbors, all of them; some of them brothers and cousins. The cloud of blue came into motion, trotted, cantered, galloped. All about, the woods were white with dogwood.

Grandpa went on. He had too many stories, unlistened to for years, to allow this opportunity to slip.

"Papa," said Mrs. Austin, "maybe Madame de Norvins doesn't want to hear all this."

"Hey?"

"Oh, please!" said Madame de Norvins, faintly impatient. "Please!"

Grandpa remembered Grant well, that terrible little warrior who hated war so desperately that he waged it terrifically.

"I think that is what made the Americans so terrible in the last war," I interjected.

"Were they so terrible?" asked Lily, a trace of mockery in her voice.

I regretted my interjection immediately. For a moment it had brought Lily too much into relief. I was not, of course, altogether clear in my mind just then as to what was going on—I was not clear until afterward—but I was sufficiently clear to wish to keep Lily in the background; I was increasingly uneasy about her. I wished that she wouldn't fidget so much, yawn, smile at her mother, smile at Jacques. And all the while Madame de Norvins, in the shadows, was watching her, and whenever grandpa stopped, begging him to proceed—from the Civil War to the West; from Kansas to the Dakotas; from the Dakotas to Montana and Utah—from all these, from drought and winter and poverty, to Indiana and riches.

"One sees the history of a country unrolled like a tapestry," murmured Madame de Norvins. "It is gorgeous and grim and beautiful, isn't it?"

The mechanical piano broke into the strains of Who?

Lily yawned widely and got to her feet. "Let's dance," she said to Jacques. He nodded and stood up. Lily went over to Madame de Norvins. "Thanks a lot," she said, "for the coffee and the mint."

Madame de Norvins smiled. "Not at all, my dear. You and Jacques have a good time." Her voice had a curious lingering quality; final, half regretful.

Lily grimaced and nodded over her shoulder, indicating her grandfather. Her r's were extremely rolling. "I'm so sorry," she said; "it simply can't be helped. Every now and then he breaks loose like that. You were so kind and patient."

Madame de Norvins raised her eyebrows. "Patient? To the contrary. I was immensely interested. Wasn't that obvious? I like pageants."

"Pageants?" Lily shrugged her shoulders and laughed. "Perhaps it seems like a pageant to you; but to me, who was brought up in America, it seems, I am afraid, like a lot of stuffy old men sitting in plush chairs and spitting."

"Really?" asked Madame de Norvins.

"Yes, really. . . . Thanks again."

Lily and Jacques moved toward the lighted door of the dance room.

"It's time to go to bed, papa," observed Mrs. Austin.

"What?"

"It's time to go to bed."

"Oh, all right."

The old gentleman got to his feet, bowed, mumbled and stalked off in the wake of his daughter. There was something about him slightly somnambulistic, as if he had awakened for a while from sleep but now had gone back to it.

Madame de Norvins watched the two shadows merge into the shadows of the hotel before she spoke. "Is it really late?"

I looked at my watch. "No; it's only ten."

"Ah, not really late then. . . . How deep the sea sounds. . . . Jacques is going back tomorrow to join his father in Touraine—at our place. His father needs him."

At first I did not catch the significance. "Isn't that rather unexpected?" I asked. "You haven't mentioned it before."

"Sudden," said Madame de Norvins, "but not altogether unexpected. And as to telling you, I couldn't have done that, for I have just this moment decided, myself." She was silent.

"Aren't you perhaps a little cruel," I hesitated, "a little hurried? Youth sometimes grows up. Besides, what about this heredity business we both believe in? Surely the granddaughter of an eagle must have some good stuff in her."

"Yes; but with this girl it would only be brought out by poverty and suffering; and how to apply such curatives? As I told you before, she is not civilized enough. Perhaps—if she marries the right man, one of her own countrymen—her children or grandchildren may be, but not this girl—never. Expatriation is a vulgar thing, a halfway thing; it belongs neither to the democrat nor the aristocrat. I wish the girl luck, but I do not wish her my son. My family is not an experiment station." Madame de Norvins raised a hand and let it drop.

"No," she said reflectively, a little breathlessly, "I am neither cruel nor hurried. I have taken all of a week. I have asked many direct questions. No, I am not cruel. You see, my friend, with all our follies, we French have one thing, though I have no doubt you are sick of hearing of it—but we love our soil. Yes; no matter how many fools or even villains of our own blood go up and down it. It is an ultimate thing, this love—mystic, but the key to everything. I do not think one who hates her own soil, and is ashamed of it, and takes no trouble to understand it, would make my son a sensible and sensitive wife. No; for men are like countries—they, too, have their faults—also their visions. In a year or two she might hate France as well, and desire England perhaps, or Italy. Love is patience—a fierce patience. But you must begin to love early or not at all, for it is a habit. To sneer at one thing is to sneer at all. Weep possibly, curse, but do not sneer. Now she will forget Jacques. This has been an episode, but were it to last two weeks longer—or three —— No, I am not cruel; merely sensible."

"the Greater Oakland Six continues to be the finest built car of its price in the world"

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A RECENT Oakland advertisement contained a statement which has attracted extraordinary attention. It said in part, ". . . Oakland is going to unheard-of lengths to make certain that *the Greater Oakland Six continues to be the finest built car of its price in the world.*" And in support of that statement there were listed some of the extraordinary precision operations employed in the manufacture of the Greater Oakland Six . . . Now you may not be interested in the fact that Oakland piston pin bushings are diamond-bored to three ten-thousandths of an inch—that all rotating parts from crankshaft to rear axle are balanced to eliminate vibration at every speed—that every connecting rod is inspected both for accurate weight and for proper location of center of gravity . . . But if you are going to buy a car at anywhere near Oakland's price, you cannot disregard the fundamental meaning of such rigidly controlled quality . . . For it is the very source of long life and of satisfactory operation for month after month . . . And no other car of Oakland's field embodies so many instances of costly car super-precision . . . You can observe at a glance the rich external beauty of the Greater Oakland Six—for the bodies, finished in rich new colors of Duco, reveal Fisher craftsmanship at its best. But to learn the basic reason for Oakland's ever-growing good will, you must actually drive the car and talk to Oakland owners—must experience the car's thrilling acceleration, handling ease and road mastery—must learn from those who *know* that exacting care in manufacture pays perpetual dividends in owner satisfaction . . . Visit your nearest dealer—get a demonstration—then compare values.

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Tomorrow around 11 A. M. or 4 P. M.—when you feel logy or listless—when ideas come hard—and hours drag—try this new "pick-up" drink. You'll be amazed at the transformation which will take place.

For, now modern science offers you a *natural* means to keep you "hitting on all six"—every minute of the day. A way that picks you up almost instantly. Both mentally and physically.

It is the delicious new Swiss food-drink called Ovaltine. Not an artificial stimulant. But a quick building-up beverage. Doctors advise it.

Thousands of successful people everywhere now drink Ovaltine regularly at home. In their offices. At soda fountains. It rejuvenates. It sets tired minds a-sparkle. We urge you to make a 3-day test.

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Mental and physical "let-downs" are due mainly to overstrained nerves or digestive unrest—or both.

Delicious Ovaltine helps to overcome this trouble. This is why:

First—It combines in easily digested form, certain vitalizing and building-up food essentials, in which your daily fare is often lacking. One cup of Ovaltine has more real food value than 12 cups of beef extract.

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This quick assimilation of nourishment is restoring to the entire body. Frayed nerves are soothed. Digestion goes on efficiently. Energy returns. Your mind clears and your body responds.

Doctors recommend

You will like the flavor of Ovaltine. Unlike any drink you have ever tasted. In use in Switzerland for over 30 years. Now in universal use in England and her colonies. More than 20,000 doctors recommend it. Not only as a quick "pick-up" beverage, but because of its special dietetic properties they also recommend it for restless sleep, nerve strain, malnutrition, backward children and the aged.

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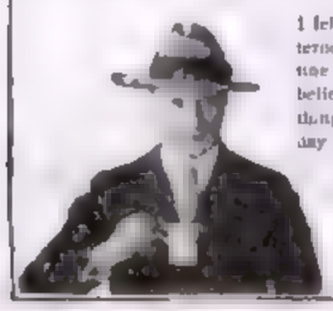

I felt fatigue in the afternoons and took Ovaltine to build me up. I believe Ovaltine the best thing on the market today for health.

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I took Ovaltine for fatigue. It is invigorating and nourishing, relieves tension, quiets nerves and aids digestion. It is a pleasant drink.

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Name

Street

City State

(One package to a person)

Send for 3-day test

SOME PARTY

(Continued from Page 33)

MISS MARBLE: Do your own broadcasting. I'm busy with my boy friend.

MR. SIMS: Don't be all wet. He'll hold the wire.

MISS MARBLE *(to* MISS LISCOMB, *as she rises to perform her stunt)*: Wouldn't you know that fish would cramp my style just when I was trying out my sex appeal on Herbie?

[MISS LISCOMB *hastily produces her vanity case, dulls the gloss on her nose and sweeps a languorous glance at the unconscious* HERBIE.

MISS MARBLE, *accompanied by* MR. SIMS *with his pseudo ukulele, walls her eyes violently, kicks her legs vigorously, contorts her torso and hoarsely emits a gay ballad.*

[*She then resumes her seat with a well-pleased air, while* MR. SIMS, *after balancing his fork on his chin in a screamingly humorous manner, executes a neat double shuffle and collapses in his chair.*

MR. CLAIBORNE *(admiringly)*: You're some baby, kid.

MR. SIMS: Some baby is right. We ought to be in vaudeville. We'd knock 'em dead.

MR. CLAIBORNE: Knock 'em dead is right, I'll tell the world!

MR. SIMS: The cockeyed world.

MR. RICKET *(speaking confidentially to* MISS MARBLE): You have so much talent you ought to study seriously.

MISS MARBLE *(seriously)*: Sometimes I think of it, but father hates the thought of having me on the stage. He's so Victorian, poor dear.

MR. RICKET *(importantly)*: Woman should have every opportunity for economic independence. Nothing is so important as self-expression. The idea that woman's place is in the home was exploded years ago. The young girl of today should have a business or profession or something.

MISS MARBLE *(intensely)*: Oh, absolutely! I think that people ought to talk about such things more—that is, I think they ought to talk about intelligent subjects like that with greater frequency, if you know what I mean.

MR. RICKET: This is the day and age of individualism ——

MISS MARBLE *(interrupting)*: I went to the loveliest party the other night. Everybody just sat around and talked. It was absolutely the most educational thing I ever saw. Of course, a lot of the men were quite old, and it was very hard to understand them. One of the men must have been thirty-two, but I didn't mind. His hair was getting a little gray at the temples, and I always think that is so distinguished, even if the man is as old as that.

MR. RICKET *(uncertainly)*: Yes. What did they talk about?

MISS MARBLE: Well, of course I didn't quite understand what they were talking about, because it was all so new to me. You see, they were all people who are going to have careers or something. The old man I was telling you about—the one that was thirty-two—he's going to write a book. It's going to be a book about sex. I think that will be thrilling, don't you?

MR. RICKET *(baffled)*: Sure.

MR. SIMS *(leaning across the table)*: What was that about sex? Broadcast this way.

MISS MARBLE: This is over your head, stupid. Swim out.

MR. SIMS *(going through swimming motions)*: We strive to please! We strive to please!

MISS MARBLE: We are beginning to realize that almost every form of endeavor is a form of art. I thought art was painting, you know, but that crowd made me see I was all wet. It seems that art is something you do that you can't get any money for. If you're an architect and don't make any money, your work is art; but if you have a friend who's an architect, and he makes lots of money, he's nothing but a faker. He's commercial, and he fools the people. Of course, there are a lot of things about it that I don't understand, because it's all new to me.

MISS LISCOMB *(weary of being out of the picture)*: That sounds like a lot of bunk to me.

MR. SIMS: Turn the dial and get another station. Bunk is right!

MR. CLAIBORNE: Aw, give the kid a chance. She certainly learned her onions.

MISS MARBLE: Don't try to razz me just because this is over your heads! Fade out! Fade out!

MISS PERKINS: I knew a lot of men who were going to be artists when I was in Paris. Honestly, I thought I'd die! I wish you could have seen some of the things they painted.

MISS MARBLE: One of these men was going to be an artist, and he showed us some of the things he had painted. Gosh, they were a scream! You couldn't tell whether they were coming or going.

[*Enter* MISS BONNER *and* MR. DUCKBOARD. MISS BONNER'S *abbreviated golden tresses are slightly dishevele. She seats herself at the table, takes a comb from her hand bag, passes it briskly through her hair, and then shakes her head violently.* MR. DUCKBOARD *looks nervously at his wrist watch.*

MR. SIMS *(nonchalantly)*: Do you want my blessing?

MISS BONNER *(giggling)*: What's eating you? Haven't you been having a good time?

MR. SIMS: Naw; I've been playing raspberry.

MR. DUCKBOARD *(nervously)*: Say, when's this party going to break up? I have to get up early.

MR. CLAIBORNE *(disgustedly)*: Dry your tears, Johnny. Don't be a flat tire. Take another shot and forget it. If work interferes with pleasure, cut out the work.

[*The orchestra strikes up that rollicking one-step, If You Can't Get Bread and Butter, Eat Cake. The ladies wriggle their shoulders invitingly and beat time with their hands.*

MR. SIMS: That's a hot one. Let's do a little hoofing.

[*They exit screamingly. The curtain falls for thirty seconds to indicate a lapse of fifteen minutes. At the rise of the curtain they return with the usual outeries.* MISS BONNER, MISS LISCOMB *and* MISS MARBLE *powder their noses and comb their hair, shaking their heads briskly over the last course as the combing operations are concluded.*

MISS BONNER: What happened to me on that last step? Wasn't I the terrible flat tire! You do the most adorable steps!

MR. CLAIBORNE: Just a little lead in your shoes, babe. Come on over in the corner and I'll show you.

[*They repair to the corner, accompanied by* MR. SIMS, *who assists them by doing his famous ukulele imitation with the help of a flower vase, which he empties of water for the purpose, placing one of the flowers behind his ear and leaving the others in the vase.*

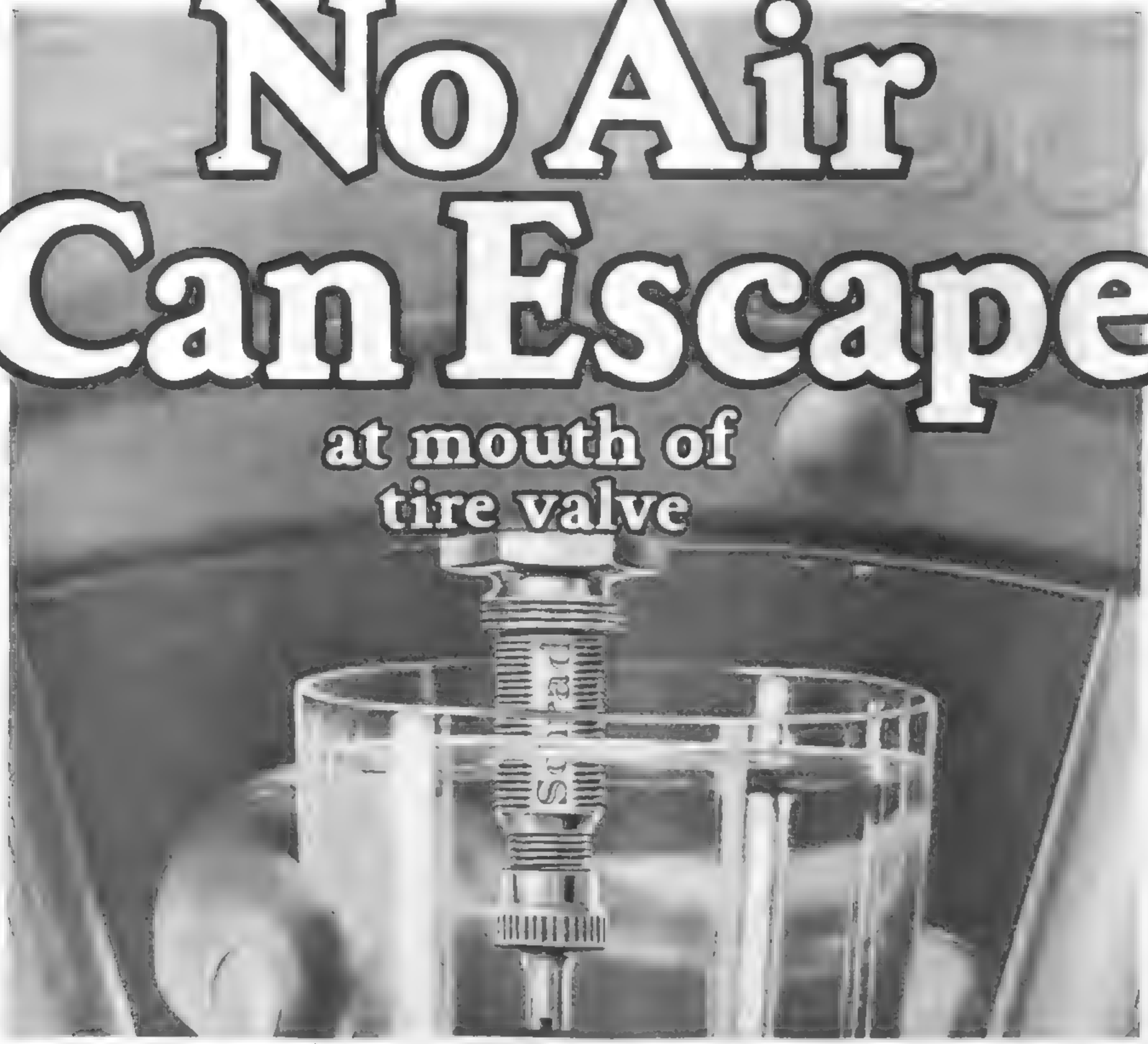
MISS BONNER *(gurgling deliciously)*: Oh, Pucky, you're too cute. You make me die laughing! (MISS BONNER *and* MR. CLAIBORNE *wrestle diligently with the new step.*)

MISS PERKINS *(reclining on the table and screaming vivaciously at* MISS LISCOMB): Oh, Pearl, I had a letter from Paris yesterday and it said that absolutely everybody at Ciro's was wearing long evening frocks.

(Continued on Page 54)

No Air Can Escape

at mouth of tire valve



Improved valve cap

guaranteed air-tight up to 250 *lbs.*

Make sure that a Schrader No. 880 Valve Cap covers and protects every one of your tire valves, including the spare. No air can escape at the mouth of the valve when this improved valve cap is screwed down tight by hand. It is guaranteed air-tight up to 250 lbs.

Should the valve inside become worn out or damaged, the Schrader No. 880 Valve Cap prevents escape of air at mouth of the valve until you have an opportunity to replace the inside. Schrader products are sold by more than 100,000 dealers throughout the world.

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The new
Balkite Combination
with your "A" battery it supplies all radio power automatically from the light socket

Now you can make your present radio set a light socket receiver. Merely by adding the new Balkite Combination Radio Power Unit. Once connected to your "A" battery and set and plugged into the light socket, *it supplies automatic power to both circuits.* You need not even turn it off and on, for it is controlled by the filament switch already on your set and is entirely automatic in operation. It will give you a constant quality of reception that cannot be secured in any other way.

Balkite Combination can be installed in a few minutes, either near the set or in a remote location. It has no tubes, nothing to replace or renew, is a permanent piece of equipment, and is built to conform with the standards of the Underwriters' Laboratories. It is noiseless in operation. It will serve any set now using either 4 or 6-volt "A" batteries and requiring up to 30 milliamperes at 135 volts of "B" current. This includes practically any set of 8 tubes or less, including power tubes.

Add Balkite Combination to your radio set now. Know the convenience of full, silent, unfailing radio power from the light socket. Price $59.50. [In Canada $83.] Ask your dealer. *Fansteel Products Company, Inc., North Chicago, Illinois.*

Hear the Balkite Hour of good music every Wednesday Evening at 9:30 Eastern Time, 8:30 Central Time over WEAF, WGY, WJAR, WTAG, WCAE, WRC, WWJ, WGN, KSD, WSAL, WCCO

FANSTEEL
Balkite
Radio Power Units

(Continued from Page 52)

Absolutely everybody! And last night I went to see Scorched Passions down at the All-Hour, and Aileen Pringle was in it, and oh, she was perfectly darling! I'm crazy about her! Everybody says we look very much alike. Well, it was a scream, dear, just after getting that letter from Paris and everything, because she had on one of those long clinging dresses that just covered up everything!

MISS LISCOMB *(surreptitiously regarding her muscular underpinning)*: I bet those thin-legged French girls started that style. I don't see what anyone wants to wear long evening gowns for unless they've got something to be ashamed of—spavins or something.

MR. RICKET *(edging himself into the conversation)*: The emancipation of woman dates from the time when they began to lay aside the stifling bonds of clothes and corsets and everything. Just compare women who wore bustles and hoop skirts and flannel bathing suits with the women of today. The women of today think. This is the age of liberty, and the younger thinkers of today are urging liberty of speech and liberty of action for everybody. It would be a great pity to go back to the cramping styles of yesterday.

MISS MARBLE: Oh, I think that's quite true. I notice that I really think a great deal more than mother does. Mother has been trying to reduce for years and years so that she can go without corsets, but she can't take off enough. Maybe if she could, she'd have more time for thinking. I think that short skirts and no corsets or anything not only help you think but they let you use your mind in every way, sort of. I know I read a lot, and of course if I had to spend all my time putting on corsets and taking them off, I couldn't possibly do half the reading that I do do.

MR. RICKET: Of course you couldn't. Say, did you read The Private Life of Mrs. Ulysses?

MISS MARBLE: Oh, gosh, no! What was it about?

MR. RICKET: Well, it was about Ulysses' wife, you know. I didn't read it, but everybody says it's a wonderful book. I'm going to read it.

MISS MARBLE: I'd like to read some of those deep things. What I always say is that I'd like to go off to a camp all by myself sometime and just read deep things. I like to read things that make you think but don't put you to sleep. Do you ever read Dizzy Stories?

MISS PERKINS: Well, that may be all right, but my date said that that dress that Aileen Pringle had on would look just perfect on me. We're so much the same type, you know.

MR. SIMS *(in a falsetto voice from the corner, where he is assisting the dancers)*: Oh, mercy! *(A wave of hilarity sweeps the dinner table.)*

MISS PERKINS *(loudly and firmly)*: Oh, shut up! You're not so hot!

MISS BONNER *(returning to the table with* MR. CLAIBORNE*)*: Oh, I'm so tired! I worked so hard to get that step. Doesn't Herbie do the sweetest steps? What was that about Aileen Pringle, darling? *(She combs her hair thoroughly and shakes it industriously over the coffee cups.)* Now some of you great big boys give me a cigarette. *(*MR. SIMS, MR. DUCKBOARD *and* MR. RICKET *hastily produce their cigarette cases and offer them to* MISS BONNER *with fatuous grins, while* MISS BONNER *walls her eyes at them in a sickening manner.)* You're all too adorable.

[*She takes a cigarette from* MR. RICKET'S *case and bats her eyes languorously at* MR. SIMS *and* MR. DUCKBOARD, *leaving all three of them in a pleased state.*

[*All eight of the dinner guests, exhausted by the weighty conversation, lapse into a numb silence, which lasts for four minutes.* MISS BONNER *ceaselessly rolls her eyes from side to side, hunting for admiration.* MISS LISCOMB *listlessly attempts to make smoke rings.* MR. RICKET *drums moodily on the table with his fingers.* MR. CLAIBORNE *scrutinizes the sole of his left shoe with absorbed interest.* MISS PERKINS *winds her scarf around her left arm, is vaguely displeased with the effect, removes it and winds it twice around her left arm, obtaining an effect which seems to afford her a mild satisfaction.* MR. DUCKBOARD *contemplates his wrist watch and yawns openly.* MISS MARBLE *admires the highly polished blood-red finger nails of her right hand, and scrutinizes with equal satisfaction the nails of her left hand.* MR. SIMS *busies himself with the soft bread from the inside of a roll.*

MISS BONNER *(shrilly)*: Oh, look at the perfectly sweet rabbit that Pucky made out of his bread. Oh, Pucky, that's too adorable. Isn't it clever!

MR. SIMS *(proudly)*: That's an elephant.

[*The orchestra strikes up the enticing strains of the new dance success, Sauerkraut for Two. The assemblage snaps out of its lethargy.* MR. SIMS *leaps to his feet and strikes a ballet-dancer pose, holding his coat out with one hand and placing the other mincingly on his hip.*

[*The curtain falls for thirty seconds to denote fifteen minutes' elapsed time. As it rises again, the eight dancers return listlessly to their seats and sink into them with every earmark of extreme boredom. The ladies powder their noses, and the gentlemen gaze ruminatively into their empty glasses.*

MR. SIMS *(extracting his flask from his pocket)*: Anybody have a shot?

[*No interest is displayed in his proposition by the remainder of the gathering, so* MR. SIMS *dejectedly replaces his flask.*

MISS BONNER *(semivivaciously)*: One of my cut-ins was saying something about war with Mexico. It was Jimmy. Isn't he an adorable dancer! Has anybody heard anything about any war with Mexico or anything like that?

MR. CLAIBORNE: An old guy down in the locker room said something about that a few weeks ago and there was a hot argument.

MR. SIMS *(debonairly)*: War is hell. *(Loud laughter.)*

MR. RICKET: It was in the newspapers. Don't any of you ever read the newspapers? There isn't going to be any war, because they arranged to arbitrate it.

MR. DUCKBOARD *(glancing at his wrist watch and yawning)*: Who arranged to arbitrate it?

MISS LISCOMB: Paganini. *(Desultory laughter, followed by a long silence.)*

MISS PERKINS: There was a girl in our school who had a sister that was in the Red Cross during the war, and she said they had a grand time all the time, and their uniforms were wonderful. I wore one in a charade one time and everybody said I looked just like Lillian Gish in The White Sister.

MR. SIMS: Gee, you hate yourself!

MISS PERKINS *(unemotionally)*: Oh, go swim the Channel!

MR. CLAIBORNE: If they have a war, they can't get me. I've got flat feet. *(The others laugh immoderately.)*

MR. DUCKBOARD *(glancing at his wrist watch)*: Well, if we've disposed of the war, what are we going to do? I've got to be down to work at half-past eight.

[*The assemblage lapses into a rich silence for three minutes and occupies itself by drumming on the table, straining necks to see what is happening at other tables and modeling bread into animal shapes.*

MISS LISCOMB *(wearily)*: This party's a flop. Where do we go from here?

MR. SIMS: It certainly is getting sticky. Let's go out to the Tincan Tavern. That's a new one and nobody's been out there yet.

MISS BONNER: That would be too sweet. What is there out there?

MR. SIMS: What do you think there is out there? A morgue? *(The assemblage laughs heartily.)*

MISS MARBLE: I tell you what let's do; let's go out to the Swan's Neck. There's always a crowd out there.

MR. DUCKBOARD *(surreptitiously examining his wrist watch)*: That's too far. It

(Continued on Page 56)

Chrysler

conquest of EUROPE

as amazing as its resistless advance

in AMERICA

In step with Chrysler's amazing advance in America—from 27th to 4th place in three years' time—is its equally notable achievement abroad.

Chrysler exports have increased at a more rapid rate than those of any other single American car.

In three years' time Chrysler has risen to sixth place in actual number of cars demanded by foreign markets—*a net increase in export sales of 645%.*

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The fact itself conveys its own significance—Chrysler has given both Europe and America something they have never had—Standardized Quality and unprecedented performance value.

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CHRYSLER

"50"-"60"-"70"-Imperial"80"

"Cheer up, Ed; a couple of years ago I changed four tires at once and I haven't had any tire trouble since."

"What—changed four tires at once?"

"Yes, for a set of Kelly-Springfields."

(Continued from Page 54

would take an hour to get out and an hour to get back.

MR. SIMS: Not necessarily. If it takes an hour to get out, it might take two hours to get back. Hey, Sophie? *(Uproarious laughter.)*

MISS PERKINS: Let's go in town to the Silver Sausage. They have a fine cabaret there and you see actors and actresses and everything.

MR. DUCKBOARD *(hopefully)*: How about going home?

CHORUS: Home! What do you want to go home for?

MR. SIMS. Home's where you sleep, Johnny Feel your oats, old kid! Feel your oats!

[MISS BONNER, MISS LISCOMB, MISS PERKINS *and* MISS MARBLE *carefully draw designs on their upper lips and powder their noses.*

MR. CLAIBORNE: Well, let's go!

MISS LISCOMB Do we know where we're going?

MISS MARBLE: Let's not decide until we get started. That makes it more interesting.

MISS BONNER: Let's don't think. It's adorable just to do anything this way. It makes it more romantic.

MISS PERKINS. Any place is all right with me, but I've got to be home by three o'clock. I'm visiting Aunt Ella, and she's hopelessly Victorian. Just because her bridge crowd stops playing at three o'clock, she thinks that everybody ought to be in by that time.

MR. SIMS: She ought to be psychoanalyzed

[*They start out as the orchestra bursts into the strains of the Cuddly Coupé Blues.*

MISS BONNER *(as the curtain starts to fall)*: Isn't everything too adorable!

SLOW CRÊPE-DE-CHINE CURTAIN.

MY OWN TRUE LOVE STORY

(Continued from Page 17)

"Tell me his name, Opal, and I will go around and paste him in the map."

"Oh, no, Myron! I would not have you create a scandal for worlds, and besides I don't know his name. That is why I am calling on you. I want you to find out who he is so that in the future I can avoid him and his insulting looks. He is staying at the P—— Hotel, I hear. And he is fat and his hair is red and he looks as though he lived in some large city and was well off. Find out who he is, Myron, so that I can keep away from him."

Using the information given I started out, and though having had little or no detective training, I experienced no difficulty in locating the party mentioned. His name was Mr. Herman F—— and he was a real-estate agent from the city of C——, in the state of I——. Though not among Chicago's wealthiest citizens, he was nevertheless well off and had come to Madison for a rest and a vacation, as the doctor had said he was too nervous. On seeing Mr. Fellaker I wanted to go up and paste him in the map as hitherto stated, but remembering what I had promised Opal, I restrained myself in a suitable manner.

"You are simply wonderful, Myron," said Opal when I had given her this information, and her large blue eyes spoke more eloquently than words. "Simply wonderful with a capital S."

"Well," I suggested, thinking this was a good opportunity, "when are we going to get married?"

"Kiss me, Myron," she said, looking at me and rolling her eyes, and I was halfway home before I remembered she had forgot to answer my question.

The next afternoon at the office one of the boys said, "Hey, My, come and look out of the window. Something here that ought to interest you."

"What is it?" I asked, feeling strangely uneasy, I knew not why. "An automobile accident?"

"I'll say it's an automobile accident, and there is no insurance that will cover that."

I looked where he pointed. A magnificent green de-luxe sport roadster which had been held up at the corner was now sweeping on down the street, and within, side by side, were seated Mr. Fellaker, the red-haired real-estate man and Opal Tregennis.

As they passed she rolled her eyes at him and his face got an expression on it that made you think of a dying calf, and at the same time he stepped on the gas so hard that he pretty near cut the legs off of a Spanish-American War veteran.

III

I HAVE never seen myself in such a state as I was in the rest of the afternoon. I could not get my mind on my work, and every time I looked out of the window and saw a bird or a flower or anything like that I could feel my teeth grit together.

Instead of going home for dinner I walked immediately to the Tregennis residence on C—— St., and, walking up to the front door, rang the bell and asked for Opal. "She is not here," said Mrs. T——, "but I expect her home any minute. Won't you come in, Myron, and wait?"

"No," I replied between my teeth, "I will wait out here on the porch."

And this I did in spite of her utmost protestations. From time to time she would stick her head out the front door and say, "Don't you want me to bring you a cup of tea, Myron? You will catch your death of cold waiting out there this weather."

"No," I answered between my teeth; "I am very much obliged, Mrs. Tregennis, but I do not wish any tea. I have something else that keeps me warm." And I was not referring to any pocket flask either.

It was 5:20 when I reached the Tregennis residence and it was 11:34 when the green sport roadster drew up in front of the house and Mr. Fellaker climbed out, followed by Opal.

I stood there in the shadows with my watch in my hand, timing them while for fifteen minutes Mr. F—— held on to Opal and talked to her in a low persuasive voice. More than once I was on the point of going down and demanding what he thought he was doing, and then I decided I had better not make a scandal.

At 11:49, when Opal backed up the front steps waving her hand to Mr. F—— while the latter disappeared around the corner, I stepped out from behind the porch pillar and said, "Opal, what does this mean?"

She gave a little scream. "Myron, to think of finding you here! You are simply wonderful. All evening I have been longing to be by your side, and here you are. Don't speak, Myron; don't spoil this heavenly minute by speaking. Just hold me tight."

I waited about thirty seconds, and then stated in a sarcastic voice, "Well, Opal, I have just one observation to make. If you really wanted to keep out of the way of Mr. Fellaker, all you had to do was not to get into his car. There is no law in the state of Wisconsin which forces a girl to get into a man's automobile unless she wants to."

"Hush, Myron! Don't say anything to spoil this wonderful minute when we are so near together—so close to one another. I accepted Mr. Fellaker's invitation just to have the opportunity to put him in his place, and I think I did, Myron; I think I did. He knows now how I despise him. I would not even condescend so far as to wipe my feet on him. He has passed out of my life forever. Do not say another word, but look up at that wonderful moon that seems to be shining down on just us two. Kiss me, Myron. Oh, how happy we are going to be together!"

The next night when I was calling, there came a ring at the bell, and Mrs. Tregennis

(Continued on Page 58)

THE ERSKINE SIX
CUSTOM SEDAN
The Little Aristocrat
$995 *f. o. b. factory*
Bumpers, front and rear, included, of course

THE LITTLE ARISTOCRAT *has*
Big car ability....Small car agility and unapproached economy

THE ERSKINE SIX—Studebaker's new 2¼ litre car—is built for tough work as well as town work. Its quiet, resourceful L-head engine generates big car power—develops 60 miles an hour without effort—accelerates from 5 to 25 miles in 8½ seconds—and takes an 11% grade without shifting gears.

The Erskine Six gives 20 to 30 miles to the gallon of gas, depending on conditions and offers advanced economies in oil consumption and tires. Handles like a silk glove—slips through traffic like greased lightning and doesn't need a park to park in.

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ERSKINE SIX

THE LITTLE ARISTOCRAT

a new marking!

a new ball

ALL-WEATHER! That's the name of this new mesh marking on the *new* Goodyear Ball. The professionals say this marking helps them rifle those long, beautiful drives. Even average players are speaking of its "*click*," its immunity to cuts and bruises, and the way it stays white and sound.

The new Goodyear Ball is a new ball—from core to cover. It looks good. That new All-Weather Mesh promises to be interesting. But you may have a dimple marking if you prefer.

It sounds good. It gets off with that sweet "click" that means business.

It is tough beyond belief; the new cover resists cutting, scuffing or bruising. And it stays white.

It's a long ball, a true ball, and a controllable ball. Seventy-five cents can't buy more, even in Scotland.

The New Goodyear—All-Weather or Dimple—is 75c. The Goodyear Regular—mesh or dimple—and the Goodyear Glide are 50c. Ask your professional.

Made by the makers of Goodyear Tires

GOODYEAR

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Continued from Page 56

came into the kitchen where we were making fudge. "These flowers are for you, Opal. Mr. Fellaker just left them. He says he will be back in a few minutes."

"Oh, he will, will he?" said Opal in a significant voice. "Well, I will have a little surprise for him when he does come. Seena, take this bouquet of flowers and dump it on top of the garbage can, and roll the can over to the left a little so that when he gets out of his car he will have to look at it. And if that doesn't stop him, kindly tell him, mother, that I am not at home to him either tonight or any other night."

Opal's mother gasped. Meanwhile Opal explained to me: "He richly deserves it, Myron. And it is only a small payment on account for those insulting leers with which he greeted me when he passed me on the street."

This little incident did much to soothe my outraged feelings of the night before. Two days later I was also pleased to hear a friend of mine say, "Well, Myron, you are certainly showing up this city slicker from Chicago."

"What do you mean?" I asked, though having a pretty good idea of what he meant.

"Don't be modest, Myron. This bird Fellaker who came here for two weeks is getting thin and nervous, and the reason is that your girl friend has him running in circles. He is sure getting the razz from his friends for losing out in a small town. Keep up the good work, Myron, and show him that we can produce our own sheiks."

At first I had thought I was being kidded, but a glance at Mr. F—— a day later showed that he had, indeed, changed. Not only did he look strained and nervous but when we passed and Opal cut him dead, in spite of his brick complexion he turned pale and I could notice him close his eyes and swallow with a great effort.

Indeed, a day later another friend came up to me and said, "Listen, My, I don't want to spread any bad tidings, but if I were you I would not go out on any lonely roads without packing that gun of yours. Your girl friend has got this Chicago bird upside down and walking on his hands, and he thinks it is all your fault. Keep your eyes open."

Not being hard-hearted by nature I would have felt sorry for Mr. Fellaker if an unexpected event had not turned my sympathies in another and more personal direction.

I had reached the office at the usual hour and was trying to draw Opal the way she looked from the side and was just putting in the eye when I felt a hand on my right shoulder.

"Myron," said the boss, with an unpleasant smile on his face, "I am sorry to interfere with your artistic pursuits, but I thought I might as well tell you that beginning this morning you are no longer on our distinguished pay roll. So you are now at liberty to cultivate your love for the beautiful twenty-four hours a day."

This petty cheeseparing attitude filled me full of silent contempt. For a minute I sat there to pull myself together, and then rising in a dignified manner, I walked to the cashier's desk.

It was still early in the morning—that is, about quarter to ten. Turning my new problem over and over in my head, I walked down first one street and then another, and it was with a shock of surprise that I found myself standing, I knew not why, across the road from the Vails' residence. As I looked I saw Lucy hurry out of the house and begin sweeping off the front porch.

"Why, Myron," was her response to my greeting, "what have you been doing with yourself? I hope you aren't sick."

"No," I said, "not sick."

"From the way you are standing over there, I thought that perhaps you were enjoying a stroke of paralysis in the legs. But maybe the board of aldermen has just passed some new traffic regulation about not crossing a street at ten in the morning."

I laughed, and before I knew it was seated at the Vails' dining-room table, reluctantly accepting some strong coffee and about eighteen buckwheat cakes, together with some genuine maple sirup which the Vails received every year from their Uncle Henry V—— of Vermont. After the third cup of coffee and a few more cakes, I decided to place my problem before Lucy.

"You have done well to tell me this," she said when I had finished. "A woman's viewpoint is always worth something, particularly where another woman is concerned. Speaking to you as a friend, full of interest in your welfare, I can assure you, Myron, that you need not worry over your sentimental life—at least for the present. The fact that you have almost exhausted your bank account and that you have lost your position will make little or no difference to Miss Tregennis in her immediate decisions."

"Do you think so?" I said, much encouraged.

"I am sure of it, Myron."

"But as much as I love her, Lucy, I do not want to take advantage of an impulsive girl, one who often does things on the spur of the moment that she admits herself are inexplicable."

"You are not going to take advantage of anyone, Myron. All you have to do is to state the facts fully, and your conscience will be clear. And believe me, she will not give you the air—on the contrary. And now, Myron, I am going to presume on our friendship by slipping you a sealed envelope which I want you to place in your pocket and carry with you wherever you go."

"What is inside?" I asked when she came back from the other room, envelope in hand.

"Emergencies, Myron, come into the lives of all of us. I do not wish to frighten you, but you are about to marry a young lady who often does things which, as you say, she admits herself are inexplicable. If you ever find yourself, Myron, in an emergency as the result of some inexplicable action on the part of Miss Tregennis, open this envelope. If you do not understand the contents, call me up."

That evening I told Opal all about my changed circumstances and added that if she wished I would pass out of her life forever and go to Africa and enlist in the Foreigners' Legion.

"Myron," she sobbed, her head on my breast, "money means nothing to me. What do I care whether you are a millionaire or a beggar? You have asked me many times to name the day. Very well, let it be Thursday evening at seven. And let us not be practical and do the sensible and reasoned thing. You have enough money left to buy some sort of a secondhand car, haven't you, Myron? Then let us run away in that. No one will understand why we do it—not even ourselves—but what care we? And we will get married in Rockford and then pass our honeymoon like two gypsies. And the birds will sing for us, Myron, and we will gather wildflowers by the way; and

(*Continued on Page 61*)

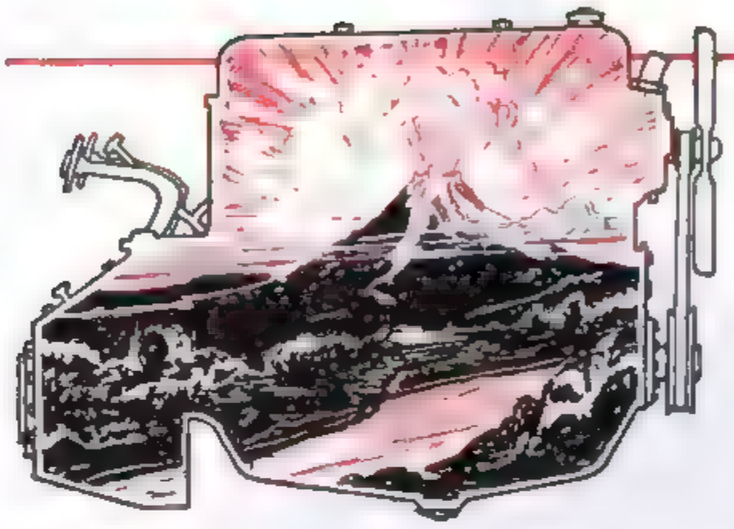
Sawtooth National Forest, Idaho

Why *changed* motoring conditions demand a new margin of safety

No. 5

Faster engines . . . Hotter engines

Look to your oil!



Automobile engines have always run hot. Even the old temperatures in combustion chambers were high enough to melt gold.

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Practically every automotive manufacturer approves the Mobiloil Chart which tells you the grade to use in your car.

In buying Mobiloil, always mention both the name and the grade which the Chart specifies for your car Mobiloil "A," Mobiloil Arctic, etc., as the case may be.

YOUR guide—If your car is not listed here, see at your dealer's the complete Chart and remember that . . .

182 automobile and motor truck manufacturers approve it!

The correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of prominent passenger cars are specified below.

Follow winter recommendations when temperatures from 32 F (freezing) to 0 F (zero) prevail. Below zero use Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic (except Ford Cars, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "E").

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1927		1926		1925		1924	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Buick	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc.
Cadillac	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc.
Chandler Sp. 6	A	A	..				..	
" other mods	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc.
Chevrolet	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chrysler 60, 70, 80	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" other mods	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		..
Dodge Bros. 4-cyl.	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Essex	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Hudson	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Hupmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Jewett	....	..	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Maxwell	..				A	Arc	A	Arc
Nash	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Oakland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Oldsmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Overland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Packard 6	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
" 8	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Paige	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Reo	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Star	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Studebaker ...	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Velie	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Willys-Knight 4	...		B	Arc	B	Arc	B	Arc
" " 6	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	.	....

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil

Make the chart your guide

VACUUM OIL COMPANY MAIN BRANCHES: *New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Buffalo, Detroit, Pittsburgh, Minneapolis, St. Louis, Kansas City, Dallas*

Other branches and distributing warehouses throughout the country

Born tired

"I CAN'T seem to get things done I try, but I simply haven't the energy any more. Sometimes I think I was *born tired*."

He looks it—this man who used to set the pace for the others. He got his work out so easily—apparently without effort—in the old days. Now he is slumped in his chair, talking defeat.

He wasn't born tired. He was born rather exceptionally lively. He brought to manhood a hard, well-muscled, active body, developed through years of deliberate training for school-boy games. Then, on the eve of the biggest game—the game of earning a living and winning success—he went out of training.

The new game required no such keen-edged perfection, physically, as the old ones. His wind did not need to be so good, nor his muscles so hard. That may be why he wasn't warned sooner. The stored-up energy of school and college days carried him along for years, while he ate indiscriminately, let regular exercise go by the board, and cut in on his sleep with work or pleasure. Then he came to depend, more and more, on caffein to combat "that tired feeling."

Caffein deadens the sense of fatigue, true enough. But fatigue, like other warning signals, was not meant to be tampered with. When it says "Rest," it means *rest*. It means that body and brain need the natural refreshment that only rest and nourishment can supply.

Caffein supplies neither. Instead, it excites the nerves, and repels sleep. It *seems* to give new energy, but this "new" energy is withdrawn from the body's reserve store.

Bit by bit the reserve may be lowered—the reserve energy that builds confidence, "gets things done", combats disease. A depleted reserve leaves a man on the ragged edge. He is *born tired*.

It is so unwise—so needless. All the benefits of a hot drink can be enjoyed—the social qualities, the invigorating warmth, the fine flavor—with none of the penalties of caffein. Hundreds of thousands of men have found that this is true. They use Postum. A drink made of whole wheat and bran, roasted—wholesome as the grain itself. It has a rich, full flavor that is distinctive and appetizing.

If you feel like you were born tired, don't expect Postum alone to give you new life. It is not a medicine, but a delightful drink *that lays no handicap against you*. It is a good drink to help you avoid that "born-tired" feeling in the future.

The best way to judge what it will do for you is to make a thirty-day test. Experience the relief from drug stimulation long enough to see results. *Then* decide.

Carrie Blanchard, food demonstrator, makes this offer to help you start the test:

© 1927, P. Co., Inc.

Carrie Blanchard's Offer

"Let me send you one week's supply of Postum, free, and my personal directions for preparing it, as a start on the 30-day test.

"Or if you would rather begin the test today, get Postum at your grocer's. It costs much less than most other mealtime drinks—only one-half cent a cup.

"Please indicate on the coupon whether you prefer Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal, the kind you boil."

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

P—S. E. P. 4-27

Postum Company, Incorporated, Battle Creek, Mich.

I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me without cost or obligation one week's supply of

Instant Postum (prepared instantly in the cup) ☐ Check which you prefer

Postum Cereal (prepared by boiling) ☐

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

In Canada, address Canadian Postum Company, Ltd. 812 Metropolitan Bldg., Toronto 2, Ontario

Postum is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties, Post's Bran Flakes and Post's Bran Chocolate. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.

(Continued from Page 58)

after the sun has sunk in a sea of gold, we will sit hand in hand and let the moon flood us with silver. And take along your revolver, Myron, because I am afraid of Mr. Fellaker."

"Opal," I remarked, "Opal," my emotion forbidding me to say more.

Will now particularly beg esteemed favor of valued attention for what immediately follows, and will add that these personal experiences have been written not so much for prize reward sum of twenty-five dollars ($25.00) as to point out to public moral lesson which please find inclosed in Part Four.

IV

THURSDAY night came, though for a long time I thought it never would. In the afternoon I passed Mr. F—— on the street and can only say he looked thin and desperate. Even his red hair seemed to be sort of depressed. As I passed, I noticed him take a quick peek at me and double up his fists. In a way I felt sorry for him.

There had been enough left in the old bank roll to buy a car for a hundred and fifty dollars, and by selling some things, including a Liberty Bond, I had raised pretty nearly as much more for expenses. It seemed to me that this would last us maybe a month, and then I would sell the car if necessary and get a job.

Full of excitement Opal was waiting for me at the Tregennis residence. "Wait, Myron," she said; "wait a minute. I am feeling a little faint, and it will take me a minute to recover myself. It is so wonderful to think of running away to the ends of the earth with you."

"That is all right," I said; "take all the time you want."

She hurried into the kitchen and said something in a low voice. Some other person, apparently a little boy, responded, saying, "Yes, I understand. I will take it to him right off."

"Come, Myron," Opal said, as she hurried through the swinging door. "Hurry! There is not a minute to spare."

"I thought you were feeling faint," I suggested, as she practically shoved me into the car and climbed behind the wheel herself.

"I was, Myron, I was," she replied, as the car started off, while she waved her hand to her mother, who seemed to think it was just an ordinary occasion. "But that was because of being so worried about the First Church Social tomorrow night. I said I would give palmistry readings and, of course, now that is impossible, and I felt faint because I wasn't sure that the note would reach the right party in time for him to get somebody else and yet after we were well on our way."

This explanation seemed a little peculiar, but Opal was always doing inexplicable things, so I said nothing except, "That is some moon tonight, Opal. It makes me feel very close to you. If we could only ride on in this moonlight forever it would be my idea of heaven."

"You said it, Myron," she responded, at the same time letting the car out till it sounded like a tin-pan factory in an earthquake. "By the way, I asked you to carry your revolver on this trip. Have you got it?"

"Yes," I said, "it is in my back pocket. Opal, I am so happy I hardly know what I am doing. I smell the scent of flowers borne on the night air."

"Is it loaded?"

"Loaded with the odor of honeysuckles, Opal, and with the perfume of your hair."

"I am talking about the revolver, Myron. For goodness' sake, wake up!"

"Yes, the revolver is loaded. . . . Listen, Opal, don't you hear that saxophone sobbing in the distance?"

"I hear something. Is there a safety catch on it?"

"I don't know, Opal; I have never played it myself. I can play the banjo a little, but not good enough to be in an orchestra. There is no safety catch on a banjo."

"The revolver—the revolver!" she said in an impatient voice.

"No, you just pull the trigger." There was a pause, and then I added, "Opal, I would give a good deal to know just what you are thinking about at this moment."

"Myron," she answered, "I am thinking about you and about how simply wonderful you are—how simply wonderful."

We were about seven miles outside the city of M——, and on the road south, when she turned the car to one side of the road and stalled the engine.

"What is the matter?" I asked.

"Myron, you know I am a creature of inexplicable moods and impulses. I have just had a feeling that it would be bad luck for me if we did not stop here a minute. So if you will oil up those front springs, I will take your revolver and defend us from any prowlers who happen to be round about."

In my opinion there were no prowlers in the vicinity, but just to oblige her I did as she said. I had begun oiling the front springs, when suddenly from the rear of the car—Bang! Bang! Bang!—three shots rang out on the still night air.

For a minute my heart stood still as the result of thinking that perhaps some terrible accident had happened and that it was my fault to have trusted an impractical young girl with a deadly weapon. And I made up my mind that if such was actually the case I would atone for my folly by turning the revolver against my own breast and stilling my throbbing heart forever so that it would no longer throb.

But I had hardly taken one jump when I heard her voice: "Myron, something terrible has happened."

"What is it? Where are you hurt?"

"Nowhere, Myron. But I thought I saw somebody moving around there in the bushes and I thought it might be some prowler getting ready to harm you, and before I really knew what I was doing I had fired your revolver at the bushes three times, and I'm afraid one of the shots grazed a tire."

I looked and whistled. Each one of the three shots had picked out a tire, with results that do not have to be described.

"Well," I said, "I have no tire-patching apparatus along with me, and I don't think it would do much good anyhow. Those holes are too big. It is bad luck. I'd better look for the nearest telephone and call up a garage and buy some spare tires."

"No, Myron, wait a minute first. I have an intuition that someone will come along and help us. It seems to me I hear an auto now."

There was a horn hollering, and pretty soon two big rays of light poked up over the hill.

It drove down toward us and was maybe a hundred yards away when to my surprise, Opal, jumping out into the middle of the road, began to run toward the car, yelling, "Save me! Save me, Herman!"

The green sport roadster stopped the same as if it had smacked into a brick wall, and Herman F——, of the city of C——, in the state of I——, jumped out.

"Oh," he said to me, "so that is your game, is it?—kidnaping innocent young girls! Well, I will show you there are still decent people in the world, even though you may not think so."

Then while I stood there stunned, he looked down at Opal, who was now in his arms, and said, "You see, honey, I didn't lose any time."

"I knew you wouldn't, Herman; you are so wonderful." And though I could only see the back of her head, I knew she was rolling her eyes at him.

For a minute he stood there looking at her, and then, straightening up, shook himself and roared like a bull. "And I am not going to lose any time now either!" he yelled. "Has the brute got a gun?"

"Not now, Herman; I got it away from him after he tried to shoot me just now. Here it is."

Breaking the revolver open he threw the cartridges in one direction and the gun in another.

"If he ever tries anything like that after we are married, I will have him sent over the road for life. Come on now, you low bully, and put up your hands and I will show you what happens to an insulter of womanhood when he runs up against a man from Chicago."

And while I stood there stunned as the result of all this treachery, and unable to speak, he walked up and pasted me in the map, and that is the last thing I remember. I don't know how long it was before I sat up. When I did, I was sore. I do not mean I was sore simply in a mental sense, but also in a physical sense. And the worse the latter got, the worse the former got.

The first thing I decided between gritted teeth was to get another revolver in case I could not find the first, and pursue Opal T—— and Herman F—— to the end of the earth if necessary, and then shoot them both full of bullets. Having thus decided I said with a scornful laugh, "Well, that reminds me of Lucy's envelope. She told me to open it in case I was in an emergency as the result of one of Opal's inexplicable actions. Ha-ha, let us see what the poor simple little thing has to say."

With this I pulled the envelope out of my pocket, and opening it, held the inclosed sheet of paper to the light. There was nothing on either side. The paper not only was absolutely blank but showed no signs of ever having been written on.

Something about this made me even sorer than I was before. I stood there trembling as I thought of how two different girls had kidded me and how each one had got away with it. Then I decided that before leaving the vicinity of the city of M——, I would at least call up Lucy and tell her in plain language what I thought about her action.

A few minutes later, from a neighboring farmhouse, I was relieving my mind.

"Wait a minute, Myron," Lucy said. "I told you to open that envelope in case Miss Tregennis did something inexplicable. Now talk slowly, Myron—what did she do that was inexplicable?"

"Well," I said, "she quit me and ran off to marry that fellow from Chicago. And she thought the world of me."

"You mean she used you the way she used Harold before you, and the way she may or may not use Mr. Fellaker after you. Now just a minute, Myron, and control your temper. How much are you worth in money?" I told her. "And how much is the Chicago gentleman worth?"

"They say he has got a half million."

"Well, then, Myron, just what did she do that was so inexplicable?"

I tried to say something, but the words would not come.

"Listen, Myron, here is a little thought gem to write down in your pocket memorandum. All girls, Myron, by nature and by training are extremely practical—particularly those who claim they aren't. Everything a girl does has a reason, and generally a good one. Personally I know of only one instance where a girl of my acquaintance has even considered doing a thing which might be called inexplicable."

"What instance is that?" I asked, not because I was interested but merely to say something.

"Well, Myron, I am the girl myself. And the totally inexplicable thing I am going to do is to tell you a couple of secrets. Myron, I have sent for a pamphlet entitled How to Patent Your Invention, and a new radio Spanish course is starting at 7:30 tomorrow night."

And she hung up the receiver.

And that is My Own True Love Story, and in conclusion will state that I consider a man is foolish to fall into power of any woman whatever and be at her beck and call, and since having been cured have gone into business independently with a patented article, exporting same largely to Spanish-American countries, and if proof of these true personal facts is desired, can refer you to my wife (formerly Lucy V——) but now of same name and number as myself, residing in the city of M——, state of W——.

Thick hair is the result of a healthy scalp

Give *your* hair new vitality

DULL tired hair, getting thinner every day, or hair laden with dandruff—

Such hair is sick and needs immediate care if it is to escape the result to which these hair troubles frequently lead—premature baldness.

And you need no longer tolerate these two ills. Even long established cases will yield to this simple treatment:

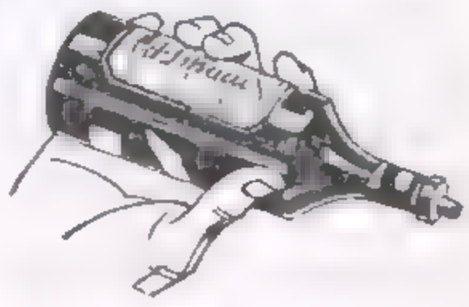
EVERY MORNING moisten hair and scalp generously with Pinaud's Eau de Quinine. Then with the fingers pressed down firmly, move the scalp vigorously in every direction, working the tonic thoroughly into every inch of the scalp. Move your scalp, not your fingers! Brush your hair while still moist. It will lie smoothly just the way you want it.

This brisk treatment wakens the scalp to new life and energy.

Gradually dandruff disappears. And the hair, nourished at its very roots, becomes strong, vigorous and healthy. You will be amazed by its improved appearance.

For Pinaud's Eau de Quinine does the two things needed to promote hair health—destroys dandruff infection and stimulates active scalp circulation.

Begin this simple nourishing care *today*. You can get Pinaud's Eau de Quinine at any drug or department store. And look for the signature of Ed. Pinaud on each bottle. Pinaud Incorporated, 220 East 21st St., New York—sole distributors for Parfumerie Ed. Pinaud, Paris.



PINAUD'S

Eau de Quinine

SOCKS that are making darning a LOST ART

There's simply no wear-out to them ··· for they're made of 100% pure FRESH silk ···with Friction-Tested toes and heels, and Rip-Proof tops

Men, Listen! Try this experiment if you want to find out the truth about Realsilk Gold Button Brand *Super-Service* Socks.

Next time the Realsilk Gold Button Man calls, tell him to put you down for a sample order, but instruct him to have the socks delivered to you at your office . . . When they arrive, take them home and start wearing them—*but don't tell the women folks about it.*

After they've been worn and reworn, washed and rewashed a number of times, inquire how often they've had to be mended! You'll find that there is simply no *wear-out* to them. The women folks will tell you so!

And it's really not so surprising. In the first place, because you buy *direct from the Mills*, Realsilk *Super-Service* Socks come to you while the silk is FRESH. Hardly a month elapses from the time the raw silk is taken from the cocoons in Japan until you can be wearing the socks made from it . . . That's why Realsilk *Super-Service* Socks are so strong and lustrous.

Besides—Realsilk *friction-tests* the toes and heels to determine their endurance before you ever slip a foot into them! That's an exclusive patented process that guarantees longer wear.

Then, to make sure that the tops will resist the strains, Realsilk adds another exclusive feature—double reinforced *rip-proof* garter bands!

You'll find that there's no substitute for these Realsilk Gold Button Brand *Super-Service* Socks or Realsilk's unique method of supplying them *direct from the Mills* while the silk is still FRESH . . . Those who wear them will tell you that they're *the best wearing silk Socks in America—bar none.* In homes where you find them, darning has almost become a lost art.

REAL SILK HOSIERY MILLS, INDIANAPOLIS, IND., U. S. A.
World's Largest Manufacturers of Silk Hosiery and Makers of Fine Lingerie
250 BRANCH OFFICES IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA
Consult 'Phone Directory for Your Local Office

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"There's just ONE WAY"

REALSILK

Gold Button Brand

SUPER-SERVICE SOCKS

This gold button identifies the Bonded Realsilk Service Representative when he calls at your home or office

SIDEHILL

(Continued from Page 31)

cluster of spires and roofs that huddled in the cleft between the farther hills. Toy houses broke the sweep of the snow plain here and there; a thread of freight cars crawled at a worm's pace along the straight scar drawn across the white floor. She laughed at it, flung out her hand in a gesture of dismissal.

Hoban's back was toward her, so that she approached him unawares and spoke suddenly, from close behind him, just as he drew back his ax. He finished its swinging arc as if he had not heard, and there was neither haste in his turn nor surprise or question in the look that met hers.

"Crust's bearing first-rate," he said. "Guess I could get you down to the village if you're in a hurry. Make it easy enough on snowshoes."

Her brows drew together. "I know you want to be rid of me. I don't blame you. But I'm afraid I'll have to stay a little longer. I'd never get down there alive. I'm tired, just coming this far."

"Glad to have you stay," he said cheerfully. "Comp'ny's good for ma. Only meant I'd get you down any time you wanted to go."

She frowned. "Thanks. But I can't go—not yet, anyway. I came out to tell you —— It's hard to talk, with your mother there, but I've got to explain."

He shook his head. "Not if you don't want to. I ain't asking."

"I don't care whether you're asking or not." There was anger in her voice. "You have to know. If I'd been caught the other day, it would have served me right, to be locked up. I'll be sent to prison if they catch me."

"Ain't apt to catch you up here."

"Don't keep saying that!" She moved her hand impatiently. "I can't stay up here forever! And I can't get away, either, unless you'll help me."

"Guess I can do that too."

"Not without knowing what you're doing." Her voice warmed and softened. "Nobody'd blame you for bringing me up here the other night. You couldn't very well leave me in the snow. But they'd make trouble for you if you helped me get away when you know ——"

"Hadn't better know, then." He lifted his ax. "Cold out here, without you're working. Better go back. Get frostbit before you know it."

"I'm going to tell you, whether you like it or not!" She was angry again. "You can go on working, if you're cold. I'm warm enough."

"All right." He began to trim away the branches from the felled trunk. She told the story in short, jerky sentences, her voice hard:

"I'm not making any excuses. I never really believed that it was a straight scheme. I went into it because Phil Webb offered me twice the pay I was getting for about half the work. When I found out what he was doing, I didn't care. By that time I was too crazy about Phil to care about anything else. It looked perfectly safe, anyway."

She explained the scheme. He leaned on the ax helve to listen, unmistakably interested. "I see. Mighty smart, long as no two of your customers got talking together."

"That was the chance we had to take, of course, and it broke wrong for us. If they hadn't been in such a rush they'd have got us both. It just happened that Phil had gone out when they raided the office. I got them into the inner room and jollied them along till I was nearer the door than they were." She laughed. "I had them thinking I was scared to death. I was locking the door on the outside before they even tried to stop me."

"You'd been all right, only for that," said Hoban. "Hadn't ought to've resked it. Wouldn't have known for sure that you was in cahoots with this man Webb, only for that."

"Yes, and they'd have got him, if I hadn't. I had a chance to get out of the building while they were breaking out of the inside office. I telephoned Phil from a booth in a drug store, and he told me what to do. He said he'd be on the express to Pittland, but he wasn't. I just barely caught it myself. I guess he missed it, or else they caught him in the station. One of the men that I'd locked in the office came running down the platform just as the train pulled out. He saw me, all right. I knew they'd wire to Pittland and so I stood in the vestibule and waited for the train to slow down so I dared jump."

"Smart." Hoban nodded. "Had luck too; couldn't have picked a better place." He straightened and turned, looking down over the valley. "Don't guess they'll ever come up here hunting for you."

"If I had to stay here very long, I'd be glad to see them." She laughed again. "But I've got to stay here till I can get word to Phil. If you can get down to the village on snowshoes and mail a letter for me ——"

"Hadn't better do it." He shook his head. "Might find you that way."

"Not much! I'd write to Phil's lawyer. That's what he said to do."

"Guess that'd be safe." He took up his ax. "You can write your letter. I'll take it down in the morning."

"Thanks." She hesitated. "I hate to ask you, but it's the easiest way to get rid of me."

"No; it'd be a sight easier to go down as far as Joe Coomber's and tell him to come get you. Dep'ty, Joe is. Ain't more'n two miles to his place."

"Well, why don't you do it, then?" She spoke sharply. "There might be a reward"

He shook his head. "Guess I'd sooner mail your letter for you."

"It's against the law, you know—helping a—helping me escape."

He rubbed his chin. "Guess so, but it don't seem to matter much. Kind of get to doing as you're a mind to, when you live up high this way. You go write your letter."

He resumed his work. She stood watching him. "I don't see what you need with any more wood," she said. "You've got enough down at the house to last a lifetime, haven't you?"

"Stove wood, that is. This here's a saw log. All the crop I raise—timber." He swept his arm in an arc that included the slope above them. "Handy crop, too, when your land stands mostly on ridge."

"You mean you sell logs for your living?" She looked up the hill.

"Mean I raise 'em. Grow about as fast as I cut. Say, they's two hundred trees to the acre, and it takes 'em a hundred years to grow. It don't take that long, but say it does. If you cut two off each acre every year and plant ten or so, time you cut the last old one the young ones'd be fit to cut too."

She laughed as if he had said something funny. He looked up, question in his mild gaze.

"Why, that would be—it'd be a hundred years, wouldn't it?"

"Would be if you figure on it the way I said. It don't work out that way, of course. Wasn't only talking in round figures. The idee is't if you don't cut 'em faster'n they grow, you always got around the same number"

"I see. I thought you sounded as if you were counting on living forever."

He grinned. "Guess a body does, kind of, living up high this way. Kind of lose track of time, anyhow."

"I should think you would." She looked up over the wooded slopes above her. "Why don't you chop them all down at once? If you can live for a year on what you can get for two or three of them ——"

"That's only to the acre. Have to cut a sight of 'em to stay alive."

ORDINARY LATHER

This lather-picture (greatly magnified) of ordinary shaving cream shows how large, air-filled bubbles fail to get down to the base of the beard, and how they hold air, instead of water, against whiskers.

COLGATE LATHER

This picture of Colgate lather shows how myriads of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles hold water, not air, in direct contact with the base of the beard, thus softening every whisker right where razor works

"Small-bubble lather" *teems with water*

Softens each hair at base—whiskers come off easily—razor pull banished

BUBBLES are "shells" of water. And water, science says, is what really softens beards. Therefore Colgate has made this "small-bubble" lather which contains thousands more of these water-shells, hence holds more moisture. Fine as mist, these bubbles seep down between whiskers to skin surface, right where blade meets hair, as the lather pictures above prove.

How "small-bubble" lather works

The moment Colgate lather forms on your beard, two things happen:

1. The soap in the lather breaks up and floats away the oil film that covers each hair.

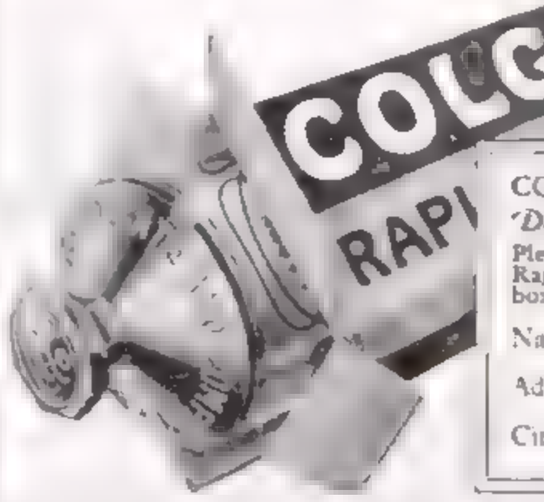
2. With the oil film gone, millions of tiny, water-saturated bubbles bring and hold an abundance of water down to the base of the beard, right where the razor does its work.

Because your beard is properly softened at its base, your razor works easily and quickly. Every hair is cut close and clean. And your face remains cool and comfortable throughout the day.

A WEEK'S SHAVES—FREE

Try this unique "small-bubble" lather at our expense. The coupon below will bring a generous trial-size tube—free.

EXTRA DIVIDEND! We will also include a sample box of Colgate's Talc for Men—the new after-shave powder that *keeps* your face looking freshly shaved all day long.



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SOFTENS THE BEARD AT THE BASE

"But there must be thousands and thousands left. If you sold them all at once, you'd"—she glanced at him with a sudden respect—"why, you'd be rich!"

"Own 'em, don't I? And they'd ought to be worth more standing than they'd be if they was cut. Guess I'm richer right now than I would be if I logged the whole place off."

"What's the use of being rich that way? If you had the money, you could get away, live somewhere else, where you wouldn't have to work so hard."

"No place where the work's easier'n on a good steep sidehill," he said, his voice quickening. "Guess you been here long enough to see that. Look how I got my barns rigged: Driveway right into the top level of 'em so I'm always pitching down off a load. Water running right where I want it, without me lifting a finger. Take logging now: I can handle any tree in the woods with my one team, long as they only got to haul it downhill. Why, I get through more work single-handed than any two men can do down on the flats!"

She spread her hands. "You don't see what I mean. You don't have to live up here. You could go where you'd see people, instead of staying alone for weeks at a time. I should think you'd go crazy with lonesomeness, you and your mother."

He meditated briefly. "Don't know as I've noticed it. Guess ma ain't, either. You get so you don't need other folks around. Guess the only steady comp'ny you get anywheres is yourself." He grinned slowly. "Get along with myself first-rate, I do. Better'n I do with anybody else."

He turned back to his work. The girl made her way back to the house, the slow, measured beat of the ax following her down the slope. Mrs. Hoban made rather a ceremonial of the letter writing; the cheap ruled paper and the little bottle of gummy ink were set out on the table with a certain formality. Annie Frayne wrote at some length to Phil Webb, but she made no effort to describe the people among whom she had fallen. They were funny, of course, and pathetic, but somehow she didn't want Phil Webb to chuckle at them. She inclosed the envelope in another, addressed to Sid Lemberger. He'd see that Phil got it safely or not at all.

Mrs. Hoban accepted her help, as usual, with the routine of the housework. She made a vaguely complimentary comment when Annie remembered, without being told, to set the scrubbed milk pans in the sun. "You take to it real easy, Annie. Guess housekeeping comes kind of natural to you."

Annie laughed. "I'd go crazy if there wasn't something to do."

"Guess most folks would." The older woman nodded soberly over her baking board. "Right queer how some think they hate it. Rests me, housework does." She moved the rolling-pin slowly back and forth. "There isn't enough for two of us, now you're taking hold and helping this way."

"Cheer up!" The girl's hard laugh jarred on the room's peace. "I'll leave you all of it pretty soon. Les says he'll take my letter down in the morning. Soon as the answer comes I'll go."

"No hurry," said Mrs. Hoban mildly. "Didn't mean I wanted you to go. I was just kind of wondering if there wasn't some extry work we could do, long as there was two of us." Her glance moved to the shapeless woolen dress that Annie had worn ever since her arrival. She brightened. "Tell you, we might make you up a dress that'd fit you better'n that one of mine. I got some real pretty material put away. Les bought it for me, but I thought it was kind of bright for a woman 's old as I am." A thin eagerness came into her voice. "It'd look real nice on you, though. Blue'd suit you first-rate, Annie."

Annie laughed. "It'll be only a day or two before I go. You sounded as if I was here for the winter."

"That's so. I keep forgetting." Mrs. Hoban tried the temperature of the oven with her hand, fiddled with the dampers. "It's real cranky when the wind's in the east. Won't draw without you open this damper a mite and keep this here one 'most shut."

Annie Frayne nodded. At first she had talked persistently, as if silence oppressed her; now, after four days, she had fallen into the household attitude, speaking only when there was need. Except for an occasional word about their work, the rest of the morning passed without talk between them; and dinner, with Les Hoban single-mindedly intent upon his food, was eaten without a spice of words. Afternoon, the sudden swoop of night down the hill, supper, a brief silent evening in the yellow lamplight, bed in the heatless little room in the wing—a day exactly the duplicate of every one that had been or would be, seemingly, and yet different in that Annie Frayne found it curiously short; another precisely like the rest, except that Les Hoban, leaving soon after breakfast on his journey to the town, was absent from the dinner table; evening again, a little earlier; Les Hoban's face, brick red in the lamplight, queerly grave.

"I mailed your letter, Annie, but I guess it won't do much good. Look here."

He unfolded a newspaper on the table and pointed to a headline on an inner page. Annie Frayne's eye raced through the story of Phil Webb's arrest. The police were searching for the woman who had been his secretary and who was charged with complicity in the fraud.

"The Frayne woman!" Annie repeated the words under her breath. She turned to Hoban. "How soon can you get me out of here?"

"'Most any time. Roads are pretty well busted through right now."

"Then, I'll go—but I can't till I hear from Phil. I just barely managed to pay for my ticket. I'll have to wait till Phil sends me money."

"Think he'll make out to do it? Says here they got him locked up and attached his bank account. Think he'll be able to?"

"He'll manage somehow. He'll fix it through Sid Lemberger. You needn't worry; you'll be rid of me soon enough."

"If it's just money 't stops you, ma and me could leave you take some." Hoban spoke deliberately, his eyes a little narrowed. "Welcome to it."

"You want me to go—as much as that?" She laughed. "Don't worry; I'll go now—this minute."

"No sense to that. Freeze before you got to the main road. Time enough in the morning, if you're bound to go. Welcome to stay as long's you're a mind to. Only meant"—he hesitated—"wasn't only trying to tell you 't you didn't have to stay 'count of the money. Don't want you to feel you're kind of in jail up here."

"I might as well go and get it over with." She spoke more to herself than to him. "They're bound to get me, anyway, with Phil in jail."

"Got to climb a ways to do it, if you're up here—that's one thing. Don't look like good sense—going downhill after trouble. Sight of it that don't seem able to climb any too well."

She moved her hands impatiently. "I can't stay here, sponging on strangers."

"That's easy fixed." He chuckled. "Don't know as you could rightly call ma and me strangers right now; but if that's how you feel, all you got to do is stay a spell, till we ain't." He paused. "Won't be looking for you so close, neither, if you wait, nor know you so easy. Changed some already. Look a sight different when your hair gets growed out again."

"Les and me would be real glad to have you stay, Annie," Mrs. Hoban put in slowly. "You wouldn't need to feel beholden to us, either, the way you help with the housework."

Annie Frayne laughed. "You said yourself that there wasn't enough for the two of us."

"We can find plenty to do, easy enough." Mrs. Hoban's voice quickened. "We could make up that dress pattern for you, for one thing. You'd look real nice in blue."

III

"BUT they look so different down here!" Annie Frayne moved her hand toward the hills that walled in the valley. "They look twice as steep as they really are, and they aren't high at all!"

"Sight of things look different when you're down on the flats." Hoban's voice hardened a little, as it always did when he spoke of the lowlands. "Can't see the hills straight till you get a good ways up."

He clicked at the horses, and the wagon wheels clacked as the great beasts broke into their lumbering trot. The spires of the village, lifting from a blurred mist of budding leafage, came slowly nearer.

"Ought to see 'em in the fall," said Hoban. His whip indicated the hilltops. "Not from down here. I mean from back yonder, up where you can really see 'em."

"Maybe I will sometime." She turned to look back at the hill far behind them where Hoban's twin cableways drew faint parallel scars down a greening wall seemingly vertical. "Maybe I'll have to come back."

There was levity in her voice, but her eyes were sober. Hoban shook his head.

"Safe enough now. Won't be looking for you, not even back yonder. Don't need to worry."

"I'm beginning to, all the same." She laughed. "I know it's silly, but it doesn't feel safe down here. It's—it's as if they'd caught me already and—and locked me in."

"Get over it, I guess, soon as you been out of the hills a spell. Ain't apt to catch you."

They drove on in silence. The horses slowed again to their surging walk, and Hoban spoke sharply, touching them with the whip. Annie Frayne had never known him to show impatience with his team. She glanced at him. He seemed to feel a need of apology.

"It's being down on the flats," he said. "Always feel different down here. We got plenty of time to make the train, but I keep feeling I got to hurry. Always do when I'm down here." He laughed. "Seems 's if time mattered more on the flats."

"The air's different, I suppose." She straightened her shoulders. "I know what you mean. People do hurry more down where it's flat." She hesitated. "It's funny. I don't feel as if I belonged here any more than you do. I'm—I'm almost sorry ——"

"For what? Doing what you want to, aren't you? Been hankering all winter to get away." He spoke almost roughly, his eyes straight before him.

"I'm sorry to leave your mother," said the girl slowly. "She's been good to me." She hesitated. "And you, too, Les. I don't know how to thank you."

"Don't have to." He checked the horses as they turned into the main street of the town—a wide, unpaved road that ran between short ranks of dingy brick stores and ended abruptly at a square building with heavy white columns. "Got to stop in here at the bank and get you your money," he said. "You hold the lines. Be right out."

He crossed the flagged sidewalk to the doorway of the dingiest of the brick buildings. The girl waited, erect and rigid on the spring seat, watching from the corners of her eyes the loungers grouped about the doorway of a grocery. Hoban came back, wadding a little crumple of bills. "Guess this'll last you till you get you another job," he said. "If it runs out you can write for some more."

He climbed to the seat and took the lines The girl fingered the money. "You do want to be rid of me, don't you? Half this would be enough, and you've got no reason to believe I'll ever pay a cent of it back."

He clicked to the horses. They passed the columned building. There were barred windows at the back of it, and Annie Frayne looked quickly away from them.

"You don't have to lend me this," she said slowly. "All you need to do is to stop right there and tell them who I am."

"That's how you talked when you first come," he told her. "Trying to make out I'm only aiming to get rid of you, when I ——" He stopped. "Station's right up yonder. Plenty of time to get your train."

"When you what?" she insisted. "It was your idea, wasn't it? You offered to lend me the money when Sid Lemberger wouldn't, didn't you? I never asked you to do it. You—if you don't want me to go, what do you want?"

He turned slowly to meet her eyes. "Wanted you to do whatever you was a mind to. Couldn't help yourself when I brought you up home that first time. Ain't had much choice about staying, have you, since then? Couldn't leave till it was safe; couldn't leave now without some money. That's all there is to it. You got money. Now you can get on the train if you want, don't have to stay without you'd ruther."

"Suppose I'd rather." She met his glance squarely. "What then?"

He stopped the horses with a sudden movement of his hand.

"Here's the courthouse. If—if that's what you'd ruther, we can get a license and have Squire Briggs marry us right now. If you ——"

"Never mind what I want, for a minute." She spoke steadily, her eyes searching his. "What about you, Les? You know about me. Sure you want ——"

He brushed the question away with a careless movement of his hand. "What do I care what you did when you hadn't never got off the flats? Everything's different in the hills. Know what you are up yonder, where we'd—where we'd live, don't I?"

He laughed unevenly, under his breath, as her face changed.

"They's no place like a good steep sidehill, Annie. Anything you don't aim to keep is right easy rolled down, and anything that climbs to where you are"—he drew in his breath—"anything that makes out to get up and stay up is right apt to be worth keeping." His hand closed slowly over hers.

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GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

The Royal Road to Riches

ONE hundred and twenty-five per cent dividends," the vice president of the Union National remarked. "Put in a dollar—draw out two and a quarter."

I had gone in, flushed with enthusiasm, to confide to him a flawless plan—suggested through the experience of an acquaintance—whereby I should in a few short years become a veritable plutocrat. It was absurdly simple. My acquaintance had some years before purchased a lot and recently sold it for twice what he had paid. Obviously, one had only to purchase several lots and, in the course of time, sell them. Each dollar one had sent out would return leading another by the hand. Result: wealth, power, ease.

This I had told the vice president, confidently expecting that he would be tremendously impressed by my vision and acumen. Instead he had countered with mention of a vague proposition in which each dollar sent out would return and bring not merely a dollar, but a dollar and a quarter.

"One hundred and twenty-five per cent dividends," he repeated. "Combined with absolute safety. Interested?"

I replied a little uncertainly that I was. It seemed there must be a catch in it somewhere.

"All right," said he. "How old are you? . . . Twenty-eight—and you can save, you say, fifty dollars a month."

He consulted a table of figures. "If you will deposit that fifty dollars each month in a 4 per cent savings account, compounded semiannually," he said, "you will, when you are sixty-five, have $60,000—1000 times the monthly deposit. Of this, only $22,200 will be actual deposits. The balance will be interest. Every dollar you deposit will earn for you $1.25—125 per cent dividends, just as I told you.

"A smaller or a greater monthly deposit will yield a correspondingly smaller or greater amount, but the thousand-to-one ratio will remain the same. Ten dollars a month will grow to $10,000. Don't despise this as a small sum. It is more than is left in 74 per cent of the probated estates in this country—and a goodly number of estates are too small to bother probating."

"If the returns are so great," I said, "why can't I do my saving later? It represents considerable self-denial now. As my age and my earnings increase my surplus over necessaries grows. I could save twice as much without trouble ten years from now as I save now by scrimping."

"Too many people make that same mistake," said the vice president. "Considering your own case, suppose you waited till you were forty-six and a half before you started to save. The saving period would be just half as long as if you started now. Suppose your monthly deposit was $100 instead of fifty. At sixty-five you would have paid in the same total—$22,200. But your accumulated capital would be less than $33,000. To reach your $50,000 goal you would have to deposit nearly $153 a month!

"It's the long haul that counts. Money at 4 per cent doubles itself every seventeen and a half years. Your first fifty-dollar deposit will, in the thirty-seven-year saving period, double itself more than twice, and grow to $216. This is an increase of 332 per cent in thirty-seven years—an average return of approximately 9 per cent a year!

"For the ordinary person a savings account is the real, the infallible royal road to riches. You came in today dazzled by the bonanza possibilities of real-estate speculation. Money—big money—has been and will be made in it. But unless the operator is trained in its highly specialized ramifications or is lucky, it is apt to turn out, at best, like the deal of the old Irish lady in the older joke. She sold her pig in the spring for what she had paid for it in the fall, explaining to those who questioned her profit that she had had the use of the pig all winter."

"All right—all right," I protested. "I'm convinced. I'll resign myself to a mere—but sure—$50,000."

"You need not be satisfied with that," he said. "With the same deposits you can have $68,000. Start now to save and deposit fifty dollars a month. At the end of six months you will have accumulated $300. The interest will be somewhere between two dollars and a half and three and a half, depending on the date from which it is allowed. Say it would be three dollars. Your balance will be $303.

"At the end of a year this money will have drawn six months' interest—six dollars and six cents. You will have deposited an additional $300 on which there will be three dollars interest. The total will be $612.06.

"In this manner, at the end of two years you will have $1248.84. Withdraw $1000 and buy a 5.5 per cent bond.

"At the end of three and a half years your savings account—augmented every six months by twenty-seven dollars and fifty cents bond interest—will have mounted to $1275.51. Another bond can be purchased. Then every six months your bond interest will swell your savings account fifty-five dollars. In thirteen and a half years the income from your bonds will exceed your savings. At the end of nineteen years you will be able to purchase a bond every six months. In twenty-six and a half years the bond income will be triple the savings; in thirty and a half years it will be four times the savings.

"At sixty you will have more than $50,000. Six months before your sixty-fifth birthday you will have $68,000 in bonds. The income will be $3740 a year. Each dollar in your monthly deposit is thus, potentially, $1360 in capital. Think of your dollars in that way when you are spending them. You'll find it a rather effective check on the casual, useless expenditures we all are continually tempted to make."

—CHAUNCEY MCGARRY MORLEY.

The Beauty Market

"BEAUTY CULTURE is essentially a woman's business, and there are almost unlimited opportunities for our sex in this field today," said a famous beauty specialist, when I asked her to tell me about her own success and to give some practical advice to women who want to enter the profession.

"The industry has grown so fast," she went on, "that there are not enough operators to supply the demand. Five years ago there were 750 beauty shops in New York," she continued; "today they number 3500. The center of the industry is here in Manhattan and the boroughs, but there are 22,000 shops and parlors outside of Greater New York, scattered over the country from Maine to New Mexico, from Cape Cod to Seattle, doing an annual business of $250,000,000. It is significant, also, that in 1917 only two persons in the beauty-culture business paid an income tax, while today 18,000 firms and individuals in this field are listed as income-tax payers."

Reverting to her own business career, she said, "I came to New York from the West seventeen years ago. When I reached the city I had fifty dollars in cash and a formula for hair tonic which had proved efficacious on the heads of my family and friends in the home town." She hesitated, smiling. "I know what you're thinking," she said. "That without the formula I could not have been so successful and that other women who want to enter this profession, and who do not possess special formulas and prescriptions, will have a difficult time getting on. This is not true, especially in these days, when a beauty shop can be stocked with reliable preparations chosen from among any number of reputable manufacturers of beauty creams, tonics and lotions. The owner of even a little shop may make a good profit if she carries a nationally known line of goods in her establishment. Thus she will get the benefit of the firm's national advertising and in addition, these large producers of toilet articles are generally only too glad to send a demonstrator to the proprietor several times during the year to advise her in regard to selling methods, and instruct her in window and indoor displays.

"But to get back to my own case," she continued. "Fortunately I started in the days before the war, when the overhead was comparatively moderate. I began in two rooms on a side street, upstairs in an old-fashioned office building. A year later two of my sisters joined me, one of whom is now head of our Paris branch. That seems a long while ago," she added reminiscently, "and yet, because we have developed so rapidly in the past five years there are times when I can scarcely comprehend all that has been accomplished."

Her glance swept the luxurious reception room appraisingly. "This"—and she made a slight gesture—"merely indicates how we have grown since those days when I mixed my own formulas over the gas plate in the back of our little shop, evenings, after the last customer had departed." She smiled whimsically.

"Even today," she went on, "a beauty shop can be conducted very advantageously above the main floor of a building. It is unnecessary to maintain an establishment of this kind in a conspicuous location in order to be successful. Study the field and you will find thousands of successful beauty firms high up in elevator buildings, also on the second and third floors of walk-up structures, and in the comparatively obscure houses and apartments where the home women are carrying on in this profession.

"We have no regular training school connected with our salons," she continued, "but we frequently train girls and women who we believe will make good in this line. We give them two-weeks' trial, and if they show marked

(Continued on Page 73)

Coming Soon! The Twice-a-Week *Paramount News*

Beginning in August and twice weekly thereafter, the name of a new and greater news reel will flash on the screens of thousands of theatres — PARAMOUNT NEWS. It is backed by the power and resources of the largest motion picture organization on earth and produced under the direction of Emanuel Cohen, acknowledged the world's foremost news reel expert. If it happens just around the corner or five thousand miles away you'll find it in PARAMOUNT NEWS—*first* and *best*. Ask your Theatre Manager to book Paramount News and

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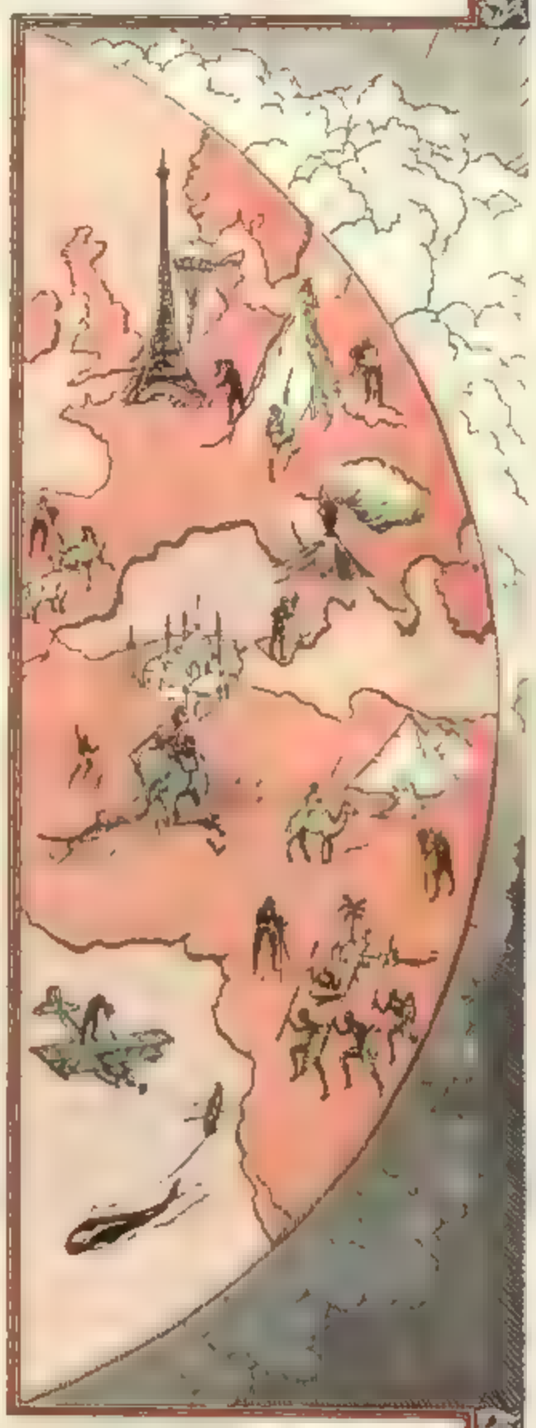

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Paramount Guide to the Best Motion Pictures

Check the ones you have seen, make a date for the others, and don't miss any! Your Theatre Manager will tell you when.

TITLE	PLAYERS	DIRECTOR	DATE
CASEY AT THE BAT	Starring WALLACE BEERY. With Ford Sterling, ZaSu Pitts, Sterling Holloway, Iris Stuart.	Monty Brice	
BLIND ALLEYS	Starring THOMAS MEIGHAN. With Evelyn Brent and Greta Nissen.	Frank Tuttle	
EVENING CLOTHES	Starring ADOLPHE MENJOU. With Virginia Valli, Noah Beery and Louise Brooks.	Luther Reed	
SPECIAL DELIVERY	Starring EDDIE CANTOR. With Donald Keith, Jobyna Ralston and William Powell.	Wm. Goodrich	
CABARET	Starring GILDA GRAY. With Tom Moore, Chester Conklin and Mona Palma.	Robert Vignola	
THE TELEPHONE GIRL	Warner Baxter, Madge Bellamy, Holbrook Blinn, May Allison, Lawrence Gray, Hale Hamilton.	Herbert Brenon	
AFRAID TO LOVE	Starring FLORENCE VIDOR. With Clive Brook.	E. H. Griffith	
TOO MANY CROOKS	With Mildred Davis, Lloyd Hughes, George Bancroft and El Brendel.	Fred Newmeyer	
ARIZONA BOUND	Starring GARY COOPER.	John Waters	
FASHIONS FOR WOMEN	Starring ESTHER RALSTON. With Einar Hanson and Raymond Hatton.	Dorothy Arzner	
Elinor Glyn's RITZY	Starring BETTY BRONSON. With James Hall.	Richard Rosson	
CHILDREN OF DIVORCE	Starring CLARA BOW and ESTHER RALSTON With Gary Cooper, Einar Hanson and Norman Trevor	Frank Lloyd	
ROLLED STOCKINGS	Charles Rogers, Richard Arlen and Debutantes of 1927.	Monty Brice	
WEDDING BILLS	Starring RAYMOND GRIFFITH. With Ford Sterling.	Eric Kenton	

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORP., ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES., PARAMOUNT BLDG., NEW YORK

Clara Bow in Rough House Rosie

Treat 'em Rough and Get Your Man!

THE bewitching star of "It" is dimpled dynamite in this story of a girl who got her men by treating them rough. How she does—and how they fall! From The Saturday Evening Post story by Nunnally Johnson, directed by Frank Strayer. With REED HOWES, Arthur Houseman, Doris Hill and Douglas Gilmore.

Bebe Daniels in Señorita

She Should Have Been a Boy!

THOUGH they called her "señorita," Bebe preferred being just Bebe and you know what that meant—she scandalized the town. Everybody said she should have been a boy. With James Hall and William Powell. Directed by Clarence Badger.

Richard Dix in Knockout Reilly

You Can't Keep a Good Man Down!

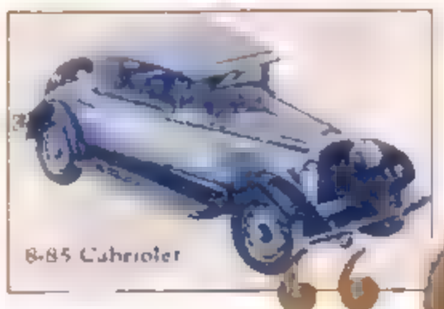
NOT in life, and not in the prize ring, as Richard Dix shows in this thrilling story of the rise of "Knockout Reilly." The fight scenes are as exciting as the real thing and the finish is a knockout! A Malcolm St. Clair Production, from Albert Payson Terhune's story, "The Hunch." With Mary Brian and Jack Renault.

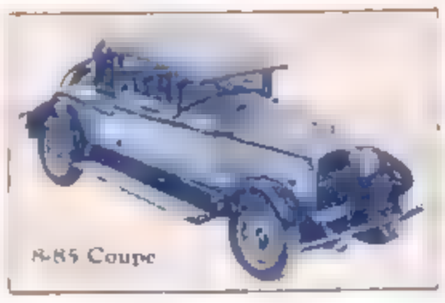
The Whirlwind of Youth with Leila Hyams

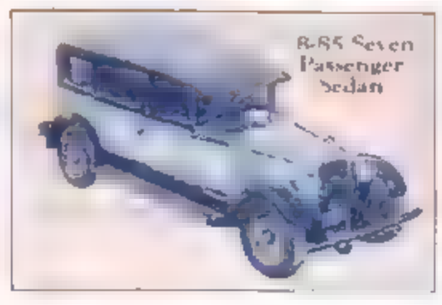
THE searching story of a sheltered girl's first love, of disillusionment in Paris, and regeneration on the field of battle, from the novel "Soundings" by A. Hamilton Gibbs. With Vera Voronina, Donald Keith and Alyce Mills. Directed by Rowland Lee.

Ed Wynn in Rubber Heels

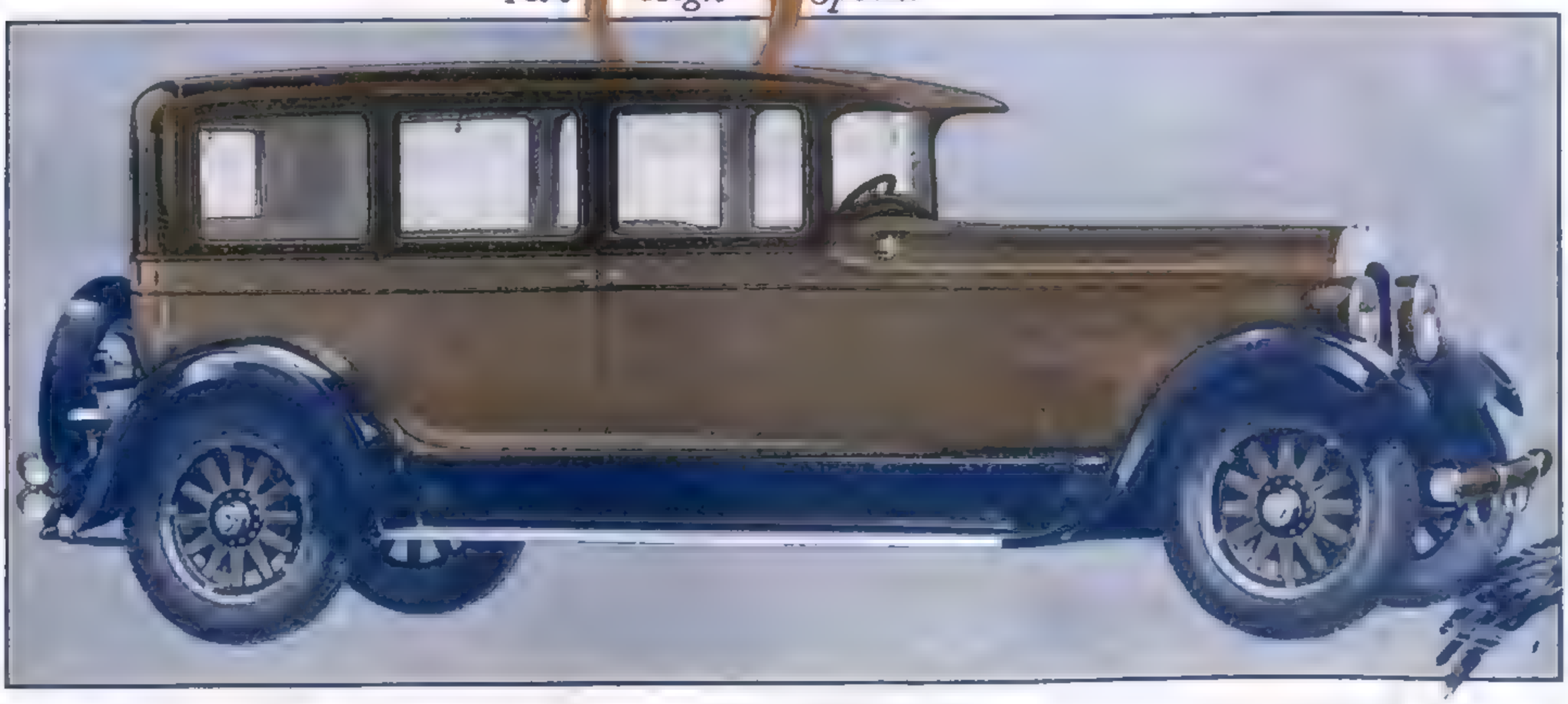
ED WYNN, famous musical comedy star, as a correspondence school detective who solves a mystery through dumb luck and sheer stupidity. He even goes over Niagara Falls to do it! With Chester Conklin and Thelma Todd. Directed by Victor Heerman.



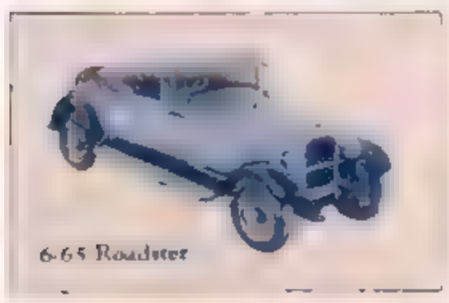


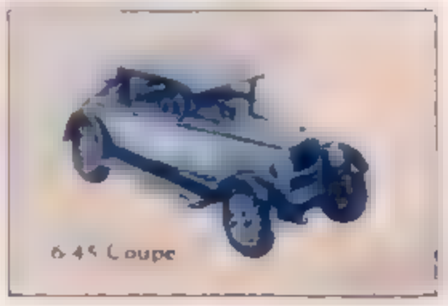


This new "8" completes the ...with Two High Speeds



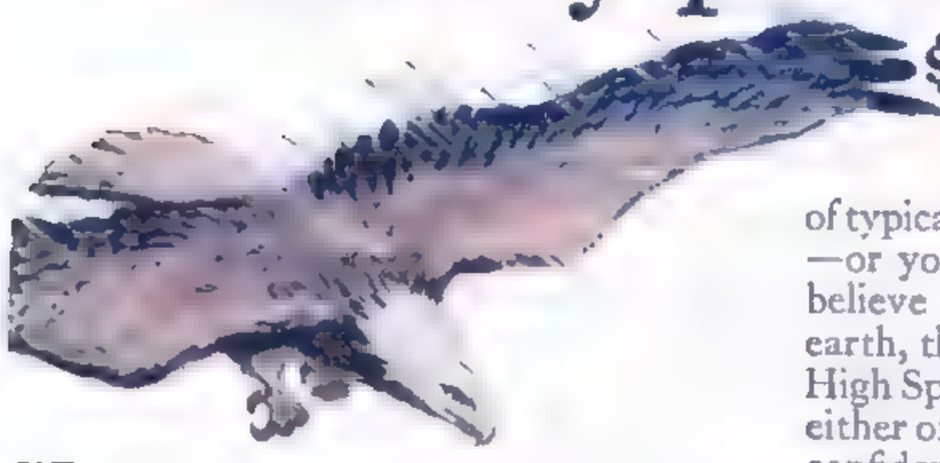
THERE is a new mode of travel for you who travel by land . . . a swifter, smoother, quieter and more luxurious mode than heretofore known to man . . . For in its new "8"—with the inimitable and exclusive Two High Speeds . . . Paige has captured the swiftness of the aeroplane, the restful quiet of the yacht, the luxury of the limited train, and moulded all three into a motor car so surpassingly fine that its performance beggars description . . . By reason of an entirely new gear ratio, and a wholly different four-speed Hi-Flex transmission, this Paige carries you over the highway at 70 miles per hour while its engine turns over no faster than your present engine does at 50 . . . It glides you through traffic at 10 miles per hour with uncommon adroitness and smoothness . . . It effects a 30% saving in gasoline in fourth speed . . . It shows longer life and less motor wear because of lower engine speeds at high road speeds . . . It runs all day at mile-a-minute speeds without strain . . . Its matchless pickup, in third speed, rivals the leap of a scared rabbit . . . third speed, too, carries you up and over the steepest hills with amazing swiftness . . . Words cannot convey one-tenth of the sheer unalloyed joy with which you travel in this wonderful car . . . By all means be one of the first fortunate ones to enjoy the experience.





The MOST BEAUTIFUL CAR IN AMERICA

PAIGE line of 20 charming body types and color combinations on 4 chassis in *Sixes and Eights* at factory prices from $1095 to $2795...



YOU who shun the commonplace in all your personal possessions will be quick to sense the unprecedented opportunity for *personal expression* afforded by the wide range of the new Paige line.

Your motor car (if you choose a Paige!) can now be as *individual*, as *exclusive*, as intimately *yours* as the home you live in or the clothes you wear.

There are in all 20 separate and distinct Paige cars on four fine chassis in both Sixes and Eights—finished in all the hues of the rainbow. And every single one is of traditional Paige quality, traditional Paige performance, and traditional Paige beauty.

You can buy a 5-passenger brougham of typical Paige quality for as little as $1095—or you can acquire what we honestly believe is the finest performing car on earth, the eight-cylinder sedan with Two High Speeds, for $2355. And you can buy either of these—or any of the 18 others—confident of receiving not only one of the finest performing, finest appearing cars on the market—but one of the greatest actual dollar-for-dollar values as well.

Paige cars are as honestly priced as they are honestly built. You cannot buy a quality motor car for less than the Paige price. But because of the many economies possible in a plant so efficient as the great new Paige plant, you can reasonably expect to get greater actual value in any Paige car.

Paige long ago won universal acceptance as THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CAR IN AMERICA.

Today the *style leadership* of Paige is unquestioned. Paige bodies are beautifully moulded and exquisitely finished. Paige interiors rival the luxury and perfect good taste of the finest clubs and drawing-rooms.

And underlying the exquisite beauty of Paige cars, are chassis by all odds the finest even Paige has ever built. And for 18 years Paige cars have been noted for dependableness and unfailing reliability. You find balanced crankshafts and even balanced propeller shafts, bronze-backed bearings, air cleaners, silent chain timing, and the supreme safety of Paige-Hydraulic 4-wheel brakes.

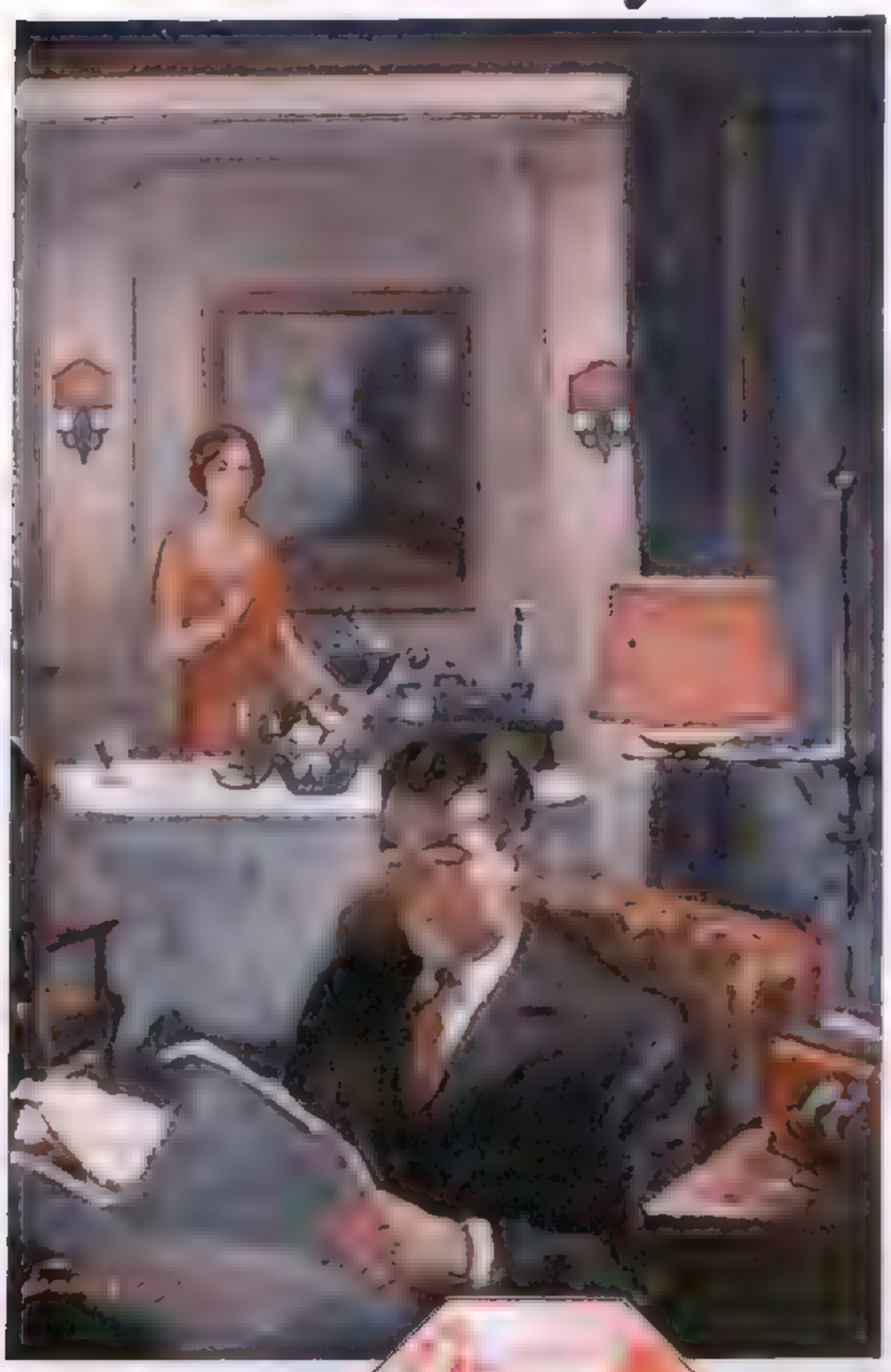
No matter what size or type of car you are considering—no matter what price you intend to pay—you will always regret it if you buy without asking your nearest Paige dealer to show you the 20 pleasing varieties of THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CAR IN AMERICA.

(892)

6-45 Sedan

Worldwide Dealer Organization . . . One of the Newest and Finest Plants in the entire Automobile Industry . . . 18 Years Under One Management Building Fine Cars Exclusively . . . Never Reorganized — Never Refinanced

Don't let your house *stay* old fashioned



Have you a switch at every door....or do you grope for the lights? Have you cords trailed from lighting sockets, instead of outlets handy for your lamps, your iron and your vacuum cleaner? There are millions of half-done electrical jobs in homes now—installed before the days of the complete G-E Wiring System. Why not bring them up-to-date? Wiring improvements are just as easy to order as new paint for the house. And they cost no more.

Call in a reliable contractor, and tell him you want a G-E Wiring System—all the new work to be done with G-E Wiring System materials. He does his job swiftly—without fuss or muss—adds switches and outlets, builds in lifetime quality. In this simple way, your home can have all the delightful comfort and charm of the modern "home electrical," whether it's old or new.

The G-E Wiring System is a system of housewiring embodying adequate outlets, conveniently controlled, and using G-E materials throughout.

Merchandise Department
General Electric Company
Bridgeport, Connecticut

G-E WIRING SYSTEM
—for lifetime service

GENERAL ELECTRIC

(Continued from Page 68)

adaptability they may remain with us for a period of training—six months to two years. After six months' instruction we allow our students to give head massage, simple facials and manicures, shampoos and ordinary waving. During their apprenticeship they practice on one another and on their instructors. When they become efficient enough to be considered regular assistants or operators, we put them on our pay roll.

"Frequently we find that a student is better fitted for field work. If she has a good personality and can talk fluently, we may send her out to establish agencies for us in other cities, paying her a salary of from twenty-five dollars to thirty-five dollars a week, also her traveling expenses and a commission on sales in the stores where she places our products.

"We prefer to train our own operators and demonstrators," she went on, "although many of the other large beauty-culture concerns recruit their assistants from graduates of beauty schools, of which there are several hundred throughout the country.

"We have no difficulty in placing our students in various positions in our firm, as we now have many branches.

"I would advise any girl who wants to take up this business, or profession, for it is both," she continued, "to investigate thoroughly the school in which she plans to secure her training or the beauty shop where she expects to serve as an apprentice. As in every other business there are all kinds of institutions for training, and it is always wiser for the beginner to enroll in a school or beauty-culture establishment which is well-known in her own locality for its reliability. There are about 350 of these schools operating in various states, under permits, licenses or health-board regulations, according to the state in which they are conducted, and they are organized under the Association of American Beauty Culture Schools.

"On the other hand, many leaders in the beauty-culture industry believe that an apprentice course in an established beauty shop gives the student an opportunity for more practical training. This, of course, is a matter of individual choice. Some beauty shops and salons as well as the licensed schools give single courses, if the student wishes to specialize in one or two treatments. These range in price from eyebrow shaping and coloring, at fifteen dollars, to permanent waving, at fifty dollars to seventy-five dollars. An all-around course generally costs from $100 to $250 and covers a period of from three months to one year. It usually includes such subjects as manicuring, shampooing, scalp and facial treatments, bobbing, permanent waving, marcelling, therapeutic treatments, face steaming, electricity, lectures on anatomy and physiology, also business ethics and salesmanship.

"The salaries for operators vary somewhat according to the size of the establishment and the locality," she went on, "but generally, in the cities, they average from twenty dollars to thirty dollars a week for manicurists, thirty dollars to fifty dollars for marcellers, permanent wavers forty dollars to seventy-five dollars, and facials thirty-five dollars to fifty dollars. General assistants trained to give various treatments, not including permanent waving, receive from thirty-five dollars to sixty dollars. The tips received by the operators must also be taken into consideration.

"I must emphasize again," she said, "the opportunities in this field for the woman who wants to go into business for herself. The principal advantages over many other occupations for women are that you can start with little or no capital, as I did; you can make your home your headquarters—this is being done by women throughout the country, with excellent financial returns, especially in the smaller cities and towns; you don't need an elaborate shop or equipment in a high-priced locality to attract customers; each satisfied client will give you plenty of free advertising."

In conclusion I asked this successful beauty specialist to give me a few general rules for women who are planning to enter the field; advice, born of her knowledge of the business, which could only have been acquired through years of practical experience in this vast industry.

"First, I would say," she replied, "be sure to acquaint yourself with the laws of the state in which you are planning to conduct your business. Beauty culturists are multiplying so rapidly that the states are finding it necessary to legislate regulations controlling various phases of the business. Sixteen states require examinations.

"Do much of the work yourself for a few months. Hire but one assistant until your business begins to grow substantially. If you have installed a permanent-waving machine, operate it yourself unless you can afford to employ someone as experienced as yourself.

"On the other hand, don't think that you are obliged to install a permanent-waving machine in your beauty shop when you start. Two of the largest and most successful beauty specialists in the world have become famous on hair treatments and facials alone.

"Don't be above exercising constant vigilance in regard to the sanitary conditions of your shop or salon. Daily inspection of all appliances, booths, closets and rooms is the price of freedom from irretrievable mistakes and lawsuits.

"Be up-to-date. Attend occasionally, if possible, the salon or school where you received your training and take a few lessons in any treatment you may be especially interested in or feel the need of brushing up on. Thus you will improve your own methods and widen the scope of your work."

—FRANCES FISHER DUBUC.

SOUTH OF PANAMA

(Continued from Page 35

nations of South America, which have been developed out of European stocks as well as native blood, will quickly abandon European ties. The visitor to South America, nevertheless, finds that in recent years great progress has been made in the extension of sanitation and in the introduction of American machinery. Railways have been the crying need of most of the countries, and the billions from the United States have made railway development possible.

Colombia has built more miles of railway in the past five years than any other country in South America, and is still continuing construction. Here is a country which for many years cherished a grudge against the United States, but which today is being benefited immensely by American capital. Colombia felt that President Roosevelt acted precipitately in recognizing the independence of Panama when that country revolted from Colombia. It took many years of negotiations and finally the payment of $25,000,000 by the United States to make amends. That very payment, however, has done more than any other single thing since the partition of Panama to convince South Americans that, while the United States may not always act wisely, her desire is to act fairly.

The payment of the $25,000,000 enabled Colombia to begin a series of public works and has had an important influence in enabling her to borrow extensively in the United States further sums for railway development. It is not unusual, of course, for foreign capital to enter the South American field, as 70 per cent of the Argentine railways, which total about 23,000 miles, were built by British capital. About 94 per cent of the railways of Uruguay were made possible by British capital.

Recent development in Colombia has come coincident with exploration for oil. A pipe line 350 miles long, passing to the coast 30,000 barrels a day, has been unable to take care of production. A second pipe line of the same length is now being constructed. The ancient city of Bogotá with small loans is being transformed into a model community, with extensions of electric lights, more miles of paved streets, new school buildings and a city incinerator. Colombia derives considerable revenue from oil taxes and it may be that oil will prove the saving grace of many South American countries.

Venezuela, Colombia, Peru, Argentina and Ecuador have in the past five years drilled more extensively for oil, with the highest production figures reached by Venezuela and Colombia.

It is estimated that approximately $100,000,000 has been invested in Colombia by citizens of the United States since the treaty of amity with Colombia was signed. It used to take eight days to get from Bogotá, the capital of Colombia, to the sea. An airplane makes the trip now in eight hours, and railway development will make possible the movement of freight from the interior and will probably transform Colombia into one of the most progressive nations of South America.

Relations between the United States and Venezuela have been peaceful for many years, due to the fact that General Gómez has introduced a parliamentary system of selecting a chief executive which has all the aspects of a benevolent dictatorship. Oil has made it possible here to build highways and you can go from east to west in Venezuela by motor. There are, of course, dire predictions as to what will happen in Venezuela if the present executive should pass from the stage, but the fact is that Venezuela has made substantial progress, and if her leaders learn a lesson from the experiences of Mexico after the dictatorship of Porfirio Diaz, they will not permit the country to become despoiled by selfish politicians.

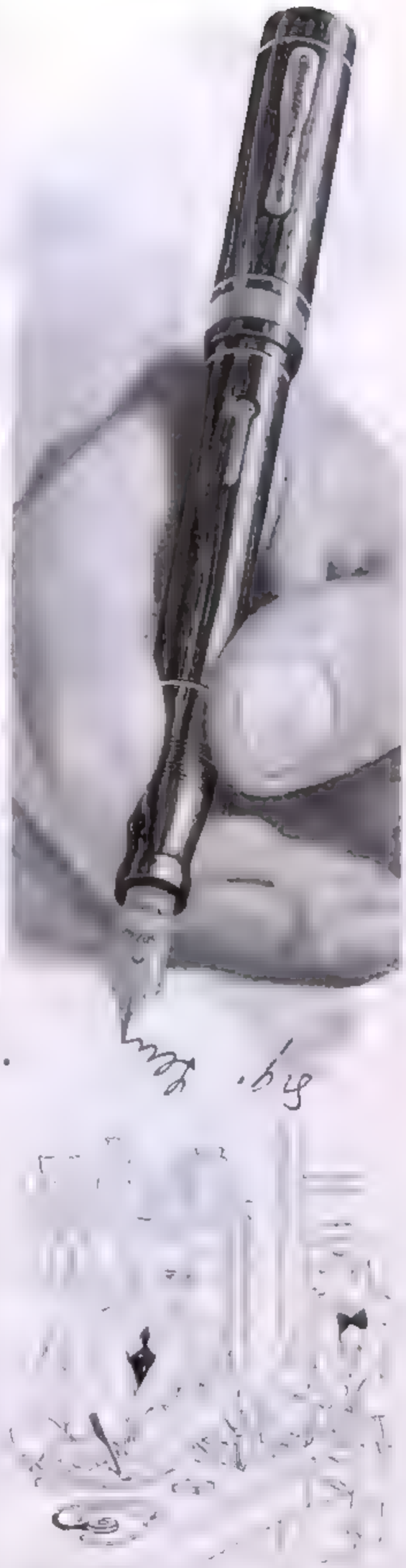
British, French and Dutch Guiana are very little heard of in the United States, though they occupy an important territory in the northern part of the continent. The parent countries have been too busy in recent years to pay much attention to their colonies, and their own nationals have been much more interested in possible developments in other South American countries.

Brazil has been the best friend the United States has had in South America for a century. These traditional ties have been strengthened in recent years. Except for an occasional difference of opinion on the subject of coffee valorization there has not been the slightest suggestion of a controversy. And the diplomacy of Brazil has been a great aid to the United States in allaying suspicion of the motives of this country.

Brazil at the moment is receiving a large Japanese immigration. There are approximately 30,000 Japanese in Brazil. They find themselves particularly adapted to the lowlands and furnish splendid labor in the rice fields. Brazil has large quantities of bamboo, the utilization of which may furnish new occupations for the Japanese.

Commercial relations between the United States and Brazil are steadily growing. In fact, Brazil shows the largest increase in foreign trade of any South American country, though in volume of transactions Argentina still retains the lead. Brazil continues to send the largest amount of her exports to the United States and also buys more from the United States than from any other country in the world.

Uruguay, which is somewhat larger than New England, is a prosperous country, with more than 1,500,000 people. She has, for example, about 32,000,000 head of livestock. The sale of wool recently netted that country about $12 per person. Officially



WORTHY of the hand that wields a scalpel is the Conklin Mahogany Endura pen. Doctors and professional men like this pen that renders smooth-flowing efficiency and is covered by an unconditional guarantee of free service forever. The $7.00 model is shown. Short model $5.00. Other Conklin pens, all prices, all colors, all models. Pencils to match.

The Conklin Pen Company
TOLEDO, OHIO
CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

Conklin
ENDURA
Unconditionally & Perpetually Guaranteed

For outings and home use . . .

Individual Dixies Take the Place of Glasses

YOU can now buy Dixies the size of tumblers for every-day use. An attractive and most convenient way to serve milk, water, and any cold or warm drinks, at your table. Dixies are sturdy as glasses, at a fraction of the cost. No breakage—and no glasses to wash.

For parties, Individual Dixies are just the thing—giving an inviting touch to the serving of ginger ale, iced and mixed drinks. They are white, translucent, and most appealing. Hostesses make a "hit" with them at luncheons, bridge and evening parties.

For outings and touring, Individual Dixies are almost indispensable. You can get them in 10¢ and 25¢ packages to fit in a pocket of your car.

Dixies may also be had with snug fitting covers to carry salads, jellies and desserts on your outings, and after use may be thrown away, so trifling is their cost. They are handy for those who carry their lunch every day.

And you can get smaller size Dixies in cartons of 100 for use at home in the bathroom or kitchen, wherever the members of your family go for drinking water between meals. A neat metal home dispenser for 15¢ holds the carton. The common "family glass" is dangerous to health, and Dixies are a great convenience.

They are the same sturdy Dixies you find everywhere today—at the better Soda Fountains, in the stations and coaches of railways, in theatres, hotels, restaurants, and as containers of individual portions of the best grades of ice cream.

Buy Dixies at the stationery, grocery, drug or department store. If your dealer happens to be out of stock, please give us his name and address, and we shall see that you are supplied.

INDIVIDUAL
DRINKING CUP CO., Inc.
EASTON, PA.
Original Makers of the Paper Cup

Nowadays they eat and drink from *Individual* DIXIES

In the Office—In the Home—Out of Doors

Uruguay has been friendly with the United States, but in recent years there has been an overflow of anti-Americanism from Argentina which has affected the students in Montevideo and other sections of the country.

Up La Plata River, Paraguay is recognizing the importance of friendly relations with the United States. Possibly this is partially due to the fact that Paraguay is sandwiched in between larger countries and needs outside friendships as potential aid. As a matter of fact, Paraguay is enjoying a renaissance. Her primitive life has lately been undergoing radical changes. She has a rich soil and the possibilities for foreign capital are almost unparalleled. To induce foreign capital liberal laws have been passed.

Somewhat the same situation was witnessed several years ago in Bolivia. In fact, American capital has stimulated Bolivia ever since she settled her dispute with Brazil and began opening up her mining resources. Today Bolivia leads the world in the production of tin. She has other valuable ores. It was Ramondi, the Italian geologist, who characterized Bolivia as "a table of silver standing on legs of gold."

Argentina is the second most populous country in South America, and the wealthiest. For many generations British, Italians, French and Spaniards have emigrated to the Argentine Republic, and there has developed a strong and virile Argentine nation. The true reason for anti-Americanism in Argentina has been variously conjectured. It is supposed, for example, that Argentina aspires to leadership in South America and feels that the diplomacy of the United States should never be permitted to gain an ascendancy in that part of the world. It is difficult for the statesmen of the Latin countries to realize that the people of the United States, as well as their Government, do not covet power in Argentina any more than they would covet it in South Africa.

Successive Secretaries of State have been at pains to demonstrate to Argentina the disinterestedness of the United States—in fact, to emphasize that nothing would give the Government of the United States more real gratification than the development in South America of strong and powerful nations that could assist their weaker neighbors in the struggle for a place in the sun.

Friendly Acts Misconstrued

There are the usual jealousies between Argentina, Brazil and Chile—jealousies which are fomented by injudicious press comments as well as unfortunate episodes. When the United States, for instance, agreed to send a naval mission to Brazil at a time when the latter country was considering naval expansion, it was the subject of much unfriendly comment in Argentina, where the thought was implanted that the United States was somehow building up a powerful friend in South America for ulterior motives.

The inside story of the incident reveals that the invitation to the United States to send a naval mission was brought about by those who felt that an American naval mission was to be preferred to a British naval mission, and that also it was clear that the United States gladly would send a naval or military mission to any South American country which cared to invite American cooperation in the efficient management or administration of an army or a navy.

Chile has borrowed considerable sums from the United States and has made excellent use of foreign capital. The standard of living in Chile has been materially raised through the development of her resources. For a long time the relations between Chile and the United States were not so friendly as they might have been. Americans have attributed this unfriendliness to various causes. Before the European war, German influence was blamed for some of the anti-Americanism in Chile, particularly since a German military mission trained the Chilean army.

It is a historic fact also that Chile blocked the efforts of President Wilson to draft a Pan-American treaty whereby the independence of each country of Central and South America would have been mutually guaranteed against aggression. Chile objected particularly to that provision of the proposed treaty which would have guaranteed a republican form of government, her Foreign Office taking the position that whether a country desired to be a republic or empire was a question of sovereignty which could not be in any way impaired by a general treaty with other countries.

Nitrate is Chile's greatest asset, and the Chileans just now are watching with much interest the development of synthetic nitrate in Germany and other countries, as it already has cut down exports to Germany. The mines of Chile are rich, however, and new methods of making fertilizer at a lower cost are being developed. On the whole, Chile is an excellent example of what a Latin people has been able to accomplish in South America.

American Financial Advisers

The dispute between Chile and Peru over the provinces of Tacna and Arica has been going on for thirty years, and the efforts of the United States to bring about a settlement appeared for a while to be the basis for a revival of anti-Americanism. There are many Americans who wish that the United States had not offered its good offices, as the controversy seemed a hopeless deadlock anyhow. But though the United States decided first that a plebiscite, or referendum, should be held, and later was compelled tacitly to admit that the conditions did not permit a fair election, the people of several South American countries have been impressed with the sincere desire of the United States to remain absolutely neutral as between Chile and Peru.

National pride prevents a settlement of the question, because Chile, which has retained possession for many years, does not wish to give any impression of surrender; while Peru feels that the provinces were originally her territory, and should be restored, just as Alsace-Lorraine was to France after more than forty years. The latest proposal of the United States—namely, that Bolivia be permitted to purchase the disputed provinces so as to obtain an outlet to the sea—may some day form the basis of an equitable settlement, but not so long as emotion and national pride interfere with logic.

Peru has been uniformly friendly to the United States, though at times during the efforts made by the American arbitrators there was a fear that the plebiscite might be held on a basis which would be unfavorable to Peru. Opinion in Latin-America is still divided as to whether the whole question could have been decided without a plebiscite, and by the friendly negotiations of civilian instead of military diplomats. So long as it remains unsolved, peaceful relations may at any time be disturbed in South America, and it would not be surprising if on the renewal of conflict there should be alliances involving other South American countries. This is all the more reason why the diplomacy of the United States to bring about a settlement will continue quietly but persuasively at both Lima and Santiago, as well as in Washington.

Going northward along the coast we reach Ecuador, which has been perhaps the most backward of all the South American countries. New life has recently been injected into Ecuador, however, because of the incipient oil development. A special commission of American financial advisers, headed by Prof. E. W. Kemmerer, of Princeton University, who is also the president of the American Economic Association, has lately been reorganizing the fiscal system of the country and developing a tariff and customs service which will assist Ecuador in increasing her revenues.

Professor Kemmerer has also served as financial adviser to the governments of Mexico, Guatemala, Colombia and Chile; and he, together with the members of his commission, will go to Bolivia this year to aid that country. Here is a group of Americans engaged by the governments of foreign countries who have no connection with the United States Government. They are doing a remarkable service in reorganizing the financial systems of the countries they visit Besides Professor Kemmerer, the commission consists of Oliver C. Lockhart, head of the Department of Economics and Finance of the University of Buffalo; H. M. Jefferson, of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York City; Robert H. Vorfeld, special expert, from the United States Tariff Commission; Joseph T. Byrne, fiscal adviser; B. B. Milner, expert in railroading, who has been associated with the Pennsylvania Railroad and the New York Central; and Edward F. Feely, who has served as commercial attaché of the United States in South American countries.

An Excess of Borrowing

This commission has had an unusual experience it has not been the subject of public criticism There has never been the slightest suggestion of American interference. The advisers have, of course, installed systems which make things difficult for local grafters, and every now and then there have been outbursts from those who were adversely affected by the reforms proposed; but on the whole the work has been recognized as constructive and nonpolitical.

The greatest need of South America is population to develop her resources, as well as capital to employ the population already there. Whereas there are 123 people per square mile in Europe, Brazil averages only ten persons per square mile, Colombia thirteen, Bolivia about three, and Argentina seven. These figures can be compared with the average in the United States of thirty-two persons for every square mile. There are, of course, congested cities and sections, just as in the United States; but, on the whole, much of South America is in the same condition for pioneering as the United States was in the days of '49. Machinery, electricity, the automobile and other facilities are, however, available in the twentieth century, so that, given the necessary capital, development can nowadays be accelerated. A country can move farther in five years now than in twenty-five years of the past century.

The political relations between the United States and the countries south of Panama are on the whole friendly, but the seeds of friction are to be found in the economic problems which may arise out of the various loans made to the South American governments. American funds have been available in abundance, but there has been a tendency recently to urge the governments not to borrow so heavily just because the money is available.

In the United States, municipalities and states were drawn into an era of extravagance when their tax-exempt bonds became so much in demand. The readiness of American bankers to lend money to South American countries has in some instances led to what some critics call an excess of borrowing. Where the borrowings have

(Continued on Page 78)

The *Special* Sedan on the Special Six Chassis

The Smartest Thing in Motor Car Design

—*the French-Type Back*

With classically beautiful French-type rear contour and French roof design, and its rich ensemble of costly car features, the *Special* Sedan pictured above possesses magnetic appeal for those most keenly perceptive of motor car style and quality.

Furthermore, it offers you a 7-bearing motor—*the world's smoothest type*—whereas older motor designs employ only 3 or 4 crankshaft bearings.

The *ultra*-modern motor has 7 great main bearings—because 7 can do what 3 or 4 cannot—in bringing you performance of far greater power-*smoothness* and power-*quietness*.

So in the *Special* Sedan you get the latest in body style, the latest in engineering, and the latest in fittings and appointments too.

The upholstery is gray Mohair Velvet, heavily tufted. The finely fashioned steering wheel is of real walnut and the inside window mouldings, door panels, instrument board, and crowned panel above, are of walnut finish.

Included in the surprisingly low price are such notable features of equipment as Gabriel Snubbers at front, 4-wheel brakes of special Nash design, and 5 disc wheels.

(5402)

43 Years

A Continuous Advertiser In THE LADIES' HOME

The Procter & Gamble Company began advertising in The Ladies' Home Journal in 1884 (within a year of its first issue) and has advertised in The Ladies' Home Journal every year since that date—a total of 43 years.

The business firms, whose names appear on opposite page, are among those who have advertised a total of 20 years or more in The Ladies' Home Journal.

This group of successful business institutions, after more than twenty years of experience with advertising in The Ladies' Home Journal, placed a larger advertising investment in The Ladies' Home Journal in 1926 than in any previous year.

Throughout forty years The Ladies' Home Journal has been supreme among all monthly women's publications from the viewpoints of---editorial content---circulation---advertising lineage---advertising revenue.

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

JOURNAL

and 1927

The first four months of 1927 show the largest advertising volume and the largest advertising revenue in the history of The Ladies' Home Journal.

And the April issue is the largest in advertising lineage and in advertising revenue ever published.

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Armour and Company	34
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The Packer Manufacturing Company, Inc.	34
Colgate & Co.	33
Daniel Green Felt Shoe Co.	32
The Mennen Company	32
The Warner Brothers Co.	32
Charles B. Knox Gelatine Co.	30
The Quaker Oats Company (including Aunt Jemima Mills Branch)	30
The Cudahy Packing Co.	29
Curtice Brothers Company	29
S. C. Johnson & Son	29
Leonard Refrigerator Company	29
"Onyx" Hosiery Inc.	29
Postum Cereal Co., Inc. (including The Jell-O Company, Inc., Minute Tapioca Co. and Igleheart Brothers, Incorporated)	29
Cream of Wheat Company	27
Swift & Company	27
The Allen-A Company	26
Eaton, Crane & Pike Company	26
Merrell-Soule Company	26
The Royal Baking Powder Company	26
The Bon Ami Company	25
Dennison Manufacturing Company	25
The Hoosier Manufacturing Company	25
Mum Mfg. Co.	25
Oneida Community, Ltd.	25
Victor Talking Machine Company	25
The Sprague Publishing Co.	24
Three-In-One Oil Company	24
Campbell Soup Company	23
Dr. Denton Sleeping Garment Mills	23
H. J. Heinz Company	23
S. Karpen & Bros.	23
William Skinner & Sons	23
Landers, Frary & Clark	22
R. Wallace & Sons Mfg. Co.	22
The Welch Grape Juice Co.	22
The Andrew Jergens Co.	21
The Palmolive-Peet Company	21
The Printz-Biederman Company	21
United States Shoe Co. (Krohn-Fechheimer)	21
Wm. Underwood Company	20

This list is limited to those who invested more than $10,000 in 1926

Costly Machines Need Good Oil

The very life of your sewing machine, vacuum cleaner, washing machine or other costly electrical appliances, is the delicate, swift-running motor. Inferior lubricating oil—heavy, straight mineral oil or greasy "fish" oil—clogs the action, sooner or later lays up your machine for repairs, or may even cause its "death rattle." For economy's sake, use

3-in-One

Prevents Rust · OILS · *Cleans & Polishes*

3-in-One is a combination of oils, scientifically compounded to provide just the right "body" or viscosity for adequate lubrication, to flow freely, to penetrate deeply, stay in the bearings and oil perfectly. Never gums. Does not collect dirt or lint, but flushes all foreign matter out of bearing. Use freely and regularly and save repair bills.

Don't ask for "machine oil." Ask for "3-in-One"—and to be sure you get it, look for the Big Red "One" on the label. Avoid inferior imitations and substitutes.

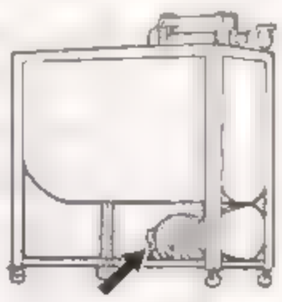
Sold and recommended by good stores everywhere in 1-oz., 3-oz. and ½-pint bottles; and in 3-oz. Handy Oil Cans. For general household use—cleaning, polishing, preventing rust and tarnish—use the economical ½-pint bottle. For oiling, use the Handy Oil Can.

FREE: Liberal Sample and Illustrated Circular. Request both on a postal.

THREE-IN-ONE OIL COMPANY
130 LC. William St. New York, N. Y.

33 YEARS OF CONTINUOUS SERVICE

Oil the motor of your vacuum cleaner with 3-in-One every time you use it.



To save washing machine repair bills, keep oil cup of motor well lubricated with 3-in-One.

Don't neglect the tiny, high-speed motor of your electric vibrator. 3-in-One prevents wearing friction.

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been used for "unproductive purposes," as the phrase is used in diplomacy, there is a tendency to discourage the flotation of loans. It is not considered good finance for governments to borrow money with which to pay current operating expenses. The cure in this case is the increase of local taxation to balance the budget. The borrowing of money to build new projects through which the government hopes to stimulate the prosperity of its people is, of course, in another category; and much of the money which has been borrowed from the United States has gone into the building of railroads, the deepening of harbors and the improvement of municipalities.

The chief danger to friendly relations between the United States and South American countries lies in possible difficulties that may arise over the so-called hypothecation of revenues. In many instances, before American bankers would consent to lend money, they have stipulated that the foreign governments should make the loans a direct obligation of the government, secured by a lien on revenues derived from particular classes of taxation. In other instances the loans are a first mortgage on physical property of public utilities and on net earnings from the operations of some of these properties. The taxes on tobacco, liquors and the slaughter of cattle, as well as taxes on the gross revenues of railways, are used in some instances to secure American loans. Some of the newly created royalties from oil lands are included in the service of the bonds floated through bankers in the United States.

These loans frequently provide that a country shall not diminish its taxes until the bonds shall have been paid. This means that the legislative body has made a contract with foreign bondholders which cannot be altered without the consent of the latter. In one case a commission went to New York to plead with the bankers to give their consent to the alteration of the loan contract which had been entered into several years before; but the bankers pointed out that they had, of course, sold the bonds to Americans and foreigners throughout the world and that it was obviously impossible to secure the consent of all the bondholders. The country in question dropped the matter, but it did not improve political relations. In fact, those very foreign bonds dropped several points on the market when the discussion arose as to a change in the original loan contract.

With No Lien on Revenues

It may well be argued that the American bankers should not make the loans which tie the hands of the South American countries so that they cannot undertake any revision of the tax systems without the consent of the bondholders. But on the other hand, if a country is in a condition to pay for its bonds and refinance its loans, there is no need of asking the consent of the foreign bondholders. To refinance, however, is a difficult matter, because the bonds are callable at a high rate because of their long maturity; and so it sometimes would be more expensive to refinance than to permit the present loans to remain unchanged.

As the credit position of any country improves, the opportunity for its bonds to rise to a point above par is obvious; so, by careful attention to revenues and the balancing of budgets, it is possible for any South American country to overcome the handicaps of a loan which required as security the hypothecation of revenues. It is a fact also that unless such security were given, foreigners would not buy the bonds and the South American countries would not get the necessary capital. In corroboration of this point—namely, that the American bankers are not imposing these conditions because they choose to do so but because of the difficulties of selling these bonds otherwise—one need only observe that neither Argentina nor Chile will permit any provision in their bond contracts which will affect in any way their tax revenues. Thus, in the loan contracts with Argentina, for instance, a general statement like the following is to be found:

"Bonds are to be directly external obligations of the Argentine Government. The government will covenant that if, while any of these bonds remain outstanding, it shall create or issue any guaranty, in accordance with the Argentine constitution, any loan or bonds, secured by a lien on any of its revenues or assets, the bonds of this issue shall be secured equally and ratably with such other loan or bonds, or such guaranty."

Somewhat the same idea is conveyed in the loan contracts with Chile, which provide:

"Bonds will be the direct obligation of the republic of Chile, and principal and interest will be payable in time of peace or war, irrespective of the nationality of the holder. If in the future the republic shall issue or dispose of any bond or loan secured on special revenues or assets, these bonds shall be equally and ratably secured therewith."

Founded on Precedent

Naturally, these two strong countries have reached a point where the whole world knows that they deserve better credit arrangements than the unstable countries. The fact that these difficulties are due more to the credit conditions of a country than to any desire on the part of American bankers to get their clutches on the financial revenues of the borrowing country is the saving grace of the situation, for otherwise there would be more criticism of the United States.

It so happens that before the war other countries, like Great Britain, always insisted on hypothecating the revenues of countries to which loans were made. Thus American bankers are following important precedents. Great Britain has managed through all her years of lending to preserve friendly relations with the borrowers, and it is therefore to be expected that the diplomacy of the United States will be exercised in such a way as to maintain friendly relations, notwithstanding the usual difficulties that arise between creditor and debtor, particularly in times of stress.

The American bankers have not been so rigid, on the other hand, as were European bankers before the war in requiring that the proceeds of all loans should be spent in the country where they were floated. American bankers have the feeling that this might work too much hardship on the borrowing country, and that the latter ought to be permitted to buy materials in the cheapest market, irrespective of whether it is in the United States or elsewhere.

Naturally, however, since the United States is nearer to South America than is Europe, and since quantity production has made it possible for industry in the United States to compete on favorable terms with

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"Foolishly . . I thought it never could help me"

Everywhere tired, nervous, despondent people have found thrilling health again . . . *easily, naturally*

"My painting *makes it necessary for me to do a great deal of travelling. I may have a commission for a portrait in New York and then one in California.*

"*This constant travelling, in connection with the continued strain entailed by my work itself, resulted, a short time ago, in my feeling always tired, run down, nervous.*

"*While in this plight I was advised by some friends to try eating Fleischmann's Yeast. I had long known of yeast, of course, but somehow had not thought it would do me any good. Nevertheless, I decided to try it, and I started at once to eat it regularly every day.*

"*The result, I am happy to state, passed all my expectations. My tired feeling disappeared, my nerves grew strong, and today I begin each day's work with a zest that I had not known for many years.*"

Lattanzio di Firmian, New York City

HOW simple and easy it proved to be!—for him, as for the thousands more who have found perfect health through this amazing fresh food.

Fleischmann's Yeast does two things. It keeps the system internally *clean*. And it helps to keep it healthily *active*.

A corrective food—that is what yeast is. A living plant. Unlike medicines, which stimulate the system to temporary, abnormal activity, yeast is the easy, *natural* way to banish constipation. It purifies the digestive tract, preventing the absorption of dangerous poisons by the body. It strengthens sluggish intestinal muscles, aiding the processes of elimination.

Start today: make Fleischmann's Yeast a part of your regular diet. Your digestion will become normal, your sleeplessness will disappear, your skin will resume its rightful freshness—soon you will look and feel your old self again!

All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Buy two or three days' supply at a time and keep in a cool dry place. Write for a free copy of the latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. D-35, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York City.

Count Lattanzio di Firmian, *Italian painter, at work on a sketch of a beautiful Chinese girl in one of California's famous gardens*

BELOW

MISS LEONA ERRICO of St. Louis sends us this snap-shot, taken on her recent Round-the-World Cruise. Miss Errico writes that for several years she suffered from stomach trouble. "I was unable to eat any highly seasoned foods," she says, "without being troubled by indigestion. This condition lasted until a friend suggested the use of Fleischmann's Yeast. I began eating two or three cakes every day. Within a very short time all traces of indigestion disappeared, and I can truthfully say that this simple remedy has toned up my entire system. I have now been eating Yeast for many months and I have recommended it highly to many of my friends."

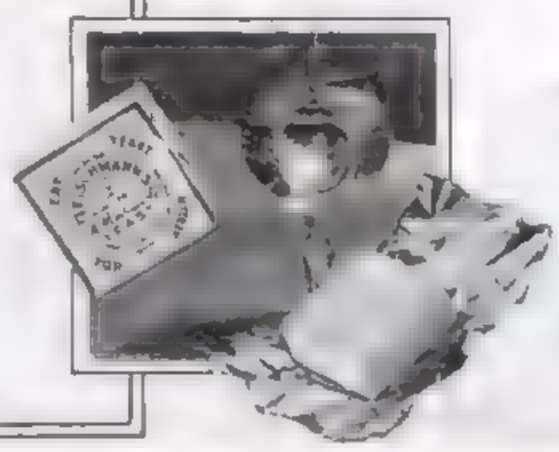
Leona Errico, St. Louis, Mo.

"I BECAME a regular hermit: I was so ashamed of the eruptions on my face that I gave up dancing and sports. I used practically every known article to try to cure myself but instead of getting better my face got worse. One day I happened to glance at an advertisement of Fleischmann's Yeast. I sent for a booklet and read it through and through. Four months have passed now and my face is entirely free of the embarrassing eruptions. But I am still taking Yeast, and always will. I eat it plain, one cake before every meal. It has the same effect as candy on a child—I always want it."

David H. Sayka, Jacksonville, Fla.

Do this—to regain the joy of radiant health

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one cake before each meal: just plain in small pieces, or on crackers, in fruit juice, milk or water. For constipation physicians say to dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before meals and at bedtime. (Be sure that a regular time for evacuation is made habitual.) Dangerous cathartics will gradually become unnecessary.



"I WAS actually afraid I should have to stay out of high school, I felt so wretched. After trying all kinds of remedies I almost despaired of ever finding anything that would rid me of my constipation. I was practically a nervous wreck . . . And then, on the advice of my cousin, I started eating Fleischmann's Yeast. Today I feel fine. My friends all notice the remarkable change in me. I am strong and full of energy—no longer always tired and nervous. I feel like a different person. Fleischmann's Yeast has helped me back to splendid health. I gladly recommend it to others who may be suffering as I did."

Doris White, San Jose, Calif.

SEALRIGHT
Pouring Pull and Liftright
MILK BOTTLE CAPS

Try this Easy-to-Remove Milk Bottle Cap

See for yourself why Sealright Caps are easily and quickly removable—without splashing or spilling and without an opener! Send coupon below for liberal supply of these patented time and temper savers.

The new Sealright Liftright Cap (shown above) is a little wonder. Simply lift the little tab, pull gently and cap is out in a jiffy. The patented groove makes it easy.

The Sealright Pouring Pull Cap (shown below) provides, in addition to the patented groove, an opening through which to insert straw for serving in original sterilized milk bottle. No glasses, bother or mess and much more sanitary than old-fashioned caps.

FREE SAMPLES

Send coupon below today for Free Samples. See why Sealrights are superior to all other milk bottle caps. Try them.

SEALRIGHT CO., INC.
Dept. PC-4, Fulton, N. Y.
Please send me, free of charge, samples of Sealright Liftright and Sealright Pouring Pull Milk Bottle Caps.
Name....
Address
In Canada—Canadian Sealright Company, Ltd., Peterborough, Ontario.

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European countries, much of the money lent to South American countries by citizens of the United States has not actually left the United States, but has been spent in this country. The fact that a credit is established in New York City on which South American countries can draw makes it easy for them to buy goods from American firms, who can be paid promptly by checks on New York depositories. Unquestionably, most of the money borrowed by South American countries which has been spent for the purchase of raw materials has been expended in the United States, and thus has aided in keeping factories going and production at high levels.

The economic future of the United States is tied up to no small extent in its export trade. That export trade has been increasing south of Panama. American investments have naturally meant the introduction of American goods and products. The Anglo-Saxon and Latin minds do not always concur; but the success of the British and the Germans in trading with South America has challenged the American to be equally tolerant and patient, and equally resourceful, in adapting himself to the methods of the Latin countries.

New burdens have been placed on the diplomacy of the United States, because the economic problems arising out of the export of American capital south of Panama have involved delicate political relations. This will continue to grow as North American capital helps to develop South America. And the South American peoples know that for many years to come they cannot expect from Europe much economic coöperation. On the other hand, the United States came out of the war stimulated in production to such an extent that she became the banker as well as the vender of most essential commodities.

Fate has willed it that the terrible destruction which followed the outbreak of the European war in 1914 should keep the Old World busy for years to come readjusting the populations and restoring old channels of trade.

But meanwhile South America is in a period of renaissance; and with the aid of American capital, there will truly be in the next twenty years an era of unparalleled progress, politically, socially and economically, south of Panama.

THE MAKING OF A MERCHANT

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community so that he was able to talk a big Western clothing manufacturer into starting him in business on his own account.

His opening day was quite an event on Market Street, with an orchestra playing, flowers, and telegrams galore from wholesale firms, and hundreds of well-wishers dropping in to congratulate Jenks on his new enterprise and to get the leather bill books that he presented as souvenirs.

Jenks' sales policy was timely if not quite original. Everyone remembers how strong the spirit of organization was just after the war and how new societies were constantly starting up, most of them with altruistic motives and salaried secretaries. It was said that any person with imagination enough to think of a good slogan could organize a society and get himself elected secretary at a good salary. Jenks affiliated himself with movements. He joined a couple of luncheon clubs, the Boosters' League and the Better Citizenship Society and got his name in the newspapers frequently as a supporter of these commendable organizations. On one occasion he was invited to make an address at the Y. M. C. A., and he chose as his subject Honesty in Business; it Pays, which, as anyone must realize, looked like mighty good publicity for his clothing store.

Just after this there was a drive made by a number of the civic societies to equip children's playgrounds, and Jenks threw himself into this movement with tremendous enthusiasm. The morning the drive started he had a full page in the newspaper in which he stated that childhood was the most sacred thing in the world, and that every true American felt a tugging at the heartstrings at the sight of happy kiddies at play. There were some cuts of little boys and girls dancing around a Maypole and sliding down an inclined board; then some more wording about the kiddies' being the hope of America; then, at the bottom, a statement that Al—Cash—Jenkins handled the finest line of kiddies' togs in the city and sold them at lowest prices.

The Helping Hand

Some of us older merchants thought this was pretty raw, but people weren't inclined to be very analytical at that time, and I guess these stunts actually brought Jenks some business. What really started him downhill was another matter. He belonged to most of the secret-order societies in town—in fact, at the period of his greatest activity as a merchant it was said he attended a different lodge meeting every night in the week—and it happened that one of his societies put on a campaign to increase its membership to 1000 and to put up a handsome new lodge building. Jenks was a tower of strength in the membership campaign and was rewarded by being elected to one of the offices, yet he did not allow this honor to diminish his zeal in the humbler part of the work; and it was a matter of remark that on initiation nights he outdid himself in cordiality toward the nervous candidates, taking pains to make them feel at ease by his hearty handshakes and his inspirational words of advice. But one fatal night the master of the lodge, seeing Jenks back a candidate into a corner, was curious enough to get within earshot, and heard certain words.

"You're one of us now," said Jenks, shaking the initiate's hand warmly, "and it's customary for lodge brothers to help each other out. Here's my card. When you need anything in the clothing line don't forget to give me a call!"

When the story of this enterprise was noised about, Jenks naturally lost caste with the brotherhood, for the bulk of the membership had different ideas as to the functions of their order. At one stroke he pretty well lost the trade of 1000 influential citizens, and within a year he was on the rocks.

Organization Enters Business

Whenever I read a report in the trade papers that such and such a bankruptcy was the result of lack of capital, I always wonder if that was really the reason. You can often learn more about business from failures than from successes. There is usually something dramatic about a failure—some human reason that you can put your finger on—while a success is generally the result of years of steady, unexciting plugging. I can't think of any better comment on merchandising than what old John Gazley said to me one night when we were walking home together after a meeting of the Centreton Merchants' Association. John ought to know something about the subject, for he started on nothing and has made something like $250,000 out of his furniture business.

"No one can be too much of an egotist," he said, "and make a success of the merchandising game. You've got to put yourself in other people's shoes. Every morning when you go into your store you ought to try to look at it as though you were a customer; to imagine whether or not you would spend your hard-earned money for the things you see at the prices that are marked on them. If you can honestly believe you would, then you are in the way of becoming a merchant!"

I have always considered the year 1900 as marking the dividing line between the old and the new in American business. Before that time we had pretty generally followed Old World tradition, with the turning of the century we began to strike out into new paths and to create traditions of our own. In a small way my own organization of a department store out of my general-merchandise establishment was typical of the times, for during the early years of the century organization was in the air. One reason for this, I think, lay in the fact that during this period many of the so-called captains of industry who had developed during the Civil War and the boom times immediately afterward began to drop out of active business life, and finding no individuals with capital enough to buy their enterprises, it was usual to incorporate their holdings and to sell stock to great numbers of people as an investment. Modern big business can be said to date approximately from the year 1900.

The changed conditions reacted on business everywhere, and especially on retail business during the years immediately following. Merchants began to feel the competition of the big mail-order houses that sent their catalogues into every nook and corner of the country. Chain stores began to multiply. Whereas in 1900 the three-dollar-pants emporium was the only outside-owned retail establishment in Centreton, by 1905 there were fully a dozen stores operated as branches of country-wide organizations.

About this time, too, there was quite a trend toward coöperative stores, the object of which was to sell merchandise at cost to the people who owned stock in them, and so eliminate the retailers' profit. Everywhere the idea gained ground that if a business was run on a big scale it could undersell the small man.

Of course, a lot of our merchants became scared at this trend of events and there was a good deal of talk up and down Market Street along the lines suggested by old Bolivar Simpson when he talked so pessimistically to me about the Twentieth Century three-dollar-pants emporium. Old Bolivar himself threw up his hands altogether and went out of the shoe business when a big New England shoe manufacturer opened up a store next door to him; and some of the other merchants might as well have followed suit, because about the only fight they put up was to tell the public in all their advertising that they ought to be patronized on account of being local men who kept up the schools and churches, and so forth, while the chain stores did nothing except send their profits out of the community.

Delegated Authority

Naturally, there is some logic in this kind of argument, because it is better to have the business of your town conducted by local men; but the argument doesn't go very far unless you back it up with prices and service equal to what anyone else can give. Two or three things made me believe we local merchants would be able to hold up our ends against any outside competition. In the first place, I had learned by hard experience that a big business is harder to run economically than a small one. When I first went into business and was doing around $75,000 a year, I always figured that if I could double my sales my profits would more than double, because with a larger volume of business I could buy my goods in larger quantities and cheaper. Well, as the years went by I did double my sales and I did buy my merchandise some cheaper, but my cost of doing business went

(Continued on Page 84)

It's Coming-
The WOLVERINE
In all the woods there is none whom it fears. In all the woods there is none so strong for its size . . . The Wolverine lends its name to the newest American automobile—by one of the oldest American builders. On all the roads there is none so strong for its size.
LaRoss

THE NEWEST *AMERICAN* CAR BY ONE OF THE OLDEST *AMERICAN* BUILDERS

A modern Six Cylinder Speed Truck had to come!

GENERAL

Prices

1 Ton [*Model T-20*] . . . $1095

2 Ton [*Model T-40*] . . . $1950

2 Ton [*Model T-50*] . . . $2050

Chassis F. O. B. Pontiac, Michigan

GENERAL MOTORS
HEAVY DUTY
TRUCKS *and* TRACTORS
2½ to 15 Ton Capacities

GENERAL MOTORS TRUCKS GMC

EXCEPTIONAL DEALER OPPORTUNITIES IN UNOCCUPIED TERRITORIES

MOTORS

has produced it

equipped with

BUICK

VALVE-IN-HEAD ENGINE

A NEW assurance of safety and ease in the most congested traffic . . . instant control at a touch . . . flowing smoothness and power at *all* speeds . . . driving comfort truly a revelation . . . these features are now combined with the most rugged durability in this latest offering of General Motors to the commercial world.

Modern traffic demanded such a truck! And the incomparable resources of General Motors have been mustered to the task of creating it. Technical research, operating experience, unequaled manufacturing facilities, and the conclusive tests of the General Motors Proving Ground have all had their share in producing this superbly *modern* truck —modern in design, modern in its fitness for present day needs.

See and investigate it, now on display at distributing points throughout the United States. A truck powered by the famous Buick six cylinder engine, vibrationless beyond belief; and equipped with a complete new line of General Motors-built bodies. A truck supreme in *flexibility*, supreme in *stamina*. And equally remarkable in price, because of General Motors volume production.
GENERAL MOTORS TRUCK COMPANY,
5801-6600 W. Dickens Ave., Chicago, Ill.

GENERAL MOTORS TRUCKS

Employ a Good Painter . . . . Good Painters use EAGLE

Now another paint economy—this *quick break up* of Eagle White Lead

HOMEOWNERS as well as master painters are interested in this new quick method of preparing Eagle Pure White Lead paint for the painter's brush.

By this method your painter can break up 100 pounds of Eagle Pure White Lead to paint consistency in less than ten minutes*—making Eagle the easiest paint for the painter to prepare for the brush.

Two factors make this economy possible—the unique design of the Eagle keg, and the smooth uniform consistency of Eagle White Lead.

Write for a free folder describing this new method—tell your painter to write for free instruction chart. *The Eagle-Picher Lead Company, 134 North La Salle Street, Chicago.*

EAGLE *Pure* WHITE LEAD

OLD DUTCH PROCESS

*Eleven Plants—
Branches in all principal cities*

THE RECORD: Tommy Rambolt of All, Vanderwarf and Brother, Chicago, holds the present record. His complete time for breaking up 100 pounds of Eagle was 3 minutes, 58 seconds.

(Continued from Page 80)

up a little every year as my store grew. When I had only a dozen clerks my records showed that it cost me about sixteen cents to sell a dollar's worth of merchandise. By the time I had fifty clerks it was costing almost twenty cents. The reason, of course, was that when my business was small I could watch all the details myself, but when it grew beyond that point I had to delegate authority to someone else; and it is against human nature that a salaried employe should be quite as efficient as the man who owns the business.

That was the reason I figured the great mail-order houses and the branch stores of big corporations that began to compete with us along in the early years of the century would never crowd out us local Centreton merchants. No matter how skillful the heads of the big corporations might be, they were so fearfully handicapped by delegation of authority that we had to be only ordinarily efficient to meet their competition and sell our goods as reasonably as they did.

Tangled Up in Red Tape

It is funny how little things will stick in your mind sometimes. One day, along about 1903, I think it was, an automobile stopped in front of my store, bearing a New York tag. It was one of the old-time single-cylinder affairs, with a little door in the rear and the engine underneath the body, and evidently the long trip it had made was proving too much for it, because the driver had crawled below and was lying flat on his back to do some tinkering. Automobiles were a novelty in Centreton at that time and quite a crowd had collected, in the front rank of which I saw the big colored boy named William Jones, who worked for me as porter. A chum of William's stood beside him, and this other boy demanded of William if he believed he ever could learn to run and repair so complicated a machine.

"Nobody ain't no more than human," William answered solemnly; "and there ain't nothin' another person can do that I can't learn to do my own self!"

Well, I felt about the competition of big business the same way that William Jones felt about learning to run an automobile. The men who were at the head of the mail-order houses and the chain-store corporations were only human like myself, and their problems were harder than mine because they had to spread their genius all over the map. Perhaps they might buy their goods 10 per cent cheaper than I did, but they had to run their shows at long range and with hired managers, while I was on the job personally, and there was nothing to prevent me from learning the inside of the merchandise game as well as they had learned it.

It was in 1904 that we had in Centreton our first chain department store. It was established by Hartwell's, the big New York wholesale concern that had, it seems, absorbed a number of factories and needed a larger volume of sales than was offered through its regular jobbing business. The Centreton store was Hartwell's first venture into the retail field, but they planned to establish stores from coast to coast if this one proved a success.

At that time we had two other department stores in town—mine and that of Henry Gilder, who had graduated from the general-merchandise class a couple of years previously. I was doing around $400,000 a year, and Henry, I think, about a fourth less. Hartwell's opened up with quite a blare of trumpets. They had not been able to secure a Market Street location, but took a three-story building on First Avenue, the principal cross street, and fitted it up in really first-class style. The fixtures alone cost more than $50,000. One day, after the place had been going about a month, I ran across Henry Gilder in the chamber of commerce rooms and we got to talking about our new competitor. I guess we were both a little down in the mouth, for Hartwell's had been stressing pretty hard on the direct-from-factory idea, and claiming to sell cheaper on account of greater buying power, and so forth, and both of us confessed we had been running behind in sales since the new store started. Neither of us had been in Hartwell's yet, and finally we agreed it would look better if we would go and pay our respects, because we didn't want to appear like jealous rivals.

Hartwell's manager was a very affable fellow named Morrison, who had got his retail experience with one of the big Chicago department stores, and was reported to be drawing a $10,000-a-year salary for running the Centreton establishment. As he showed us around the place and explained with the greatest frankness all the modern arrangements that had been made for accounting, deliveries, and so forth, I couldn't help the feeling that Gilder and I would have to go some to keep the pace. Yet the store was not exactly homelike. For one thing, all the sales girls wore a kind of uniform, and the men had on black neckties and standing collars; Morrison said it was the policy of the house for the help to dress that way. While we were walking around Morrison excused himself for a moment to speak with a contractor who had been figuring on putting up some kind of electric decorations on the store front for the occasion of the race meet that was to take place the following week, and I heard Morrison say he could not give a decisive answer yet, because he had not heard from his headquarters in New York. When Gilder and I got ready to go we suggested that as Mr. Morrison was now a citizen of the town he might find it a good idea to join the chamber of commerce. He thanked us and said he believed he would like to do so, and would write at once to New York to see if there was any objection to his becoming a member.

When we got out onto the street I asked Gilder what he thought about our new competition now that he had seen it from the inside.

"I feel a lot better," Henry answered. "Of course, Hartwell's are going to do some business, but not enough to break either you or me. They aren't going to be able to sell merchandise any cheaper than we do, in spite of their direct-from-factory arrangements. Just think what a handicap Morrison is under. He couldn't even spend the money to decorate his store front for the races without asking headquarters, and by the time he gets his answer the races may be over. With you or me such a question would be settled in two minutes with a yes or no. Morrison can't even join the chamber of commerce on his own say-so. It's true he may get his merchandise billed to him at a little lower price than we can buy it, but the savings are going to be more than wiped out by all the red tape he's tangled up in!"

Officers and Privates

I felt the same way about it myself, for I remembered what a time I had when I was trying to run the Stewart store under Alfred's directions, without any real authority of my own. Even the big-city atmosphere that Hartwell's worked up by means of their elaborate fittings and their uniformed clerks, I believed was more of a liability than an asset, for with all our 100,000 population Centreton was still a country town. It was only a couple of years before that Denman Thompson's The Old Homestead had played a whole week at our Academy of Music and the railroads ran excursions to bring country people from miles around. It made a great hit, because there was a load of hay on the stage in one act and the farmers liked to see it. So far as I was concerned, I decided to go straight ahead in the old way as though Hartwell's was not there, and try to have my store make up in homelikeness what it lacked in elegance.

I made only one change in policy as a result of the Hartwell competition. In the

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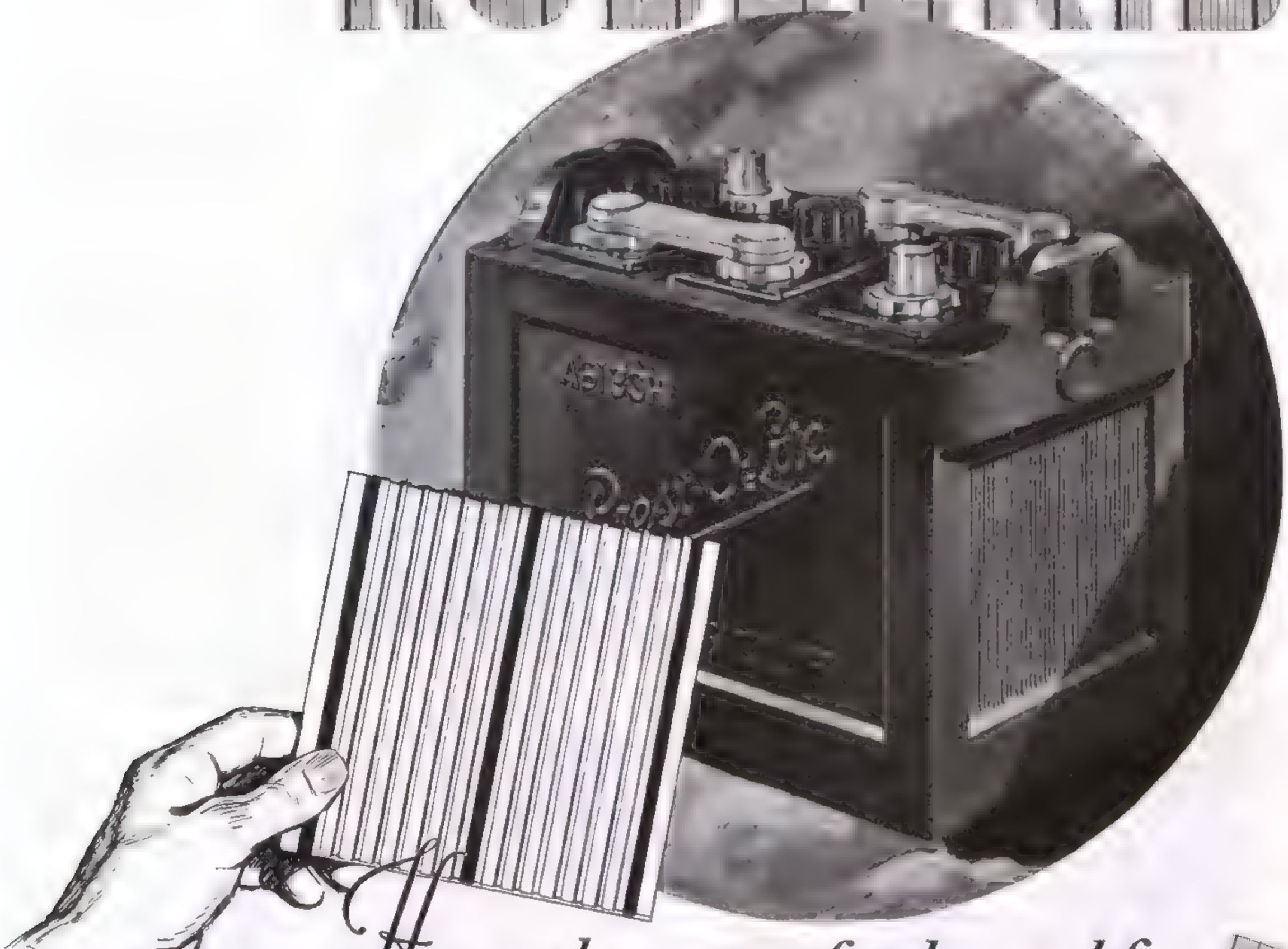
The NEW Prest-O-Lite RUBBERIB



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If so, give a thought to this new Prest-O-Lite Tru-A power unit, said to be the most outstanding radio development of the year. It gives you uninterrupted, clear, full power reception at a cost far below that of any other power unit on the market. Just plug into a light socket and forget it. Ask your nearest Prest-O-Lite dealer to explain its technical superiorities.

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beginning of every business innovation there is a time when a lot of fiascoes occur because of faulty technic; and in those early days of big business there was the fallacy that the rank and file of any organization could be of pretty low caliber if officered by high-priced executives. Hartwell's paid good salaries to Morrison and his immediate assistants, but many of the clerks behind the counters were getting five or six dollars a week and were functioning at about the same figures. The cost of living was going up all the time, with the country's increasing prosperity, and it was natural that Hartwell's had to take pretty much what they could get in the way of help at such wages. From the talk around town, I knew they weren't getting the business that their really fine stock of merchandise entitled them to, and the reason was pretty plain. Selling goods is largely a social matter. When a customer and a clerk face each other across a counter they are, for the time, on terms of social equality, with the clerk in the position of host; and it is expecting too much to believe a person can have drawing-room manners on kitchen wages.

The High Cost of Cheap Labor

I had some cheap help myself; for the nineteenth-century idea was still pretty general that good business management consisted in buying people's services at the lowest possible price; but taking notice of what was going on at Hartwell's, I began to look into the help problem on my own account. I could do this with a fair degree of accuracy, because I had departmentized my different lines and knew the general cost of selling in each one. For a season I analyzed the sales slips of each clerk, and here I made the startling discovery that in practically every case the higher-priced people were doing their selling at a lower percentage of cost than the people who drew minimum wages.

There was one girl, I remember, whom I had engaged to work in the glassware department. I suppose I didn't pay much attention to her qualifications, because she asked only seven dollars a week; if she had demanded more I would have been more particular. We hadn't handled glassware long at that time, and had no means of knowing how much a girl ought to do, so accepted it as a fair business when Emma sold around seventy-five dollars' worth a week. Outside of the fact that Mr. Troop had to teach her it was not quite the thing to chew gum during business hours or to call women customers "dearie," Emma appeared attentive enough and apparently went through all the motions of salesmanship. After a while she quit to take a job at the railroad lunch room, where she thought life would be more exciting, and we advertised for someone to take her place. Mr. Troop always interviewed applicants for positions before sending the best prospects to me for final decision, and along in the forenoon of the day that our advertisement appeared he came back to the office with word that a young woman calling herself Miss Field had applied who seemed very suitable but who wanted a salary of twelve dollars a week to begin with, and that seemed too much for a job where the sales only averaged seventy-five dollars.

I told Mr. Troop to send the young lady back anyhow. She was the daughter of a railroad engineer whose headquarters had recently been transferred to Centreton, and had worked as stenographer in the town where they came from. I asked her why she wanted to work in a store rather than in an office, and she answered that she thought there was more chance for promotion, that she had some talent for meeting people agreeably, and believed she could sell goods. It really wasn't much to go on, but she appeared a high-caliber girl and I told her we'd put her to work. The first week, without experience, she sold more glassware than Emma's average, and within a couple of months she was turning in weekly sales of around $200. On this basis it didn't take much arithmetic to figure that it cost ten cents for a seven-dollar person to sell a dollar's worth of glassware, while a twelve-dollar person sold a dollar's worth for six cents. Putting it another way, the five dollars' difference in salary made a difference of $125 in sales; and all because one girl attracted people by her exceptionally good manners and the other didn't. I might add that when Miss Field finally left the store some years later, to be married, she was buyer for two departments and earning $300 a month.

This was the end of my trying to see how cheap I could hire my help, for I saw there was not only a loss of present profits but also a loss of prestige; because the store that paid such low wages had to take the left-overs from other industries. I read just the other day when one of the big state universities out West made an investigation of the reasons why people quit trading at certain stores, and out of 1000 cases nearly half were claimed to be the result of indifference or other faults of manner on the part of clerks. In one way, a merchant places a certain discipline on himself when he makes a policy of paying fair wages, because he is naturally going to be a lot more particular as to the quality of the person he puts on his pay roll when the salary slip amounts to something.

Hartwell's big store in Centreton never was profitable, and I always laid it to the fact that they put too much stress on organization and too little on human nature. Even the uniforms they had their clerks wear cut them off from getting the best class of help in a small city like Centreton, and this, along with the low wages they paid beginners, made it almost impossible to attract people who were suitable for promotion to the higher jobs. Whenever there was an opening for a good-paying executive position it had to be filled by someone from out of town; so the store was never looked on as a real local institution. The parent organization in New York got into financial difficulties during the panic of 1907, and the Centreton enterprise was sold at that time to Henry Gilder, who took in a capitalist named Scruggs as partner and moved into the Hartwell building.

Small Satisfaction

Another development of those years when the idea of organization was new and people were inclined to believe anything would go if it was only big enough, was the coöperative store. One of these was started in Centreton by the labor unions of the city, and all on account of a row between our merchants' association and the unions. There was really no reason for the trouble, which sprang from a trifling matter connected with the Labor Day celebration one year. It was customary for the unions to raise money for their festivities by publishing a program, and in advance of Labor Day a committee of union men would go around town to solicit advertisements from the merchants. No one believed the advertising amounted to much, but practically all the merchants took space costing anywhere from five to fifty dollars, merely as a good-will offering and to show they were friendly to the unions.

On this occasion, however, an out-of-town promoter had come along and talked the unions into letting him handle the Labor Day program on a commission basis. He promised to relieve them of all expense of printing the programs, besides giving them a percentage of the money received, if they would give him a letter saying he was their authorized representative and let him solicit the advertisements from the merchants. It's an old dodge that can usually be put over on organizations whose members don't know much about business affairs, and the unions fell in with it.

Complications began when the promoter started soliciting among the merchants. He charged double the price for space in the program that the unions had asked in previous years, and some of the merchants balked at the figure. Then it leaked out that the unions themselves were to get only a percentage of the money collected, and more merchants refused to contribute. The promoter retaliated by displaying his credentials and threatening to have any merchant who failed to support the program placed on the unions' unfair list. When things got to this pass a meeting of the merchants' association was called and a resolution was passed that was forwarded to the central labor union. This resolution said, in effect, that the merchants would have nothing to do with the promoter; but if the unions would get out their own program, as in previous years, the merchants would contribute as usual.

It was a foolish move on our part, but, of course, men usually act foolishly when they get into a row. The labor unions couldn't do as we suggested, because they were already tied up to the promoter with a contract; and they came back at us with a threat to blacklist the entire merchants' association. A few of our members got scared and resigned. About the only satisfaction we had was that the promoter made no money out of his Labor Day program scheme.

Nevertheless, he got even. About a month later the newspapers came out one day with the announcement that the labor unionists of the city were to open a coöperative department store based on the plan of the British coöps, and a meeting had been called to perfect the organization.

Capital and Credit

I decided I would go to this meeting, and a couple of other merchants went along with me. The central labor hall was pretty well filled with union men, and no one paid attention to us when we entered and took a back bench. The promoter was on the platform and made a speech telling how much money could be saved by workers if the merchants' big profits were eliminated, and announced that he had already signed up nearly 1000 people to take twenty-five dollars' worth of stock apiece. A committee of the more influential unionists were also on the platform sitting about a table, and after the promoter's speech it was announced these men would take further subscriptions, which were payable at the rate of five dollars down and five dollars a month.

Quite a lot of people went forward. In the crowd was a little Irishman named Fogerty, who worked intermittently at bricklaying and who was pretty well known around town as a weak credit risk. Fogerty hopped on the platform and demanded loudly of the committeemen:

"Of course, every man who takes twenty-five dollars' worth of stock in the store will be entitled to that much goods on credit?"

The chairman gravely replied that such would be the case.

It seems ridiculous that men should believe a business might loan out all its working capital and still succeed; but it pretty well represented the viewpoint of those days, when the idea of organization was new and so many people believed it had a mysterious power in itself. From the schemes that are still occasionally worked around Centreton, it would seem some people are of the same faith to this day. The coöperative department store lasted about nine months and then died a natural and logical death. A fourth of the capital was used up in organization expenses and fitting up quarters. The balance went in rental, in bad debts, in salaries of clerks, in unwise buying that accumulated dead stock on the shelves. But the biggest waste lay in the fact that it was administered by an inexperienced board of directors with small financial interest, rather than by a skilled proprietor who was willing to put behind it every ounce of his strength and ability to make it go, because the profits would belong to him if he could earn them.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Mr. Sprague. The next and last will appear in an early issue

Your home can never be comfortable until you get rid of—

ROACHES · ANTS · BED BUGS · FLIES MOSQUITOES

WHAT is the greatest cause of discomfort in the average home in the summer? Not the heat—most of us can bear that, some of us even prefer it. But the *insects!* Those countless insects that are so devastating to our peace. The ants, roaches and bedbugs that sometimes invade the finest and cleanest homes. The mosquitoes that slip through the screens. The flies that ride in with the grocery boy.

Now—with the new liquid product Flit, you can get rid of every single one of these pests. You can get rid of them with an ease that will amaze you. For Flit not only kills all of these household nuisances, but kills their eggs as well.

Flit has been sold only three years, but even in that short time it has demonstrated its effectiveness so conclusively that it is now on sale in all parts of the world. You can get the already familiar *"yellow can with the black band"* (shown on this page) at the nearest store. With it you buy a Flit sprayer.

To rid your kitchen of ants, roaches and waterbugs, spray thoroughly with Flit, especially in cracks and crevices. As insects appear, spray them direct. Spray around pipes, sink, ice box, baseboards and refuse cans. It takes only a few minutes.

Flit kills the insects and destroys their eggs.

To prevent bedbugs, spray baseboards, cracks, walls behind pictures; spray carefully all parts of the bed and both sides of the mattress, especially seams, bindings and tufts. Flit will not stain nor rust. If actually afflicted with these horrible creatures, spray with Flit, as above, for several days, to be sure that you reach them all. Bedbugs need this drastic treatment.

To kill flies and mosquitoes, first close all the doors and windows. Then spray upwards in all directions, filling the room with vapor. Leave the room closed for ten minutes. At the end of that time, you will see a convincing demonstration that Flit kills *flies and mosquitoes and kills them all.*

All of these insects ruin the comfort of your home; many spread disease. Every home needs Flit for both comfort and sanitation.

© 1927 Standard Oil Co. (N. J.)

Get a can of Flit and a Flit sprayer today. For sale throughout the world.

Join the Health Squad

REROUTING RUFE

(Continued from Page 25

goods and stage stuff to me and holding off on the Yucatan Santa Claus?"

"I thought," answers Bannister, "that you might not be so keen about it on account of it being a kind of speculation. You've been after me to get into some sort of business and work my way up, and this, of course, is a one-time shot."

"It doesn't have to be," I comes back. "Why not learn the rubber game and bounce your way up with it? This looks like a chance to trail the business from the ground floor up. Besides ——"

"Then you approve?" cuts in Rufe eagerly.

While I got a hunch there's a nigger in the woodpile somewhere in the racket, right off I can't smoke it out. It's just possible, of course, that the capitalists, being fond of Rufe—it's easy to get that way—and having cashed heavy on his fights, are rewarding him with a share of some maybe profits, but that doesn't swallow with me so easy. I've been downtown too long to believe in anything more sentimental than compound interest. However, not wanting the boy friend to get the notion that I'm an objector on general principles, I jams on the brakes and brings my Cynical Six to a stop.

"One thing," says I, "and you get my vote. If you are called upon at any time to put up any money in this deal, will you promise to talk to me before doing it?"

"Sure," returns Bannister promptly. "There are no secrets between you and me—and the rubber tree."

"I hope it is a tree," I remarks.

"Eh?" says Rufe.

"And not a plant," I adds.

II

LATE that afternoon the boss of the J. W. Mason Cotton Company drifts over to the desk of his beautiful and efficient private secretary.

"Your friend Bannister settled yet?" he inquires.

"Yes," I replies. "He's a merry milkmaid in a rubber rodeo." And I tells him about the deal.

"Don't like it," scowls J. W. briefly when I finishes.

"That," says I, "makes this firm unanimous; but why don't you?"

"Mainly," returns Mason, "because there is something being given for nothing by a pair of sharpshooters who've been trying to run nothings into somethings all their lives."

"Rufe's going to work in the office," I reminds him.

"For a salary," counters the boss, "that he can't possibly earn, and I haven't any idea what the salary is. What does he know about machinery?"

"As much," I tells him, "as I know of the courting habits of the Peruvian codfish; but he's got savvy enough to look into a freight car and see if there's a machine or forty *hommes* in it."

"I almost believe you," growls J. W.; "but can he tell whether it's a machine for rubber planting or for sheep shearing? Perhaps you don't know it," goes on the boss, "but there have been a lot of fake rubber exploitations lately. I'm not saying that Halgan and Nobles are crooks; but, personally, I wouldn't trust them with a last year's calendar. For your boy friend to play around with that pair of bow-and-arrow men is like an amateur lamb getting into a scratching bee with a couple of professional wildcats. You tell me Bannister's not overly bright in a business way ——"

"Overly bright!" I sniffs. "If he had to change a dime into two nickels he'd have to call in a public accountant and a bevy of adding machines. Handsome, but helpless."

"Made for the movies," suggests J. W., "if he's helpless enough."

"Anyway," says I, my mind on the rubber deal, "seeing that Rufe isn't putting up any money, he can't lose much."

"I was going to give you a raise next week," returns Mason, "but after that remark I ought to dock you. What do you mean—he can't lose much? Is it going to do a young fellow any good to be mixed up with a fake in any way? How do you know they're not going to use him to peddle bilked-edge stock among the sporting folks?"

"I don't," I admits; "but they'll make a cat's-paw out of him only over my dead and shapely form. And right now I'm very much alive, even if not so shapely."

"I've never noticed," says J. W. dryly.

Before I leaves that evening I gets a chance to talk to Dan Groom, a friend of the boss' in the same building, who's flirted around some with the crude-rubber game. From him I finds out that a lot of companies are experimenting with the tire milk in Mexico and Central America; some on the up and up, some on the low and down. I also learns that it takes so many years to get a tree to separate itself from its sap that, if you planted one today, your great-great-grandchild might get a bounce ball out of it to give to his young nephew.

"Snappy business this," I comments. "It's like raising century plants for the Easter trade of 2026."

"Well," says Groom, "if everybody felt about it the way you do, they'd have to go through life without making any mistakes."

"How's that?" I bites.

"There wouldn't be any erasers," he explains, "for the tops of their lead pencils."

Groom promises to get all the information he can for me about Halgan and Nobles and their Yucatan concession, and with that I lets the matter drop for the time being

It's not until a few days later, when I meets Pat Grogan on the street, that the rubber deal plops back into my head.

"Hello, girlie," says Pat jovially. "Had your lunch yet?"

"No," I comes back, "and I'm not going to have it with you. You'd probably wish ground glass into my soup."

"Forget it," grins Grogan. "I was sore at you for a while for hamstringing the best horse in my stable, but that's yesterday's ice cream and it's all melted. You didn't expect me to give you orchids for pulling a couple of hundred thousand berries from under me, did you?"

"Parasites," says I, "take; they never give. Ever think any of making a living on your own?"

"Not recently," returns Pat pleasantly. "I've been too busy ——"

"—— figuring," I finishes, "on schemes for getting your meal ticket back in the ring."

"He's your meal ticket now, Glove," says Grogan, "and I'm through. I know when I've been counted out. Let's be friends."

"The last time I saw you," I reminds him, "you were going to pry Rufe away from me by sicking a lot of high-powered Rubies and Ruthies onto him. 'What one woman can do, another can undo,' you said. Not so many runs in that inning, eh?"

"I gave up," replies Grogan. "I couldn't find a frill that could even give you a contest. You're a beautiful girl, Glove."

"That's the rumor," says I, "down in Yucatan, where the hot-water bottles grow."

"Where?" mutters Pat, with a sudden widening of his canny eyes.

"Be your age!" I snaps. "Don't you think I'm wise to the rubber deal you and Halgan and Nobles are framing up on Rufe? What's the idea—to break him and force him back in the ring?"

"Better change your druggist," growls Grogan. "He's mixing coke in your face powder Where do you get the hoppy pipe that anybody's framing anything on Bannister?"

"You never even heard of the rubber-tree deal, eh?" I asks, sarcastic.

I'm shooting wild in the dark, but Pat surprises me with his clean comeback. "I know all about it," he replies. "A couple of good fellows that like Rufe are giving him a chance to make some easy money. He's not putting up a dime, so where's the frame to break him?"

"The fact," says I, "that you know anything about a deal is enough to make me suspect it. You got a piece of this Yucatan raincoat ranch?"

"No," replies Grogan, "I didn't get in. What do I know about rubber?"

"What does Rufe?" I shoots back.

"He doesn't have to," says Pat. "He's got you, and you know everything, including what there isn't to know."

"Thanks for the ice skates," I bows sweetly. "Do you also provide the ice?"

"If I were you," goes on Grogan, "I'd lay off the movies for a while. You're likely to wake up some night with it all figured out that Cal Coolidge, the Prince of Wales and the mayor of Seattle are in a plot to start a war in Arkansas so as to make Rufe fight again. You seem to have the idea that the whole world stopped breathing when your sheik retired from the ring and is still holding its breath."

"Rufe," says I, "would have made about a hundred thousand for you this year if he'd have remained in the game—yes?"

"Easy," nods Pat.

"Well," I continues, "I'll be convinced that you're letting that bank roll go without a struggle when Christmas and the Fourth of July both fall on September eighth. Maybe you think I've forgotten how you dragged my father out of a sick bed to bag a few measly dollars for you. Maybe you ——"

"I got to go," cuts in Grogan. "See you again."

"Any time," says I, "when you can't stay so long."

On the way to Rufe's new office I begin wondering whether I haven't gone a bit wild over Pat's plots to get the boy's fists into gloves again, but I can't convince myself that I have. Grogan's a bulldog that'll never let a bank roll go once he's got his teeth into it, and I'm sure there's something in the rubber deal aimed to bounce Bannister back in the ring. Just where Nobles and Halgan come in I can't figure, but I do know that both of them have won a lot of money on Rufe; and I have a vague impression of having read that they were interested financially in Pat's fight club, and perhaps in his string of maulers.

Bannister's sitting behind a slick mahogany desk wearing a Rotary smile and a quiet gray tie when I arrives. All about him is spiffy office furniture, shouting with newness and imbedded in the kind of rug you sink in to your armpits.

"How do you like the layout?" grins Rufe.

"When," I comes back, "does the sale of stock begin?"

"Stock?" repeats the amateur magnate.

"In a place fixed up like this," says I, "you don't do business; you do customers."

"There ain't going to be no stock sold," scowls Bannister, "and nobody ain't going to be done."

"How," I inquires, "would you like to trade in a couple of those ain't's for a pair of isn't's? The ain't's don't match the carpet. Been busy?"

"Very," he returns. "I've been running myself ragged trying to hustle up machinery shipments. We're out of luck if we don't get the stuff to Yucatan by the first of October."

"How come?" I asks.

"The way the concession to the Tonara Rubber Company reads," explains Bannister, "we have to start work by that time or lose out. But I think we're all set pretty now."

"That's fine," says I. "See much of Halgan and Nobles?"

"They left for Yucatan a week ago," returns Rufe. "Didn't I tell you?"

"No, you didn't," I snaps. "You holding out anything else on me?"

"What a suspicious mind you have," growls Bannister.

"Maybe," I agrees; "but when a canary goes hunting with cats, it's not a bad idea for a friend of the canary to prowl around with a cocked rifle."

"This canary is not going hunting," comes back Rufe. "He's staying in his cage while the cats go out and bring him bird seed."

"Cats," says I, "are in the habit of doing just that thing. I start my vacation tomorrow, boy, and I hope ——"

"Don't worry," cuts in Bannister. "When you get back, everything will be just like you."

"How?" I asks.

"Lovely," says Rufe.

III

THE letters I get from Bannister while I'm away are encouraging enough, but I'm no sooner off the train than I make a bee line for his office. I want to assure myself in person that everything is still O. K.

It isn't. When I enters quietly to surprise Rufe, I finds him slumped over his desk, looking far away into space. It's some time before he notices I'm in the room, and then he smiles—the sort of smile you see on a dazed boxer's face just before he sags to the floor.

"What's the matter?" I asks. "You look like a notary public the night before his commission expires."

"I'm all right," he mumbles.

"And the Tonara Rubber Company?" I goes on.

"Shot," says Rufe.

"So," I remarks, "there'll be no bird seed for the canary?"

Bannister's lips twitch, but nothing comes from between them.

"Tell me," says I gently, taking his wicked right between my two hands.

"It was all my fault," mutters Rufe. "I knocked myself out with my own punch."

"Tell me," I repeats.

"You remember," begins Bannister, "me speaking to you of the machinery that was to be shipped to Yucatan? When Halgan and Nobles got to Tonara, they kept after me frantic every day to rush it and to let them know just as soon as the factory notified me it was ready to send the stuff"

"And you," I remarks, "didn't get it off in time."

"I never got it off," returns Rufe.

"Well," says I, relieved that the deal had gone up the chute, "there's no use crying over spilt profits."

"Profits!" laughs Bannister hoarsely. "Oh, honey, let me get it all off my chest. Maybe I'll feel better."

"All right," I nods, but on my lips is the taste of ashes.

"The day before the factory had assembled everything ready to ship," resumes Rufe, "their folks came to me and said they'd have to have some guaranty that the goods would be received and paid for by the Tonara Company."

"I see," says I, "and you put up."

"What could I do?" comes back Bannister. "There was no time to waste. The machinery had to be there in two weeks or the concession was lost. Halgan and Nobles were yelling ——"

"How much," I cuts in, "did you give the factory?"

"Nothing," replies Rufe. "The bonds—sixty-five thousand dollars' worth—were put up at the bank with a guy named S. Crow."

"In escrow?" I suggests.

"I guess," says Bannister; "and I was to get the securities back just as soon as all the machinery was landed at Tonara and taken care of."

(Continued on Page 93)

The Man Behind…Your Car

Deep blue glass protects him from the intense furnace light, as he bosses his part of the world's largest electric steel production, in the Timken mill. By the extra endurance of Timken-equipped cars, trucks, buses, and machinery in general, you can tell what fine steel he helps to make for Timken Tapered Roller Bearings.

With their durable material, *POSITIVELY ALIGNED ROLLS*, and tapered construction, Timken Bearings overcome the wear of friction, side-thrust, speed, shock, and torque—in the simplest manner. Therefore gears, shafts, and wheels mounted on Timken Bearings keep running "like new," saving power and lubricant at every revolution.

Utmost assurance of capable, economical, attention-free operation comes from Timken-equipped transmissions, differentials, pinion or worm drives, rear wheels, front wheels, steering pivots, and fans. You certainly want to buy Timken-equipped. You have the great majority of all makes of motor vehicles from which to choose.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO., CANTON, OHIO

TIMKEN *Tapered Roller* **BEARINGS**

CENTER-

the secret of successful

IF you want to know why Goodrich Silvertown Balloons are giving such tremendous mileage, look at this broad, black tread as it spreads before you.

What you see is a tread built on a principle —to meet the needs of low pressure service.

First, you see the center is free from intricate tread design. Those center ribs are what contribute to the Silvertown's noiseless traction.

The non-skid portion contains three-fourths of the tread area. That is why Silvertown's sharp-edged massive shoulders get a full sure grip on the road.

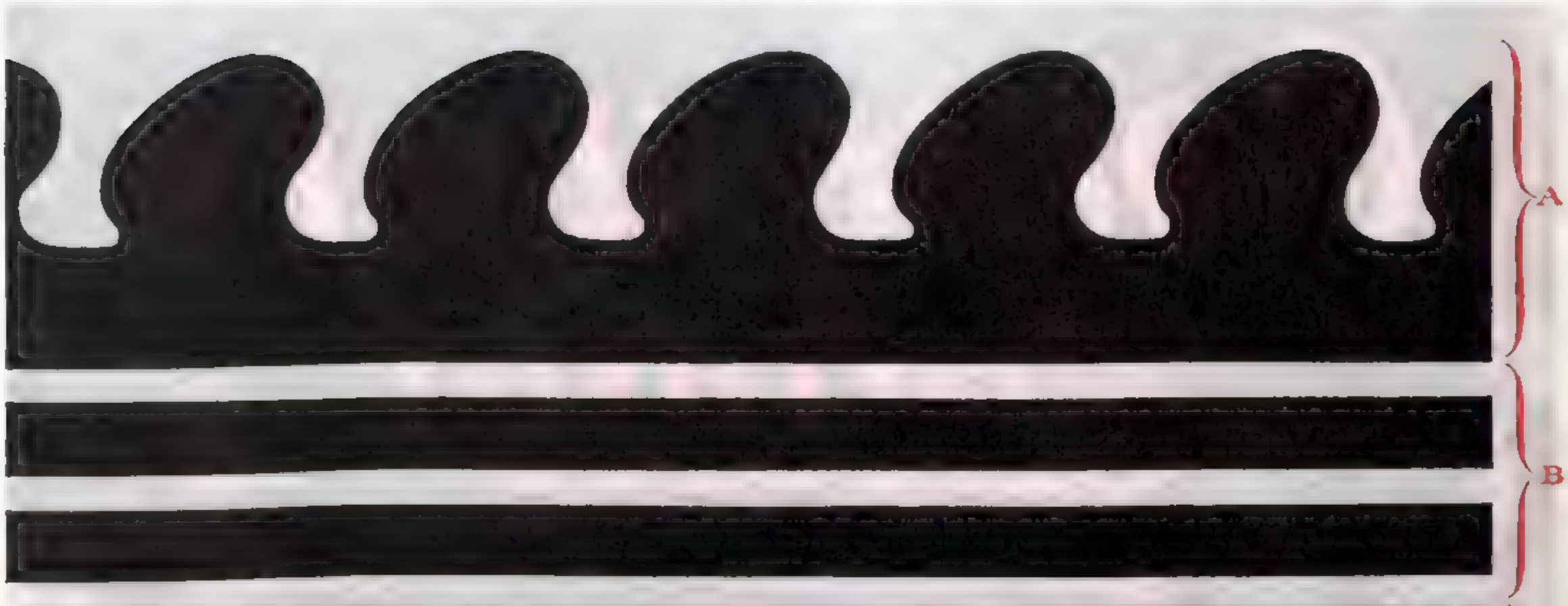
Silvertowns are, therefore, flexible in the center and built to flatten on the road without harmful distortion.

This results in long tread wear and freedom from so-called "cupping."

Next, you see that this tire secures 100% contact with the road. In other words, the design is

Goodrich

"BEST IN



Flexibility

Balloon Tread design

such that all of the rubber is working to give miles of service.

Experience has proved these principles through two years of actual use—Silvertowns have demonstrated their supremacy in long mileage, economy and safety.

THE B. F. GOODRICH RUBBER COMPANY
Established 1870 Akron, Ohio
In Canada: Canadian Goodrich Company, Kitchener, Ontario

LOW PRESSURE VS. HIGH PRESSURE TIRE DESIGN

The high pressure tire needed heavy construction in the center because it rode on the center of the tread.

But balloon tires run at low inflation. The shoulders—not the center—must carry the load.

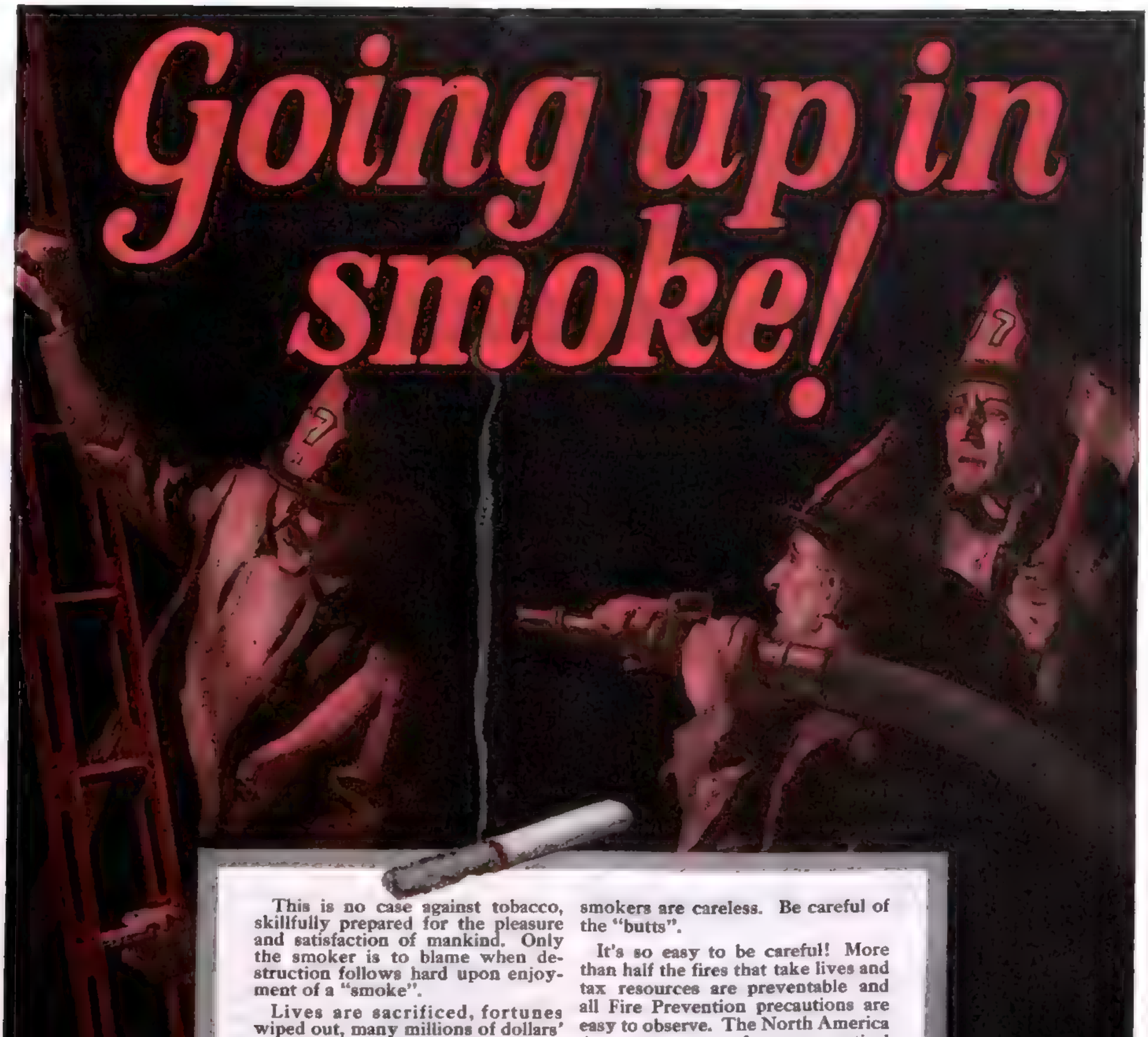
Now note how these principles are carried out in the Silvertown Balloon. Area B (marked at the right above) is only one-third the area of the shoulders A and C. The center is flexible—the massiveness and traction are concentrated in the shoulders, where the weight comes on the tire in use.

Silvertowns

"THE LONG RUN"

Goodrich Radio Hour . . . Listen in every Thursday evening 10 to 11 Eastern Standard Time, 9 to 10 Central Standard Time, over the following stations: WEAF *New York City* WEEI *Boston* WEAR *Providence;* WTAG, *Worcester,* WGR *Buffalo* WJAR *Providence* WCSH *Portland Me* WFI *Philadelphia* WWJ *Detroit* WSAI, *Cincinnati;* WCN *Chicago* KSD *St. Louis* WGR *Buffalo* WCCO *Minneapolis St Paul* WCAE *Pittsburgh* WHAS *Louisville* WSM *Nashville* WSB *Atlanta* WMC *Memphis*

Going up in smoke!



This is no case against tobacco, skillfully prepared for the pleasure and satisfaction of mankind. Only the smoker is to blame when destruction follows hard upon enjoyment of a "smoke".

Lives are sacrificed, fortunes wiped out, many millions of dollars' worth of property destroyed each year—lives and fortunes literally "going up in smoke"—because smokers are careless. Be careful of the "butts".

It's so easy to be careful! More than half the fires that take lives and tax resources are preventable and all Fire Prevention precautions are easy to observe. The North America Agent can secure for you practical advice and assistance in the control of every fire hazard.

The Oldest American Fire and Marine Insurance Company—Founded 1792

Insurance Company of North America

PHILADELPHIA

and the

Indemnity Ins. Co. of North America

write practically every form of insurance except life

(Continued from Page 88

"Didn't you go to Mason or somebody for advice?" I inquires.

"I asked Pat Grogan," returns Rufe, "and ——"

"Go on," I interrupts wearily. "What happened?"

"The same day I cabled Halgan and Nobles the stuff was about to be shipped," answers Bannister, "I got this back from them."

Rufe fumbles through a desk drawer and passes me over a crumpled bit of yellow paper. It reads:

Have canceled machinery. Concession abandoned. TONARA RUBBER COMPANY.

"Wait a minute," says I suddenly. "Who ordered this machinery?"

"In a way," returns Bannister, "I did. Nobles made up a list and I took it to the factory."

"I see," I grits. "And now?"

"All this happened yesterday," says Rufe. "This morning I went to see the factory people. They were up in the air too. Part of the stuff, they said, was already on the way to Yucatan. Instead of offering to give me my money back, they were sore at me for letting 'em in on the deal. They even talked about suing me. I could have knocked their blocks off."

"You should have," I tells him sarcastically. "It would have cleaned up the whole situation. What are you going to do now? Go back and fight for Pat Grogan?"

"No, I won't," says Bannister fiercely. "Not if you'll love me, Glove. I'll go to work for Hoxton. I'll ——"

"Never mind, boy," I interrupts. "There's no use even in crying over spilt capital." I'm boiling over with rage over Rufe's stupidity in letting Grogan, Nobles and Halgan clean him, and over my own in going away on a vacation before finding out more about the Tonara Company; but what's the use?

"Listen," I goes on, "you've got a receipt or something, haven't you, for the bonds you put up?"

He has, and without more ado I grabs it and starts out to see J. W.

"You ain't going to do anything foolish, are you?" calls Bannister after me.

"'Are not,'" I reminds him coldly.

"I don't know what there is to do," says the boss, when I tremble through the story. "You don't even know that there is anything crooked about the deal. How do Halgan and Nobles profit by giving sixty-five thousand dollars to the machine company? It's a big legitimate concern and I'm sure they're not in on it. What's your idea?"

"My idea," I tells him, "is that Grogan, Nobles and Halgan made heavy money on Rufe's fights and the whole rubber thing's a plot to get him back into the ring. They don't particularly care for the boy's savings; but once broke, they figure they have him where they want him. Can't we salvage some of that sixty-five?"

"It all depends on the company," returns Mason. "If they have a quick market for the machinery at the same price, they might turn him back his money; but as I get it, the bonds were put up as a forfeit against acceptance of delivery and payment. The factory could also claim this was special machinery for a special territory and —— Wait, and I'll call in Dan Groom. This is more in his line."

"I found out something about that Yucatan rubber concession you asked me about," are Groom's first words as he enters the office.

"What?" I asks.

"It's not much," returns the broker. "Just a little item in a trade paper. Here it is"—digging into his pockets. "I'll read it to you:

"A newly formed company, the Atlas Exploitation Company, has secured a huge tract of land in Yucatan and will plant it in rubber, work starting at once. The officers of the company are Jefferson D. Nobles, William O. Halgan and Patrick X. Grogan."

"Atlas Exploitation Company!" I repeats. "Patrick X. Grogan! I don't ——"

"Perhaps," cuts in J. W., "it's a holding company for the Tonara concern. Tell Dan the story."

Dan Groom listens intently while I again spiel off the rise and fall of Rufus A. Bannister.

"I think I smell a mice," says he at the end. "Do you or your friend know if there ever really was a Tonara Rubber Company? Is it incorporated? Is it ——"

The phone rings and the boss answers. "For you," he announces, passing over the receiver. "It's Rufe."

"The factory folks just called up," he says. "They want to see me. Shall I go alone or ——"

"Don't go at all," I snaps. "Let me take care of it." And I hangs up.

"Perhaps," suggests Mason, "they want to make a settlement."

"Or perhaps," I comes back, "they want to make him sign a paper giving up the five thousand he has left. If Rufe went there he might take a punch at someone and finish up in the hoosegow. I wonder," says I, turning to Groom, "if ——"

"Sure I'll go with you," anticipates the broker. "You've got some brains and I know the folks over at the Thompson works. Between us we might save something out of the wreck."

Thompson, the head of the machinery plant, turns out to be a decent chap; and after I convince him with the help of Rufe's receipt that Groom and I represent him, he lays his cards on the table.

"This morning," says he, "I felt sure that we were going to face a heavy loss through Bannister. The machinery ordered is a special type for the Yucatan country and is not suitable for other rubber localities."

"And now?" I asks eagerly.

"A few hours ago," returns Thompson, "we received a rush order for similar material from another company operating in Yucatan. We are now prepared to release Bannister's bonds."

I opens my mouth to cheer loudly, when I catches a warning look in Groom's eyes.

"That," says he casually to the machinery man, "must be the Atlas Exploitation Company."

"Yes," returns Thompson, "it is. How did you know?"

"Oh," shrugs the broker, "I keep in touch with the rubber business. I don't think," he goes on slowly, "that we care to release our rights to the Atlas layout."

"What?" gasps Thompson. "I was so sure Bannister would that I ——"

"I know," smiles Groom—"signed a contract for immediate delivery. Eighty thousand dollars buys our rights."

"Are you sure," asks the machine man coldly, "that you have any rights after your cancellation?"

"Have you a cancellation from Bannister?" comes back the broker. "How would you like to give both our rights an airing in court?"

"Five thousand and the bonds," offers Thompson.

"You're on!" I shouts quick, before Groom can open his mouth.

I'm still dizzy when I leaves the plant with a check made out to Rufus A. Bannister and a release on the bonds in escrow. Groom's grinning all over.

"You were right," says he, "about Grogan being in the scheme to break your boy friend, but that wasn't all. Between the story you told me and the clipping, I got jerry right away. There never was a Tonara Rubber Company; there is a real Atlas Company. That cancellation scheme has been worked before."

"I'm out of breath," I remarks, "trying to catch up with you, but I haven't yet."

"It's simple," smiles Groom. "The machinery is ordered; some come-on is led into putting up the guaranty money and then comes the cancellation. The company is left with a lot of machinery on hand. Along drifts another concern—the Atlas in this case—and offers to take it off the plant's hands at a bargain. Usually they get it cheap—at cost—the forfeited guaranty providing the profit."

"But ——" I cuts in.

"In this case," goes on the broker, "Halgan, Nobles and Grogan ran into an honest factory that doesn't have to sell at bargains. The Atlas Company just had to have the machinery right away and met the Thompson price. I knew that the minute we were offered the whole sixty-five for our release. That extra five'll be plastered on the Atlas bill, you can just bet."

"I could kick myself," says I, "for not finding out where and when the Tonara Company was formed, how much was put up and the rest."

"As a rule," returns Groom, "we ask very few questions when we should ask the most—when something is being offered to us for nothing. Is the whole scheme clear to you now?"

"The heart of it is," I tells him, "Grogan, Nobles and Halgan were to get their fighter back and also make a big profit on the rubber machinery. It was wonderful of you."

"You don't owe me any thanks," says the broker hastily. "You owe them to the Thompson Machine Works."

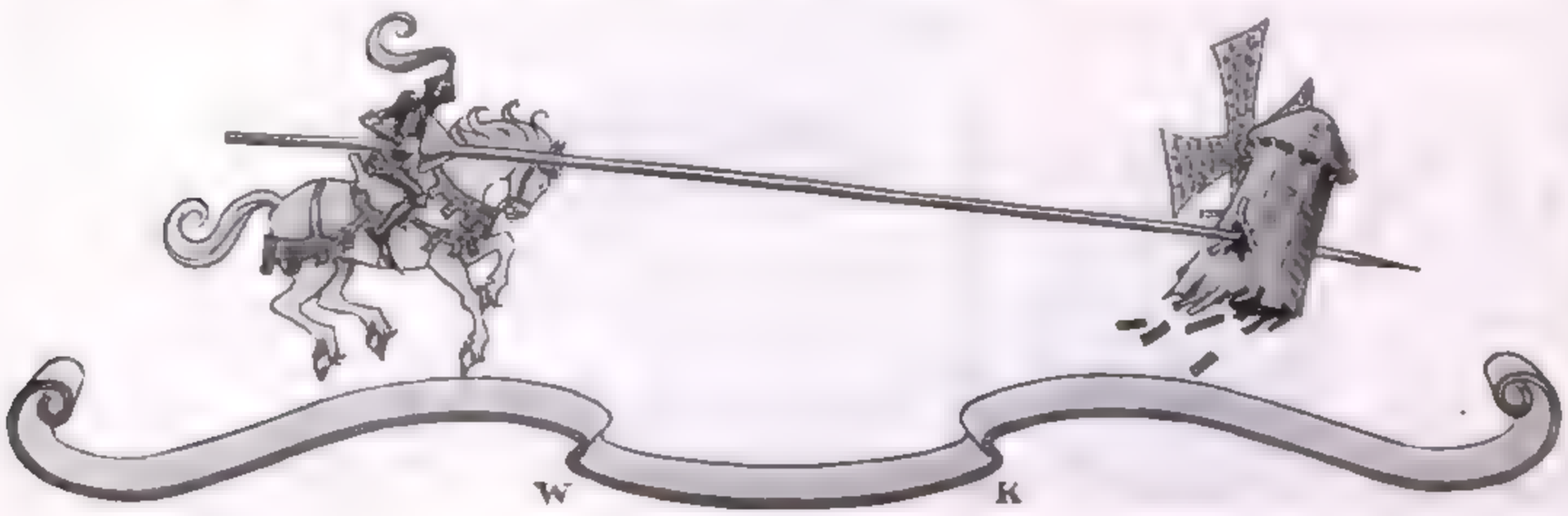
"Maybe," I comes back; "but I can't kiss a machine works." And I smacks Groom heartily on the cheek.

I waits until Rufe calls on me that evening before handing over the papers and the story that goes with them.

"The dirty crooks!" snarls Bannister. "To think that I'd fall for a game like that!"

"You sure fell, boy," says I.

"What a sucker I was!" growls Rufe. "They even made me believe that rubber came from trees."



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"Thinking you might be interested, I am sending you a photograph of one of your Red Edge Shovels which was in one of our paving gangs for *two years*," writes Mr. Collette. "Note the wear of the same. Also a Red Edge Pick that was in City Railway work *four years*. All of which speak for themselves."

You bet we are interested, Mr. Collette, and we haven't a doubt that there are a good many hundred contractors in these United States who will likewise be interested. So, with your permission, we are passing along your letter and the photograph where it will do the most good—and that is everywhere that anybody is looking for good shovels and picks.

Just another little bit of evidence to prove our oft-repeated contention that Red Edge outlasts the ordinary kind two to three times.

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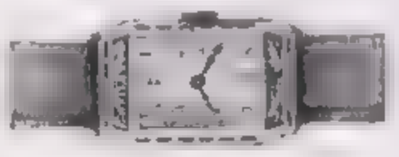

THE WOMAN'S WRIST WATCH, in a case of 14-karat solid white gold, is priced at . . . . . $60.
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Your jeweler will show these and other Elgins to you gladly. No other watch is offered in so generous an assortment of styles nor at a price range so liberal.

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SKY PASTURES

(Continued from Page 9)

and above it, almost gone, were faint traces of figures graven on the face of the rock, of men and of very strange beasts. There was also the imprint of a huge left hand, larger than hands are nowadays, with several finger joints missing; which Monsieur Tubal said was the hand mark of a sacrifice victim —— 'Nacio paused abruptly.

"What eerie company!" exclaimed Emily. "What could the place have been—a cave temple, perhaps?"

"Perhaps," he said noncommittally.

She realized that he was retiring into the reserve with which Basques usually greet any research into their past, but she persisted. After all, her children were Basque.

"Could it have been a temple for the worship of Laxarrou of the high pastures?"

"No. He was for Eskuala peoples."

"And this is earlier than the Basque gods? Iberian, perhaps? Or Berber?"

"Earlier than that. The other people, from beyond." His brief gesture indicated the direction of the Atlantic Ocean. "It was they who worshiped in secret high places."

With a thrill of excitement she realized that by "the other people, from beyond" the boy was possibly suggesting inhabitants of the lost Atlantis, a prehistoric Cromagnon race from which many scientists believe Basques to be descended. It occurred to her that 'Nacio's discoveries might be of great scientific importance.

But he continued, with a firm change of subject, "And I have also there the body of my pet lamb, stuffed by myself, and the finest collection of bird eggs in the Haute Pyr!"

Emily smiled. "Is the lock on your door to be trusted with all these treasures, 'Nacio?"

There was no lock on the door, he answered in surprise; what need could there be of locks in the Haute Pyr? He had put a sign up over the entrance: "This is the house of Ignacio Urruty. Who enters is welcome. Go with God, and please to put out the fire before you leave." Naturally nobody, not even the gypsies, would take advantage of one who so trusted them.

Emily gazed in silence at this stalwart youth, broad in the shoulders as his father, with muscles of tempered steel, a speaking acquaintance with Greek and Sanskrit and various things of which she had never heard, and a passion for fairy tales; thinking with Madame Urruty that the sky pastures were the only safe place for him.

But according to Damasa, they were by no means safe. The *aïeta-anna* spent one entire evening wide awake in her chimney corner, with 'Nacio, Emily and Bette for audience, warning her favorite of dangers to be encountered in high places. In a house—particularly in the house of Madame Urruty—there was comparatively little danger; it would take a brave devil, intimated Damasa, to beard old Leocadie under her own rooftree. But out beneath the open sky—ah, then, beware of Deburia, and Trufadec, and all the rest! There were the Lamminnak, those contrary-minded fairy folk, like the Irish Little People, who always meant the opposite of what they said, who led wayfarers astray with kind advice, and persuaded the cattle to go on strike to other pastures, and changed babies in their cradles, so that a mother would have to look sharp to know her own child. The reason there were so many witches and demons now abroad in the Soule and Labourd, explained Damasa in passing, was because the Christian missionaries were chasing them out of China.

And there were others who had always lived here: Fagus, for example—he of the beech-tree forests—was he such a friend to man as man in his conceit liked to fancy? By no means! Who had not heard of persons being killed by the sudden falling of a branch? And what man was fool enough to take shelter under a beech tree from a thunderstorm, for all its inviting spread of foliage? There was Laxarrou, god of the high pastures, who sometimes enchanted sheep and folk so that they could not be made to leave the hills; and Aherbeste, deity of the black rocks, who had sent many a careless climber hurtling to his doom. Even Baïegorisc, deity of the red earth, needed at times to be propitiated with sacrifice, for a good harvest; and the sacrifice Baïegorisc preferred, whispered Damasa horribly, was human flesh!

The possibilities of high adventure among these various demons and fairies and deities grew apace, and 'Nacio quite kindled to them.

"Tell Emily the story of the Snake Princess, Anna-Damasa," he urged. "I have forgotten it."

The crone gave them her version of a tale which is current among all mountain peasants about their own hills, from Scotland to the Caucasus, even to the Kentucky Cumberlands; the story of the enchanted princess turned by a wicked fairy into the semblance of a snake, who in order to be released from her spell must be kissed three times on the lips by a pure youth.

This Snake Princess, said Damasa, lived undoubtedly on top of one of the Pics Nerés, possibly Canigou, or the Pic d'Aine, where the snow lingers last in summer; or Ping Pené in the Carlitte country—where the Ark is known to have rested, rather than on Mount Ararat, as ignorant people think—or quite possibly on their own La Rhune, to whose summit nobody dares to climb because of the witches who hold *sabbat* there. Wherever she was, she still awaited, said Damasa, the youth with a pure soul.

Once, it appeared, a young man of the valleys had found her weeping bitterly into a pool of frozen tears, and had kissed her once because he pitied her, kissed her again because in his arms she suddenly felt like a beautiful young girl; but when he looked again, being a cautious youth, he saw that she was, after all, only a snake. And so he went away, promising to return for the third kiss. But then he was called to his military service, and so forgot; and it was quite a while before he thought any more of the Snake Princess. He set out to find her again, and did so; and in her joy at seeing him she looked so beautiful that he kissed her on the mouth for the third time, quite willingly and often. But nothing happened.

"Why not?" asked Bette blankly.

"Why not?" repeated 'Nacio, puzzled to recall the point.

Old Damasa winked at Emily, and grinned a toothless grin.

"*Hé, hé!*" she chuckled. "Why not, indeed? Go find the snake yourself, *mon fils*—for you, I think, she may yet turn into a princess!"

"I do not like that story, Anna-Damasa," frowned 'Nacio, coloring suddenly. "You should not have told it to my sisters."

"They tell in the Jura another version," put in Emily. "They say that when the young man found the snake for the third time, he had grown wiser, and saw that it was not an enchanted princess after all, but only the wicked fairy herself, trying to make a snake out of him. And so he went away again, leaving her unkissed."

"Oh, but that is more nice," pronounced Bette. "Much more nice! . . . Isn't it, 'Nacio? And it served her right for allowing herself to be kissed like that by a strange young man, out of pity."

There is an especial holiday for shepherds in that land of special holidays, when the fires of Saint Jean make all the mountainsides beautiful by night; and afterward their ashes are scattered over the fields to make them fruitful—Saint Jean Baptiste being, perhaps, a lineal descendant of the deity Baïegorisc.

It was thought, naturally, that 'Nacio would return to pass the holiday among his own people, but he did not do so. Essetore, his shepherd boy, reported that he had celebrated Saint Jean instead at a village on the far side, nearer to the pastures; a village not very distant from their own village as the crow flies, but separated from it by a mountain peak, several bad precipices and a thickly wooded valley, so that there was little intercourse between the two. The only road connecting them, indeed, was barely more than a mule track, impassable for vehicles, used chiefly by the *maïedetta* on their night adventures into Spain, or by the shepherds with their flocks. Emily had never seen this village, fond as she was of exploring the mountains, far and near.

"It is nothing to see," shrugged Esteban. "Only a few old crazy houses, a *pelota* court that is a disgrace to the canton, and the house of Zubalos, the painter—who calls himself Spaniard, but is the son of good Basque peasantry, more's the pity!"

Emily pricked an interested ear. "What! Zubalos lives in this neighborhood? Why, I gathered my first impression of Basque life from his pictures—I thought all of you wore orange coats and trousers of indigo blue, and lived in houses with rainbow roofs. How does it happen we have never seen him?"

Her husband shrugged. "The society of an artist *chez lui*," he said with the primness of a Yankee schoolma'am, "is not the society a man chooses for his young wife!"—and Emily realized with amusement that she was once more being kept unspotted from the world. She registered a mental vow, however, to make the acquaintance of Señor Zubalos as soon as feasible; believing herself quite immune from the contagion of artistry.

So, on a cool, wind-bright morning, when the singing breeze that swept the valley seemed to call to high adventure, she surprised 'Nacio with his promised picnic. They went on horseback; herself with the infant Leocadie, who was of a distinctly sporting temperament, chuckling and gurgling from a sort of pillion basket in front of her saddle; Bette with small Wally manfully astride behind her; and for bodyguard their neighbor, Etcheverray, since Esteban could not be spared from his farm labors at this season of the year. Esteban took the business of the farm far more seriously than he had ever taken the business of fortune making.

Their mountain-bred horses took the trail like goats, picking their way very surely, mounting up and up until, high against the sky line, Etcheverray pointed out a huddle of stones which he told them was 'Nacio's cave hut. Tethering the horses below, near the road, they made the rest of the climb on foot, among surprised and staring sheep, until the dog Olivier, rushed out to welcome them with frantic demonstrations, and Essetore presently appeared, all grins. The master, he said—that was 'Nacio—had gone down to the village beyond to buy provisions. But yes, the master frequently went to the village nowadays to buy provisions.

"Evidently 'Nacio does not find solitude quite so congenial as before," murmured Emily.

Etcheverray did not answer. He was looking quizzically at a shawl which lay on 'Nacio's pile of skins—his Roland bed: a brightly embroidered woman's shawl with long silk fringes. Emily herself had a startled moment; then she smiled. He had bought it evidently from passing smugglers as a present for one of them at home; perhaps for herself. It was green, a color she often wore.

She looked about her with sympathetic interest at the boy's dwelling place, the mysterious rear of which was curtained off from observation by bright hanging blankets; neat as a man's house is often neat, the hearth carefully swept and laid ready for firing, food labeled nicely in little jars on a shelf, books everywhere, conveniently arranged so that one saw at once what was

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there. She missed, incidentally, the Idylls of the King. Was he outgrowing them already? She smiled over the birds' eggs, carefully named, the mastodonic bones, the gruesomely realistic stuffed pet lamb. When his dog Olivier died, doubtless 'Nacio would stuff him also; tearfully, but with a certain pride in his taxidermy.

"Bette, you and the baby people will stay with Olivier and Essetore," she said, "and prepare the picnic, while the count and I go down to the village to find 'Nacio." Also to call on the painter Zubaios, she confided later to Etcheverray, who assented doubtfully.

"Myself, I find him interesting; a man of no morals and many virtues. But—probably he will be from home today; he is very frequently from home. And probably, also, Esteban will call me out, with pistols, when he finds in what an adventure I am encouraging you," he added dryly. "However, I am, as always, at your service."

"Dear me," said Emily, "you act—the lot of you—as if this Zubaios were a sort of ogre seeking whom he may devour; whereas he is probably quite a harmless old victim of the artistic reputation."

"He is, as madame suggests, at least not young; and if he happens to be something of an ogre"—Etcheverray shrugged—"madame has, no doubt, a spell to cast on ogres, as on the rest of us."

The village, visible from 'Nacio's aerie, was a huddle of humble roofs of odd angles clinging about a tall open belfry; one of those mountain hamlets which are so picturesque seen from a distance, but which resolve themselves on close acquaintance into one narrow dusty street, unshaded from the glare, upon which open a few mean houses with curtains across their doors; uninhabited apparently, except by a mangy cur or two, scratching fleas in the center of traffic.

They traversed this street, looking in vain for 'Nacio, until they came to a more pretentious house at the far end, with a wall in front of it and a pair of fine gates of foliated iron, through which a courtyard was visible, and the plain façade of a house with a sundial upon it.

"Aha, the ogre's castle!" murmured Emily with satisfaction, pulling at a long bell handle that hung beside the gates. From far inside they could hear a faint jangling. The courtyard remained quite still, except for some pigeons strutting and cooing upon the marble well curb.

"Evidently," murmured Etcheverray in some relief, "Zubaios is not here."

"It looks promising. Let us go in and see," said Emily serenely.

Uneasily Etcheverray followed her across the drowsy courtyard, reminding her that it was the hour of siesta.

"In Spain it would be, but this is not Spain." Emily's taste for adventure grew with practice.

She put a tentative hand on one of the brown curtains drawn outside across doors and windows in the Spanish fashion, and disclosed an open tiled passageway, through which the sound of a monotonous, droning voice was faintly audible. "At least they aren't all asleep," she murmured, with a mischievous chuckle for the other's perturbation, and followed the direction of the voice.

It came from a room beyond, which she recognized on sight as a studio; a great, long room filled with color and canvases and the pleasant smell of paint, at whose far end was a dais with a model throne upon it. And seated on the model throne, as if painted there by Rossetti, or Burne-Jones, or possibly Watts, their eyes focused upon a *Moyen-Âge* vision in a long green-velvet gown, roped with pearls. On either side of her breasts hung down a thick long rope of hair. "'Yellow as ripe corn,'" thought Emily inevitably. The lovely little head on its long full throat, the pose, the passionate lips, the rather empty wide gray eyes, took her at once back to the Tate Gallery: or was it the Wallace Collection? Something very British and naïve and familiar. And at the feet of this *Moyen-Âge* vision, very suitably, lay a youth flat on his stomach, reading out of a fat green book.

It was the *Moyen-Âge* vision who saw them first, with a startled sidelong sweep of long lashes. The boy turned his gaze to follow hers, and leaped to his feet with a cry of pleasure.

"What! Is it possible? You of all people! How I have wished for you to know each other! . . . Dorotea, it is Emilie—Emilie of whom you have heard me always talking—with our friend Etcheverray, from L'Ey Kahatcia. They two, of all the world!"

"Charmed, I'm sure," murmured a voice of liquid music, genteelly, in the accents of Maida Vale. "If this isn't a real treat. You're the American girl, aren't you, who married one of the natives here? Not that I blame you! They're a lot more gentlemanly in their actions than the French, if you ask me. I've been wanting to know you ever since Nasho told me about you," she added kindly.

"Thank you. 'Nacio should have brought you to us," murmured Emily, her mind going around in circles. Who—what—how was this?

"I wished to do so; I wished it very much," said the boy earnestly. "I begged Dorotea to go with me to the feast of Saint Jean in our village. But she would not leave; she was afraid her father would return in her absence and miss her. He is old, you see, and depends upon Dorotea."

Her father? The painter had married an Englishwoman perhaps? Emily wondered.

"I did not know," Etcheverray was murmuring courteously, "that my friend Zubaios had recently acquired so charming a daughter."

"Adopted," she corrected, again with that little sidelong flutter of lashes, "and not so recently at that. My father and mother and Mr. Zubaios were great friends, and so when they died, he took me on, you see, while I was still a kiddie."

"I see," said Emily, beginning to collect her wits. "And I think you are not quite a stranger to me after all. I have seen you in Señor Zubaios' paintings, have I not?"

"Oh, yes, I generally pose for him," said the girl indifferently. "That is, when he uses a blonde. Pity he isn't here to see you, Mrs. Urruty; you'd be a real treat to him," she added. "Light flesh tints are so hard to find on the Continent!"

"Are they?" murmured Emily. "I am sorry to take my brother away, but we must be going back to my children. Perhaps Señor Zubaios will bring you to us one day?" she added politely, hardly knowing what else to say; and elicited a flash of resentment.

"That man? Why, he wouldn't take a person anywhere if she asked him on bended knee! What does he think a girl's made of—stuck off here in this nasty hole, miles from a cinema or a shop, nothing to do but eat, and afraid to do too much of that because she might lose her lines? Honestly, Nasho's been a godsend to me—haven't you, dearie?"

"Have I!" he breathed, very blissful and quiet.

He tore himself away from her with manifest reluctance, running back more than once to beg her to come with them. "But it is a pic-a-nic, the way you eat in England!" they heard him urging eagerly. "My sister Bette is with them, my brother's babies—you will like those! And my grandmother—I know her—will have sent more food than we could finish in a week. They are my people! You will not come with us?"

The *Moyen-Âge* vision, however, had the tact to decline.

"What do you think of her?" he burst out joyously as soon as they were beyond earshot—the age-old question asked doubtless by Cain, in love, of his mother Eve. Emily saw that she had already surrendered to another her position of Elaine—Guinevere—Shalott. Fortunately he could not wait for their answer; he had so much to say himself.

"What it was to find her here, of all places! Blond as you, *belle-sœur*, with hair even more a fleece of gold, and the same clear, beautiful English speech." Emily winced; she was guilty perhaps of the faults of her native States, but not of Maida Vale. "Hidden away in this rough old place like ——"

"Like an enchanted princess?" finished Emily, with a sudden anxious memory of the Snake Fairy.

"Yes! How you always understand!" breathed 'Nacio, kissing her hand in gratitude. "Now you know why I did not return to spend the shepherd's day with you—I was with her! Just we two alone together, till the moon rose and set again. Ah! She loves our legends, Emilie; she lets me play to her by the hour on the *chirilion*. Sometimes up here in the starlight"—they were nearing his hut—"it is like heaven; we two alone together above the world."

"She comes to you here?" asked Etcheverray quietly. The mystery of the shawl explained itself.

"She does me that honor," said the boy, with a special little dignity, as if half aware that the occasion required it. "She finds it lonely there in the village, with her father absent; no one to speak with, no one to understand her language. She adores poetry, Emilie, like you and me; she lets me read to her for hours out of our book—you know?" he reminded her boyishly. "And that is kind of her, for, as you remember, I do not read the English very well. But she is always kind. And, of course, we do not always make music or read together."

"No?" encouraged Emily faintly.

"Ah, no, indeed! Sometimes we talk. Sometimes we do not even talk. We simply sit together, gazing down on the sleeping valleys that do not know our happiness, pitying them, dreaming together ——"

"Hand in hand, perhaps?" encouraged Emily further, with the guilty feeling of those who peep through keyholes.

"Ah, never! Do not tease me, *belle-sœur!*"—he blushed. "I would not dare to take her hand. You see, I love her," he said, with a gentleness which brought a lump into her throat, a sharp exquisite memory of his brother's gentle wooing.

She and Etcheverray exchanged a helpless glance.

"Good heavens, Des Luynes!" she said later. "Do they learn nothing there at Toulouse except Sanskrit and Greek and idiotic things like that? Nothing of life?"

He shrugged; his habitual gesture. "Unfortunately there is no longer a College de Gai Savoir at Toulouse, as formerly, in the days of Clemence Isaure. How can the priests teach what they do not know?"

She groaned. "What shall we do about this?"

"Do? But nothing, *chère madame*. Whatever we could do would be—too much," warned the other, who knew whereof he spoke. He added after a moment, significantly, "Zubaios will soon return."

Not long afterward Bette came to Emily with trouble in her face—Bette the responsible, to whom all people, even her grandmother, turned in times of need. She had a question to ask: Among married people was it obligatory to tell everything, or was a wife permitted to keep to herself a secret not her own? Emily, on the horns of a dilemma, aware that her reply might serve as precedent on occasions yet to come, made the impromptu decision that a wife might use her judgment; with happily married people, she told the anxious little girl, there was so deep an understanding that confidences need not always be spoken, particularly if they concerned the affairs of other people. Bette, manifestly relieved, unburdened herself.

'Nacio—her adored 'Nacio—was in some difficulty; he had sent Essetore, his shepherd boy, to her under cover of darkness on a secret errand. She was to give Essetore, for 'Nacio, a purse well filled with money, a cloak large enough to cover a woman's dress, and a pistol with cartridges; and she was to say no word of this to anybody, especially not to Esteban, or his father, or *la madre*.

"But if I am to send a purse full of money I must get it from somebody," explained Bette. "And he said nothing about keeping the secret from you, *belle-sœur*, who understand everything. I trouble myself about the pistol. What need has 'Nacio, alone on the mountains with sheep, of a pistol?"

What indeed? Emily, now thoroughly alarmed, did her best to reassure the little sister. She was going to ride with Monsieur Etcheverray that evening, she said, to see the moon rise over the edge of La Rhune, and would herself carry to 'Nacio the things he required. It was another impromptu decision; just how she would explain to Esteban this unprecedented moonlight excursion alone with another man she did not know. It was perhaps a test of the married confidence of which she had just boasted.

But the test held. Esteban made no comment; explaining carelessly to the family after she had left with Etcheverray that he wished to encourage this growing friendship with their poor Tubal, who needed more of the company of women.

"And to that end you offer him your wife?" commented his stepmother in astonishment. "But what a trusting nature, my Esteban!"

"It is a nature which knows when to trust," commented her husband staunchly; the Urruty men invariably stood back to back in an emergency.

They were still standing back to back, silent and anxious and rather grim, when the pounding of hoofs on turf announced the return of the moon riders, well after midnight; and Esteban, stepping out silently to lift his wife from the saddle, lifted down, instead, a perfectly strange young woman, with blond braids of hair falling over a dress of bedraggled velvet, who burst into tears on his shoulder and besought him to save somebody—Esteban was too astonished to ask whom.

Etcheverray spoke from the dark, urgently: "Your wife awaits you, with 'Nacio, in the high pastures, Esteban. She asks that this young woman be given into the hands of the ladies, while you and Pedro return at once with me. To see," he added in a lower tone, "whether it is true that 'Nacio has killed Zubaios."

It was a curious picture Emily and the count had found some hours earlier, when they reached the shepherd's hut: 'Nacio seated on a rock in the moonlight, playing to his drowsy flocks like Pan himself; the music of the *chirilion* coming down to them as they climbed—thin airy music, cool and faint, which Emily remembered to have thought when first she heard it the very voice of the Pyrenees. About the serried ranks of the sheep, bristling, important, evidently on sentry duty, marched Olivier, the dog, too much occupied to give them more than a brief wag and a bay of greeting; at which 'Nacio leaped down from his rock and ran to them, finger on lip.

"Speak softly. She is in there, asleep at last!"

"Not that girl?" Emily's worst fears were realized.

"Yes, it is Dorotea! She has come to me, my friends—come to me forever. She trusts me, although she has little reason to trust men. She lies there on my bed and sleeps while I watch. Is it not charming of her? But now we must go away, for I have killed a man."

"Oh, 'Nacio! It's not possible!" But Emily saw that it was possible, even probable. 'Nacio's whole look had changed. The face was quite calm, even exalted, but it was no longer the face of a serious seraph. 'Nacio had grown overnight to his inches.

"Do not be frightened, *belle-sœur*," he said gently. "That one needed killing. Here in the valleys we do not tolerate such men as Zubaios. Things there were not as I thought. He has never been as an indulgent parent to my Dorotea, a kind old

(Continued on Page 101)

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"He's a sly and mean chap, this fellow. Grown-ups call him 'Infection.'

"The trouble is, you can't see him! But if you cut your hand or skin your knee, he's always ready to pounce on you and lay you out. For if he sticks his hands on the place that hurts, he'll make you pretty sick.

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• • •

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"They told me how the Legion gives First Aid lessons to all members, with a peach of a pocket First Aid Kit and a membership button . . . . all for 12¢.

"'Fine!' I said. 'That's great. I'd be PROUD to be the head of a bunch like that. It's a great idea!'

"So it's up to me to make good and help chase that chap 'Infection' right out of sight. 600,000 boys and girls joined the Legion last year and the year before. I want to make it a million this year.

"Will you sign up with me and get your dandy First Aid Kit? It will be the best 12¢ you ever spent. Enroll at the nearest drug store. LET'S GO!"

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COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF
THE JUNIOR FIRST AID LEGION

Annual Roll Call

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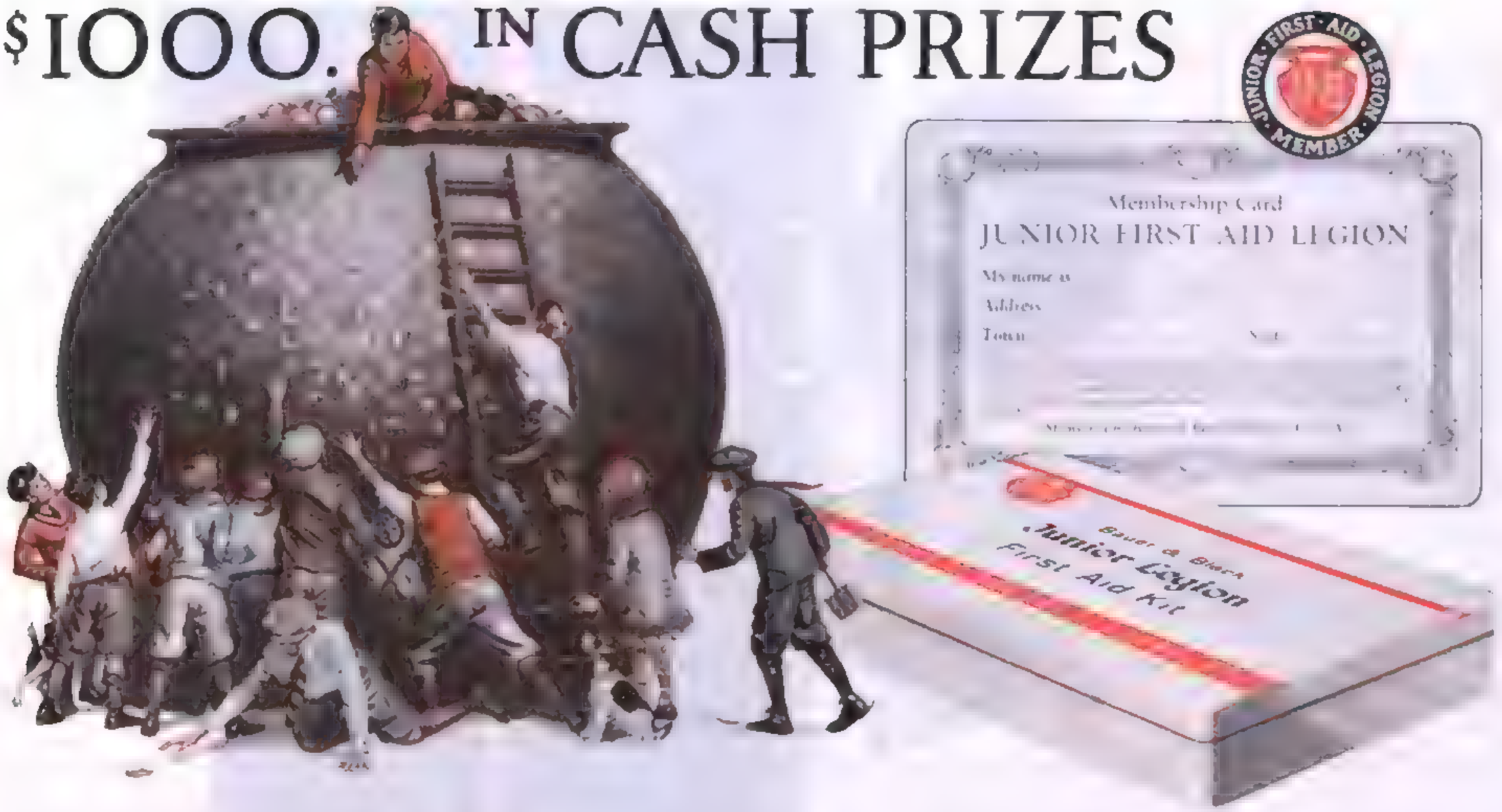

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Any boy or girl may compete for one of these prizes whether a member of the Legion or not. But the Legion lessons will be very helpful in coaching you on the subjects embraced in the contest.

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(Continued from Page 96)

friend. *Au contraire!* He returned unexpectedly while I was at his house, and very quietly, as if hoping to surprise us—why he should wish to do that, I do not know. But suddenly there was a commotion, a great outcry, and he had laid his hands on Dorotea. I think he meant to beat her because I was there. The words he said—but I will not soil your ears by repeating them. Only one thing I must explain." He looked at them so piteously that Emily wanted to hide his hurt eyes on her breast. "As I told you, he has not been as a father to Dorotea. He has the ambition, old and hideous as he is, to become her lover. Yes, it is like that!" He made a gesture of tragedy. "Could there be a more terrible situation for a woman?"

"But why did she not leave him at once?"

"How could she? Without money, without friends. There is nobody to help her but myself. She has told me so!"

Emily groaned. "My dear, what did you do?"

"As I have said, I killed him. It was quite easy." He looked at his hands as if surprised to find what effective weapons he carried about with him. "I lost my temper when he touched her, I took him by the throat—I am very strong—and choked and choked him until he fell, with blood at the mouth. Then I brought Dorotea away with me to a safer place. That is all."

"This happened during the morning?" It was the first time Etcheverray had spoken.

"At noon, during the hour of siesta," 'Nacio replied.

Etcheverray gave a great sigh of relief. "In that case they would have found his body long before this, *mon fils*, and come to take you."

The boy gave a shrug of indifference. "Possibly. It is possible I have not killed him, then. No matter. I should not have run from them. I have done nothing to regret—only it was necessary first to take Dorotea away to a safer place. If he lives she shall at least never go back to him. He is unfit!"

Emily felt her way delicately. "But, dear boy, even if he has not been quite a father to her, as you say, he has been for some time her guardian, her protector, has he not?"

"And what a protector!"

"Even so! After all, she is not a child; she is older than yourself. 'Nacio, dear, a woman like that was old before you were born!"

She was almost relieved to see that he did not understand her, however. "She is only twenty," he protested. "Three years older—what is that? To marry a woman older than oneself is very settling. I have heard *la madre* say so."

"Almost too settling," murmured Emily, aghast. "Has it ever occurred to you that Señor Zubaios might have certain rights?"

"Rights! What rights?"

"Men of the world might consider ——" But she could not finish that. "Perhaps Señor Zubaios felt he had cause to be jealous of you," was her lame conclusion.

"He should have controlled his jealousy, then," said the boy calmly. "After all I am the younger, the handsomer; why should she not love me? You speak of rights, *belle-sœur*. Such rights as he might have had, to gratitude, to kindness, to respect for his years, he has forfeited by his conduct. You see, you do not know all! She has told me much that I cannot speak of to you, Emilie, but—you remember seeing certain pictures for which she served as model? *Alors*, there are other pictures you cannot have seen, being a woman. Dorotea was forced to be the model also for those! Must I speak more plainly? She has, it appears, a beautiful body"—he spoke with touching reverence—"a body even more beautiful than her face. That man, if you can credit it, that friend of her parents, that brute whom you call her guardian and protector—he has forced her to expose her body to the gaze of all the world. He has forced her, the demon, to pose for his pictures in—in the altogether!"

Emily's gaze besought help from the Comte des Luynes, and found none. She made a final effort. "You are sure he forced her to do this?" she asked faintly. "My dear little brother, don't you realize that art knows no convention? Some of the greatest art existing owes itself to the—the public spirit of nude models. Why, the sister of an emperor—of Napoleon himself did not disdain to lend her beautiful body to the cause of art!"

'Nacio looked at her. "I am not an emperor," he said. "If a man so much as suggested painting the nude body of one of my sisters, I should kill him, as I have killed Zubaios, with my two hands! Ah, no, *belle-sœur;* if I have come too late to protect her innocent childhood, I can at least protect the womanhood of my Dorotea!"

Emily was silenced, damning in her heart the complete poetic works of Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

The girl herself appeared in the door of the hut at that moment, a lovely disheveled vision, still in the *moyen-âge* robe, with a great mass of hair falling about her like a cloak of copper gold.

"Oh, ain't it awful?" she cried in her musical, plaintive cockney. "Would you ever have guessed Nasho could act so fierce? What are you going to do? You wouldn't separate us now, after all we've been through together? Why, Nasho's all I've got, since Zubaios turned against me." Large, lovely tears began to roll out of her large and lovely eyes. "My word, you'd ought to have seen 'em! At each other's throats all in a minute, they were, like a pair of bulldogs lookin' for a grip. Oh, Gawd, maybe I wasn't scared! I'm still scared, for that matter," she sobbed; "and Nasho isn't much of a comfort to me, I must say, making me lie down in here all by myself while he sits outside on that rock, tootling on his nasty little flute!"

The girl was evidently completely overwrought; and 'Nacio, with a beautiful gesture of protecting manhood, went to her and took her in his arms. Apparently he no longer feared to touch his lady's hand. She has ceased to be the Lily Maid; but she could still qualify, perhaps, for Guinevere.

It was Etcheverray who suggested taking the girl to the Urruty hacienda, and returning with Esteban and Pedro to see how matters stood with Zubaios. The boy, exhausted after his late emotions, acceded with touching gratitude to any suggestion, provided his Dorotea was not returned to the painter's house. He even consented to lie down on his pile of skins and sleep, while Emily took his place on guard over the flock; a strange experience to add to her collection, that long night alone in the hush of high moonlit desolation, listening momently for the arrival of the outraged painter, or of the *garde civile* to arrest the boy for his death. She was somewhat reassured and soothed by the browsing, tinkling sounds made by the sheep, by the alert and sleepless company of the dog Olivier, who did not know what might be amiss, but was, as always, prepared to grapple with it on sight. At dawn Esteban came to her, running, pale with concern; and never was wife more gladly aware of the broad capacity of her husband's shoulders.

There followed, of course, the anticlimax; in life, as in Nature, the atmosphere of great altitudes is too rarefied for ordinary lungs. Etcheverray and Pedro Urruty returned from their investigations on the far side of the mountain looking rather sheepish. No, Zubaios was by no means dead; they had seen him.

"Hah!" muttered Esteban. "What did the fellow do?"

"He laughed," was the surprising reply. "Although his throat is bound up in bandages as for a diphtheria. 'So,' he said, 'my good Christian neighbors, you have taken the little Dotty under your protection? But that is *épatant!* Keep her, my friends—keep her by all means, as long as you like. It saves me money! But when you weary of playing the good Samaritan, you may return the girl to me, if you please; for by that time I shall have reached the point in my modernist Crucifixion where I shall need her hair for the Magdalene.'"

Esteban stared without comment.

"He sent a further message by me, to you, Urruty," added Etcheverray. "He said, 'Tell them to keep their pretty 'Nacio at home now; for if ever again I find a strange young *dindon* strutting it in my henyard, I shall certainly have somebody wring its neck; being much too fat and lazy myself to risk any further encounters with an impassioned turkey cock!'"

The older Urruty held a family consultation, with Etcheverray present in an advisory capacity.

"We seem to have the young woman on our hands," said Pedro. "What are we going to do with 'Nacio?"

"Keep him busy," counseled the matriarch; her one panacea for all ills.

"Get her off your hands as soon as possible," advised Etcheverray. "Propinquity at this stage would be dangerous indeed."

That, said Emily, was easier said than done; they could not very well expose her on the hillside for ravens to pluck at, after the good old Spartan fashion with unwanted female children.

"We will give her money to go away," was Esteban's simple masculine solution.

"Impossible!" reminded his father. "She is an invited guest of our house!" The rights of guests were sacred.

"And even if you sent her away like that," added Emily, "'Nacio would go charging straight after her, lance in rest. Don't you realize that he is busy being the complete thing in knights-errant?"

"I realize that he is busy being an even greater fool than usual," muttered his grandmother. "What does the *doguin* expect? To marry her?"

Exactly that, sighed his father; reminding them that 'Nacio would cease to be a boy on his eighteenth birthday, when he came into his own inheritance.

"As to that, I myself shall have something to say! He brings no wife to this house without my consent so long as I am *etchekandere* here," said the matriarch sternly.

But Emily, who was in his confidence, explained that 'Nacio had no intention of bringing his wife to live in the *etchconda:* he intended to take his inheritance and go away with her out into the wide, wide world to make a fortune like Esteban's—presumably by writing poetry.

"*Tiens*, that is serious; that I cannot forbid!" muttered the matriarch. "A man is a man, even in the basket."

Emily was reminded of the story which originated this familiar saying: An Amazonian Basque woman, having married a small and ineffectual husband, found him superfluous and decided to get rid of him. So she popped him unawares, one day, into the hamper in which she carried clothes to the washing stones, and started off to the river to drown him.

But on the way a vicious dog attacked her, and as she was afraid of dogs she asked her husband to lift up his manly voice and scare the brute away. The husband consented, on condition that he be let out of the basket; and remained the head of his household ever after.

"No, I cannot forbid a man to marry where he chooses," mused the matriarch. "However, he has a mother; and if a woman may not choose her own children she may at least choose her children-in-law. . . . Eh, Fancine? You will not permit this young imbecile to ruin himself by trying to make a *cabotine* respectable?" For Madame Urruty from the first had cherished no romantic illusions about their guest.

"Me? What can I do?" moaned Pedro's wife, wringing her plump hands. "Nobody listens to me in this house, least of all, my own children!"

"You can at least take some of your children and go away while this Dorotea is with us," remarked the matriarch in disgust.

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"She is no suitable influence for *jeunes filles bien élevées*."

Fancine meekly did as she was bid, taking well-elevated Bette and the smaller girls to her parents for a visit, while 'Nacio's Dorotea was left somewhat in command of the situation..

The girl made the most of it. Despite the wide gray blankness of her gaze, she had apparently a few thoughts of her own—those thoughts of youth which are frequently such long, long thoughts. She had taken in at a glance the comfort, even the luxury, of the Urruty surroundings.

"My word, they do themselves well for natives, don't they?" she commented privately to Emily, whom she apparently regarded, to the latter's dismay, as a kindred spirit; and her manner to 'Nacio became less carelessly proprietary and more deferential, as to the strong, all-conquering male. It was evident that if 'Nacio intended to marry her on the arrival of his eighteenth birthday, she intended quite as fully to marry 'Nacio.

Emily felt more and more helpless to deal with the affair, although she realized that in this emergency the Urruty were for once relying upon her rather than themselves.

"Leave this to my wife," she had heard Esteban advise his grandmother confidently. "In these things she is very wise."

But the girl Dorothy—who preferred, she said graciously, to be called Dotty by her friends—became more lovely daily, even in her own commonplace clothing, which Zubalos had shown the irony to send to her to replace his model costume. She had settled into the situation with the ease of a pretty stray cat, and spent her time sleeping and smoothing her fur. She had adopted with alacrity the Spanish custom of the siesta, which with her began early in the day and lasted late, much to Emily's relief, since she dreaded the entertainment of their guest.

But the bathtub was apparently sufficient entertainment; the girl took a rather pathetic pleasure in its plenitude of hot water and fragrant bath salts and scented soaps and unguents.

"This is the first time I've been really clean since I struck the Continent!" she remarked with a candid satisfaction, ignoring Emily's faint suggestion that with determination it was possible to acquire cleanliness even when lacking a porcelain tub and running water.

Only toward evening did Dorothy emerge in full blossom, as it were, ready for 'Nacio, her copper-gold hair gleaming from the brush, her skin the color of rich milk, with beneath it that inimitable beautiful play of color which is the heritage of healthy English youth.

The boy had returned to his sheep without protest, even gladly, reassured as to his lady's safety. To dream of the beloved is, at a certain age, even more delightful than to be with her, and the sky pastures offered certain facilities for dreaming. But at evening he left his flocks to the care of Essetore and the faithful Olivier and returned by a short cut to the hacienda. The short cut was a matter of many miles, over a mountain, down a sharp precipice, skirting several waterfalls, crossing a wooded bottom land, and up again; several hours of climbing, dangerous enough after dark. But this 'Nacio counted as nothing in return for one brief hour of bliss with his Dorotea.

The bliss seemed to consist chiefly in sitting together on the doorstone in the soft July darkness, his voice a low and steady murmur, punctuated by her soft, empty giggle; with occasional intervals of silence, interrupted periodically by various members of the household assigned to sentry duty; for the matriarch was, when she chose, a ruthless chaperon.

"What in the world," asked Emily of the boy once, "do you find to talk so much about?"—having herself found conversation with their guest well-nigh impossible.

The boy replied blissfully, "When you love, *belle-sœur*, it is not necessary to talk." And Emily felt a stab of sympathy. It was true that she and Esteban had wasted very little of their courtship in conversation.

Yet none of those on sentry duty had ever reported to the matriarch any conduct which she would have regarded as unseemly.

"Good heavens," demanded Emily of her husband, "does he never kiss her? Do you suppose the boy makes that long, exhausting climb every evening merely to look at her?"—and was reminded by Esteban that he himself had needed to be taught the possibility of kissing between the affianced.

"You were certainly an apt pupil," she commented. "But poor Dotty must be having the surprises of her life!" And indeed the girl's habitual blankness of expression began to take on a rather puzzled look.

Once Emily overheard 'Nacio's rapt voice murmuring from memory Victor Hugo's immortal verses about the earthworm who loved a star:

"Madame, à vos pieds
Dans l'ombre une cœur est là, . . .
Qui se meurt en bas
Quand vous brillez en haut ——"

Into the tranced silence which followed fell her soft little giggle: "My word, Nasho, you do know a lot of poetry! I suppose they teach it at your school."

Emily tried at intervals to open his eyes and ears; an ungrateful task. How disillusion him, if Dorothy could not do her own disillusioning? True, the soft voice—another charming English heritage—might conceal the vulgarity of her speech from so unaccustomed an ear as 'Nacio's; and various odd solecisms, at table and otherwise, he put down doubtless to racial differences of custom. But the cheapness of the girl was as obvious as that of pinchbeck jewelry.

"Certainly she is beautiful, very beautiful," admitted Emily, "but she will not be so always, dear boy."

"You mean she will grow old? Naturally; who does not? We shall grow old together, she and I."

"I don't mean that at all! Beauty has nothing, really, to do with age. Look at your grandmother, for example. She is still a beautiful person, in her way. It is a matter of finish, of impression; perhaps of the bony structure —— "

"But artists value my Dorotea particularly for her bony structure!" protested 'Nacio eagerly. "She has told me so!" The girl was rather given to discussing the points of her physique, much as a singer discusses the points of his voice.

Emily made a gesture of impatience. "Listen, 'Nacio! When you have gone to the horse market at Tarbes with your father or *la madre*, have you not sometimes seen for sale quite cheaply a pretty little filly, much prettier than the thoroughbreds—long mane and tail, nice little round haunches, glossy skin, and so forth? Yet when you looked closer you saw why she was cheap. Too heavy in the barrel, perhaps, or a certain thickness about the region of fetlocks ——"

The boy burst out laughing. "Ah, *belle-sœur*, are you trying to tell me that Dorotea has a thickness in the region of the fetlocks? Why, her ankles are slim as ——"

"Don't be an idiot, 'Nacio! You know quite well what I mean," said Emily crossly. "I am trying to tell you that Dorothy—well, that Dorothy is not and never will be quite a lady." She paused abruptly, remembering that it was Esteban who had once asked her what was a lady.

But the boy nodded. "She is not *femme de monde*, like you—I know that! But what should I do with a wife who was *femme de monde*, there in the wilds of America—at Esteban's mines, perhaps, or working with Hercule Olhaiby, the wine grower? Ah, no, you mean more than that, dear Emilie!" His grave smile reminded her that he was ceasing very rapidly to be a boy. "You wish to tell me that she is not your equal in other ways? Perhaps you are

(Continued on Page 105)

When beauty is built-into a house with permanent furniture of good design, such as you see in the Curtis mantel, bookcase and china closet here, little else is needed to produce a charming interior. These rooms would be homelike if unfurnished, so attractive is their woodwork. This is an advantage of good woodwork that every homebuilder should consider, because houses are usually sold or rented when empty and the right woodwork helps to sell or rent them quicker and for more money.

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Interior doors and trim around them are not only of architectural importance, but they are also a part of the furnishings and decoration of the home. They can contribute much to the beauty and interest of the rooms, as this picture suggests. From the home of William R. King, Upper Arlington, Columbus, Ohio; E. A. Ramsey, architect; W. G. Barnhart, builder; H. C. Creith Lumber Co., dealer.

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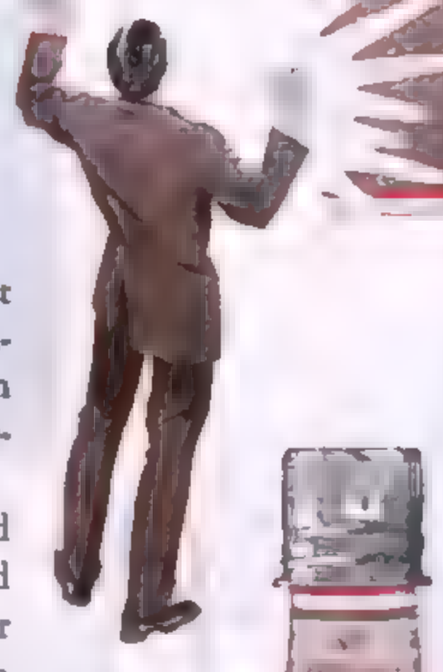

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(Continued from Page 102)

right. I know very little about women. But I am not her judge; I am her lover!"

The simplicity of it silenced Emily, shamed her a little.

'Nacio went on quietly, "I think you wish to tell me, perhaps, that she is not quite a good woman. But there you are wrong," he said very earnestly. "I know that you are wrong. Men often do things for which they have shame afterward—you see, I have heard them talk. Even such men as my father, as Esteban. But that does not keep them from being good men, nor from being regarded as good men, so long as they are ashamed afterward, and never do such things again. Why should one be less forgiving to women than to men? King Arthur was not so, nor our Blessed Lord Jesus."

Emily, somewhat nonplused by this unexpected appearance of the double-standard question, did her best to give candor for candor: "I think it is a question of modesty, dear 'Nacio. Modesty is still demanded of women, just as courage will always be demanded of men. And with reason; it is for the good of the race."

"Modesty? But of course! A woman who has lost her modesty is—*tiens*, she has ceased to be a woman!" he said sternly. "But my Dorotea is very modest. Shall I tell you how I know? Because once, when I made a compliment upon her beauty, saying how her bosom was exquisite, showing so beneath the thinness of her dress, she blushed like a sunset and told me I was a very naughty boy, that people did not make such compliments in English. Was not that modesty?" he asked in touching triumph.

Emily gave it up. She could not tell him that a blush might be as often the sign of prurience as of modesty; that at best it was a mere matter of sensitive vascular muscles and a clear skin. The conversation touched and saddened her, but it left her with an idea. She went to their neighbor with it, as she often went with her ideas.

Etcheverray listened soberly. "It is a risk," he said at last. "He believes in her—in her possibilities. *Eh bien*, if you destroy illusion, what do you put in its place?" She realized that the question came from one who had never found anything to put in its place.

She sighed. "I don't know. But he must take his chances like other men, Des Luynes. He cannot spend his life in the sky pastures."

"Unfortunately, no!" The man sighed also. "Very well. I shall speak to Jaun-Smeet about it."

This American son of Pilar de Maytie, still called "Jaun-Smeet" in the village, although he was rapidly bringing new fame to his mother's name elsewhere, had returned to the valleys that summer to paint his yearly picture for the salon. Much of his success he credited to the influence of his mother's friend, the Comte des Luynes; so that he accepted any suggestion from that source with alacrity.

"In fact, I was just casting about for a new model," he said, "and if Zubalos uses her, as you say, she ought to be good enough for me."

So that Emily was able to tell their guest shortly that a young painter had come to the village who had heard of her beauty and wished to paint her, although he was rather shy about asking her for sittings.

"I'll bet he's heard about me," said Dorothy complacently. "There isn't a model on the Rive Gauche who can hold a pose longer; to say nothing of the flesh tints. Why should he be shy? Zubalos doesn't own me, you know!" she bridled. "It would serve him right to have me sit for a new man!"

Whether she resented the more the Spaniard's attack upon her or his subsequent indifference to her, Emily could not determine, but the vacant gray eyes lighted with new interest. Perhaps time was beginning to hang a little heavy on her hands while she waited for her lover to arrive at a marriageable age, despite the pleasures of the bathtub.

'Nacio was well content with the arrangement; it flattered him that another painter had recognized the beauty of his beloved, and Jaun-Smeet was their friend, their neighbor; a very different person from Zubalos.

"By all means let him paint a picture of you," he said. "When I have money enough I shall buy it."

"You do not think there is any danger for John himself out of this?" asked Emily of Etcheverray, with some compunction.

He smiled a little sadly. "For John? I wish there were! Ah, no, you yourself spoke a terrible truth when you said of him that he was not a man but an artist. He will be one day a very great artist, I am afraid, and a very lonely one. Pilar," he added quietly, "had a way of leaving people lonely."

The picture progressed quite rapidly, thanks to Dorothy's gifts as a model. John never tired of singing her praises. "Why, the girl's perfection! Not a blemish; not a line in her face, not an idea in her head, to interfere with one's own conception of her. She has a talent for inertia that amounts to genius! All you need do is to arrange her in a certain pose, and there she stays indefinitely."

In gratitude to Etcheverray for suggesting her, he allowed his friend to bring young 'Nacio—at home for some feast day—to see the picture before it was done, although he was not fond of premature private views. Success had given Pilar's son a certain quiet confidence which amounted to indifference; he cared nothing for approval or disapproval; all he asked was to be allowed to work, and his work showed it.

He received them in the room that had been his mother's salon: now a bare and businesslike studio, shorn of its rose brocades and its Aubusson, about which clung, nevertheless, a faint suggestion of remembered fragrance. John always liked to work in that room.

He pointed out a canvas standing by the north window. "There you are! I call it 'Marriage of Luzaïde and Maltaggorri,' the fabled nuptials of earth and sun which is supposed to have peopled the Pyrenees."

It was a rather curious picture: Vague nebulæ of drifting, lifting clouds and dawn mists, brightening as they rose, to culminate in a single nude woman's figure, standing with closed eyes and outspread arms of ecstasy, the bright hair floating around her like blown sunlight. One single ray from below an unseen horizon rested upon her, illuminating the exquisite body with a pale and glowing radiance as of some sacred chalice, some holy grail brimming over with mystic light.

"Good, isn't it?" remarked the painter impersonally. "A better nude than Ingres', I think. Of course, there are details still to finish. But I've been working it in as rapidly as possible while I had that model. Pretty lucky, wasn't I? Zubalos' famous blonde, you know ——"

He paused, aware suddenly of their silence. Neither of his guests was looking at the picture. The boy's face, over which wave after wave of sickening color flowed and ebbed, was buried in his hands; the man stood with head averted, waiting. Without a word the two turned and left the room together, leaving John staring.

The boy asked one question, hoarsely, "She consented to this of her own free will?"

Etcheverray inclined his head. "She even offered, *mon fils*. It is a famous torso. People enjoy to do the things they do best."

Emily and the two Urruty men were waiting together in the *salha* when they returned, wearing the guilty look of conspirators. Their eyes questioned Etcheverray, who nodded imperceptibly.

It was Esteban who spoke, with an air of unconvincing jauntiness: "*À la bonne heure*, brother my lad! I am just off to St. Jean to put my boat, the Gathid, into commission. Some friends are at Biarritz—gentlemen who have shown me courtesies in America—and I have invited them

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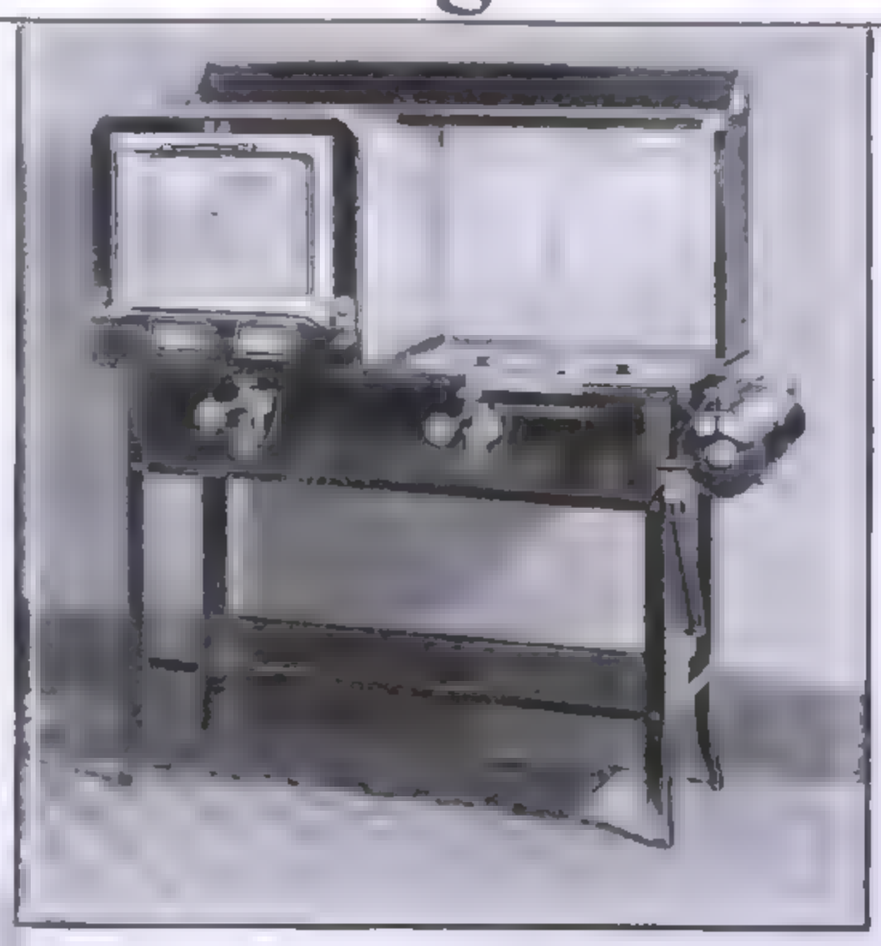

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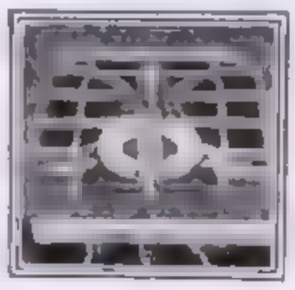

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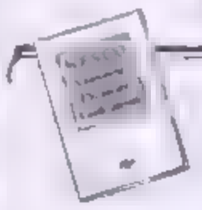

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to make a little cruise along the coast. Will you help me? Or shall I take a man out of Ciboure?"

'Nacio looked around him nervously. Dorothy was not visible; she had not finished her siesta. "You go soon?"

"At once. As soon as Anatole makes ready the car."

"There will be no women?" To Emily's distress, that sick glance rested upon her in passing with a quite impersonal hostility.

"Not a woman!" Esteban smiled ruefully at his wife, who returned the smile, sighing. It was their first separation, but she knew that there are times when men must be alone. "We go to Norway," he said "you have not seen the fjords, I think" possibly on through the Baltic Sea to Russia"

"It does not matter where we go. I will come," muttered 'Nacio; but the gray, drawn misery of his look had lightened perceptibly

In the end, it proved surprisingly to be Dorothy who engaged Emily's sympathies, rather more than 'Nacio. The girl was a good loser. For several days she awaited the return of her lover with the puzzled expression deepening in her large, lambent gaze, but asked no questions. Women of her sort learn young the futility of asking questions.

At last Emily thought it best to break to her the news that 'Nacio was not returning. The eyes widened.

"Well, of all things! Why ever not?"

Emily murmured something vague about the fickleness of man.

"They're all of that," said the other simply. "But not Nasho. He's different somehow. I'd never have thought he'd be the sort to let a girl down like this"

She accepted without unnecessary demur certain moneys intended to soothe her injured affections, and murmured that she'd be going on then.

"Going on where?" asked Emily, although she had not intended to ask. "Not back to Zubaios?"

"Why ever not? Where else would I go?"

Emily murmured something tentative about speaking to the English consul, using certain influences, finding some congenial work for her in a shop perhaps. Something of the sort

Dorothy smiled a wide, unhappy smile, and advised her reassuringly to stow it. Work in a shop? Oh, no, things had not reached quite such a pass as that. "Zubaios will be glad enough to have me back at any time; he told that gentleman so, your Mr. Etcheverray. You see, Zubaios needs my hair for his Magdalene."

Emily gave up the uncongenial rôle of reformer. "To say nothing of the flesh tints?" she murmured

The other nodded complacently enough; perhaps she consoled herself further with thoughts of her bony structure. And when she saw the automobile in which her hostess was returning her to Zubaios' village, by the long way round, she gave a wriggle of satisfaction. "The longer the better," she murmured. "My word, but won't the old boy be bucked to see me returning in such style!"

At the moment of parting, however, the puzzled look returned to her. "I say, whatever put him off me?" she asked quite suddenly. "Nasho, I mean. Do you know? Because I don't, though I've thought and thought. Why, I've been acting, ever since I've been here, as if I was in church! I'm not such a bad sort, either; don't drink, don't play the giddy goat like some, don't make a hog of myself about the money. If Nasho'd married me I'd have gone straight as anybody"—only she called it "strite."

"I'm sure you would," murmured Emily guiltily.

"It wasn't as if he didn't know about me, neither," went on the aggrieved and musical voice. "I never lied to Nasho, excepting just at first. Nobody wouldn't of expected a girl to tell him everything about herself right off! Now would they?"

"No, indeed," said the other. "Nobody would have expected that."

"Well, then, what's it all about anyhow?"

Emily, thus appealed to, tried, in halting explanation, the theory of Peer Gynt: that man's nature is like an onion, from which layer after layer must be peeled before reaching its true core.

"Must be pretty small by that time," commented Dorothy, with her soft, high giggle. "And if Nasho's heart is anything like an onion, not taking any, thanks! Never could abide onions myself. Well, I'll be going on. Home, James!" she remarked elegantly to the chauffeur Anatole. "Cheerio, Mrs. Urruty!"

"Cheerio, Dotty, my dear," said Emily with some heartiness.

As she reentered the house she noted a vaguely familiar something floating in the water butt; a green, pulpy, dissolving mass which certainly did not belong there. She fished it out with the aid of a stick. It was her girlhood's copy of the Idylls of the King.

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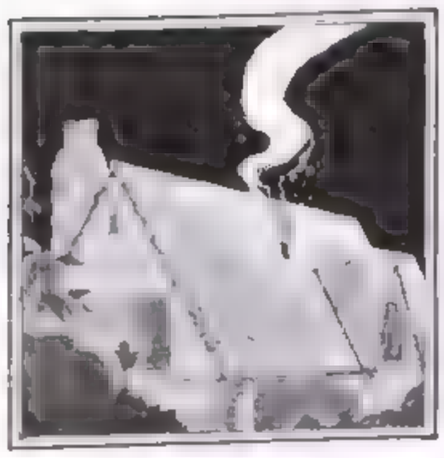

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CLEANING UP

(Continued from Page 21)

Followed the even more breathless search, next morning, through the papers, in the faint hope that perhaps someone out there had seen and recognized, in that humble bit, the spark, the great fire. Down the column with a descending finger and a descending heart. Paper after paper contained nothing about me. Everybody else's name, everybody else's rôle except —— But yes! See! My name leaps out of the page of the New York Evening World. I can scarcely read through the hot mist that comes before my eyes. I blink it away and look again. There it is:

"John Golden made a good butler."

It was at the very bottom of the page, and may only have been put there to round out the column, but I cut it out and carried it next my heart for weeks—months—perhaps years. To this day I have treasured my first newspaper notice, dated October 12, 1892, and signed by a young critic named Alan Dale. I had never had a good notice before, and have not had many since—from Alan Dale.

At the risk of being called a wigwag, I must tell another anecdote about the white wig I wore in Caste. In the company of Ye Earlie Trouble was John E. Ince, a kindly, good-natured comedian, always ready to help others, even though frequently out of a job himself; and this well-beloved, funny-legged little man needed a white wig. In those days, if you had asked your manager to supply a wig, and if you had found him in a particularly tractable humor, he would have had you thrown out, instead of kicking you out himself. Now, of course, what with actors' equity associations and arbitration boards, we managers don't split hairs about matters of that sort.

A Wig and a Wag

After a little bargaining, he saying the wig was worth less than he really thought, I really thinking it was worth less than I said, as is the way with buyers and sellers, we settled at twenty-five cents. And I still say he was one of the sweetest old fellows that ever lived, in spite of the fact that he never did pay me for that wig, although I suggested once or twice that a settlement would not offend me.

* * * * * * * *

These stars indicate a lapse of time, or, as they say in the movies, "And in the years to come ——"

Fade out caption, fade in picture of our hero, thirty years later. He has now become a Broadway producer—one of those lordly creatures who do nothing all day but swivel in their expensive chairs and amuse themselves by hiring stars, amuse themselves even more by firing them, wound famous authors' hearts by rejecting their scripts, break them utterly by accepting them.

They are sought after by disappointed lion hunters, who simply must have somebody to speak at the Chicken Patty Society, by society debs and window cleaners yearning for a short cut to stardom, by unknown playwrights, costumers, elocutionists, and all sorts of professional and amateur learners and yearners.

Picture this lordly maggot of the theater receiving visits and offers from the great moving-picture producers—all of them from A to Zukor, offering thousands—yea, hundreds of thousands of dollars for the screen rights to his plays. On such a mission came no less a personage than Tom Ince to offer a great deal of money for a play called Seventh Heaven. Tom Ince was probably one of the greatest pioneers in the movies, and I will take out the word "probably." His true position and importance to the moving-picture world were never realized until after his death, when every paper in the country praised his life and his invaluable contribution to the art to which he dedicated it.

"I won't talk business to you," said I, "until you settle up with me ——"

"Who, me? Do I owe you anything?"

"Well, your father once bought a wig from me and never paid me for it"

Soon afterward I received a letter and a check—doubly certified to obviate any risk of my not getting my full due—with which Tom Ince wound up this important transaction. The letter read:

My dear Golden: I have gone over all the complicated details of my father's estate. The only reference I can find to a wig is one entry: "Lost good engagement through damnable wig. G. can whistle for his 25c."

My father may have been wrong in the matter. It may have been a perfectly good wig, quite worth the 25c—but why, I ask, should the wigs of the father be visited on the son?

I am sending you a certified check for twenty-five (25c) cents, although my lawyers assure me that you have no legal claim on my father's estate. The claim should have been made at the time and an intelligent jury could have decided whether the wig was worth twenty-five cents. You may have sent a Little Lord Fauntleroy wig instead of an Uncle Tom, as ordered.

I am sure you use more discretion in your selection of plays than you did in the wig business, as you seem to be fitting the public quite nicely and I hear of no complaints as to your selections. If you have any misfits in your closet that might be trimmed into movie plays, let me know. A discarded pastoral toupee may be frizzed and curled so as to look natural in a romantic screen drama. Don't throw any of the hair away. Save the combings for a producer who knows how to cover the bald spots.

When you have turned this check into your bank, let bygones be bygones, forgive and forget, and speak as one honest producer should to another—without further haggling.

Sincerely,
THOS. H. INCE.

Perhaps in settling up the tremendous estate of my friend Tom Ince, the books were involved by the absence of one check. But they will never get from me what I consider one of my most priceless documents.

But to get back to where we belong, in the preswivel-chair days, after Ye Earlie Trouble had folded its wings and gone the way of all troubles, my one press notice and my persistence got me a job as second juvenile and general utility with Marie Wainwright. Marie Wainwright was one of the greatest legitimate stars of thirty years ago—talented, beautiful and truly great in big dramatic scenes.

Those were the days when a star was a Star and not a mere human being. In these times of intimacy and friendship, when respect between employer and employe is mutual, if any, it is amusing to recall that a generation ago no actor might presume to address the star of his company, unless spoken to first by Greatness. There was a definite rule in our company that we must not even venture a good evening to Miss Wainwright, unless addressed by her, lest such a chance remark should perchance ruffle the mood of the artist, or mayhap jar that great mind in process of some world-rocking thought in connection with her art or her rôle.

A Presidential Laugh

We opened in Amy Robsart at Wallack's Theater. This was followed by a repertoire including Twelfth Night, The School for Scandal and other standard plays. The study of many parts in many plays gave me an experience that a young man sorely needed. I felt I was, indeed, getting on in the world, for my salary was twenty-two dollars a week every week, which enabled me to live excellently—my room and board in a theatrical boarding house amounting to three dollars a week during our entire New York engagement—to dress resplendently, and even to save something.

It was while playing with Marie Wainwright, that I became pals with her leading man, Nathaniel Hartwig, in private life Nathaniel Hartwig Baruch, brother of Bernard M. Baruch. Hartwig was a handsome, tall, broad-shouldered, clear-eyed matinée idol.

Hardy and I were continually trying to induce his brother Bernard—at that time looming up vaguely in Wall Street—to go into the theatrical business. Many years later, during the war, President Wilson came to see one of my plays, looking so tired and careworn that I commented upon it to some friends, and when word was sent that I might join him in the box, I made a wager of a dinner that I could make him laugh. I tried a dozen stories, but failed to bring more than a flicker of amusement to the war-weary eyes of the President. At last, knowing his deep affection for Bernard Baruch, I said, "Did you know your friend B. M. B. was once a theatrical manager?"

A Hasty Exit

"No," replied the President, for the first time really interested in what I was saying. "I cannot imagine Baruch entering the profession of theatrical producer."

"His entrance," said I, "was hardly spectacular, but his exit was truly dramatic." And I told him how Hardy and I had craftily won over Bernie, who did not share our enthusiasm in things theatrical and who certainly had no ambition to act as angel.

Those were the days when audiences were thoroughly frank and outspoken. Bernard, too nervous to remain in the theater on the opening night, was near by, waiting the good word. What he heard was plenty of words, but he could not make out how good they were. So he asked someone the meaning of the demonstration going on in the neighborhood of the theater, and was told that the audience, grown bloodthirsty, was looking for the perpetrator of the show, who, if he placed discretion before valor, had better lose little time in heading toward the railroad station and boarding the first thing out, direction no object.

When I came to the picture of Bernard M. Baruch flying down that dark street to avoid that angry mob, doubtless in the act of dedicating his life to some peaceful, uneventful career like Wall Street, there came a laugh—a ringing, resounding laugh—from the President, which won me a good dinner.

It was in this wise that the theater lost what might have been an outstanding figure, and the world of finance and philanthropy gained the boyish enthusiasm, the sincerity, the engaging and fine character which have made Bernard Baruch such a dominating and successful personality in the affairs of the country today.

Once, while playing in Boston, Hardy and I stayed at a well-known theatrical boarding house up a side alley, run by a queer little man. Hardy and I had the back rooms, and in the front there was a beautiful girl with wiry hair whom Hardy was eager to meet. So I accommodatingly took the matter in hand, and it was arranged that after the matinée we were to call.

We noticed queer-looking boxes about the room; but our attention was centered on our attractive hostess, so we paid little heed to her surroundings. I remember something was said about two being company, and I was about to fade gracefully out of the crowd when the young lady began to tell us of her work. It seems she was employed in the double capacity of tattooed lady and snake charmer.

She exhibited some of her most priceless and accessible tattooing, and then, to reward our interest, stooped and opened one of the boxes. It had not occurred to us that she kept all the property of her joint trade so close to her person. But there, from the opened box, emerged gradually, as Milt Gross would have it, a green and sinuous form.

It seemed to me it was a case of hate at first sight between me and that anaconda. Sometime later my progress was arrested by the wall at the end of the alley, and at the same moment I was attacked from the rear by a flying object which turned out to be my friend Hardy. Evidently he was so ashamed of my lack of manners—departing, as I did, without even an adieu to the tattooed lady—that he felt impelled to come right after me. Having longer legs, he would have come before, only what I do I do thoroughly. At any rate, we both lost interest in the fair charmer at practically the same moment. And I should say the moral of this story is that although all things come to him who waits, it isn't always a man feels like waiting

The next season I was fortunate in meeting a rising young author named Augustus Thomas. This young man had written a play called A Night's Frolic.

"Golden," said Thomas, "can you dance?"

"Why?" I replied.

"Because there is a part you could have if you could dance."

"When do you start rehearsals?" I inquired.

"We don't start for about ten days."

"Of course I can dance," said I, "and I'd like to have the part."

In six lessons I learned three hops, one or two taps and a high kick, and when the call for rehearsal came I was there, ready to prove I was a dancer.

I got the job, only to learn, to my chagrin, that I was expected not only to dance but to do an imitation of Lottie Collins, who had set the country on fire with Ta-ra-ra-Boom-De-Ay. But I was not one to flinch in the face of duty. With scarcely more than a passing blush, I shed the mantle of Henry Irving and donned the short skirts of the female impersonator. Perhaps the saddest part of it all was that such representative papers as the Fitchburg Sentinel of 1893 overlooked my really splendid rendition of the rôle of the young hero and concentrated on the less manly aspects of my performance.

Three Against All the World

"John Golden, who impersonated one of the French girls, is a fair imitator of Lottie Collins and her song and dance," says the revered Kennebec Journal, in a yellowed clipping treasured in my scrapbook. Not exactly wild enthusiasm for my art, but a notice is a notice.

Suzanne Westford, sister of Lillian Russell, was in that company, and Lillian Russell often visited us. It was only a few years ago, shortly before the death of that great spirit of the theater, that I happened to ask Lillian Russell what sort of actor I was as a lad.

"I saw you in the company with my sister Susie," she said, "and you were good." Susie said I was good too. But I guess it was we three against the world. The stage apparently didn't want me half as much as I wanted it, for between engagements there used to be long bare spots when it didn't want me at all. In some of these I took to scribbling rimes patterned after my hero, W. S. Gilbert. One day I made the startling discovery that newspapers and magazines actually paid for this sort of self-indulgence—sometimes as high as two dollars apiece! New vistas opened

(Continued on Page 113

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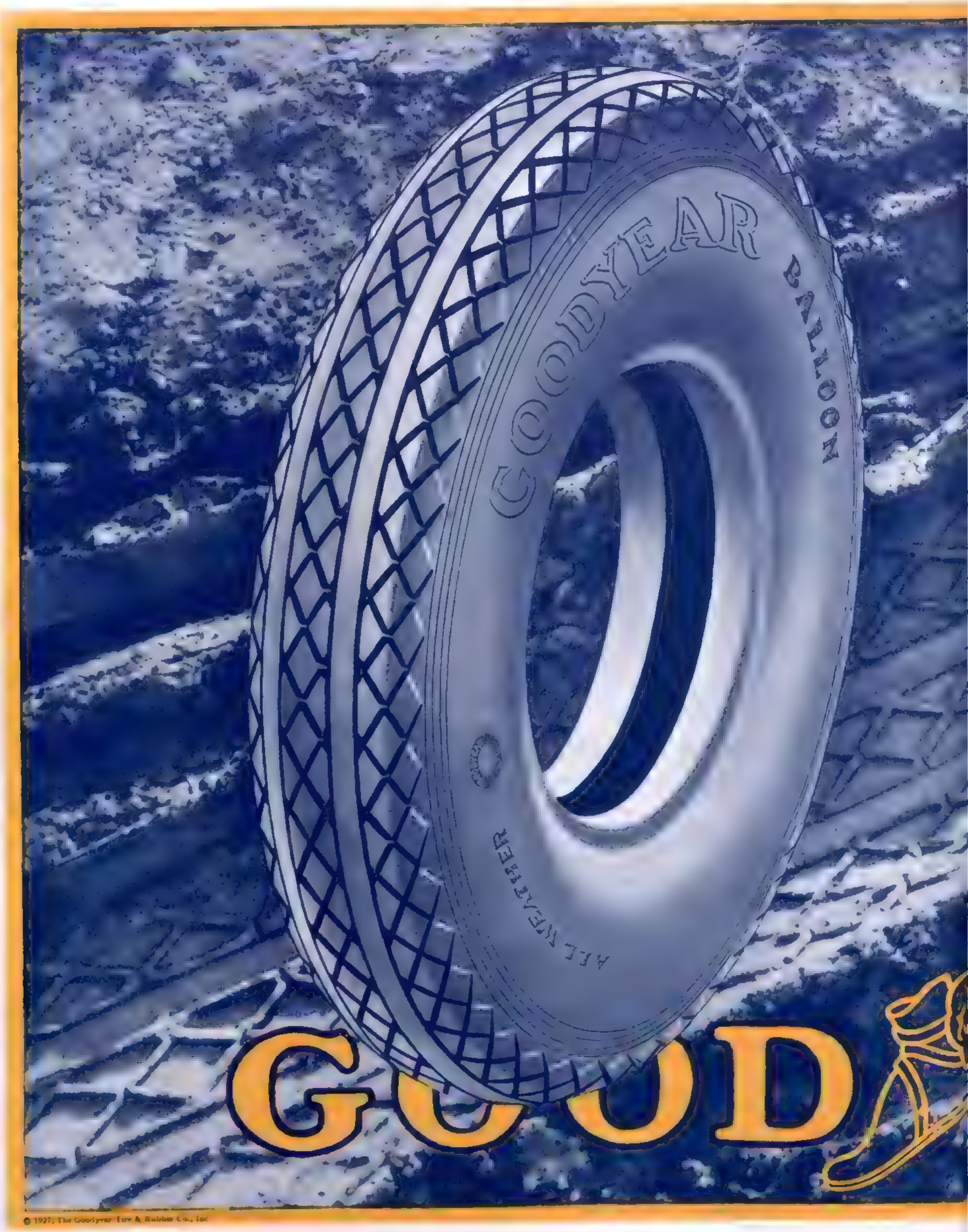

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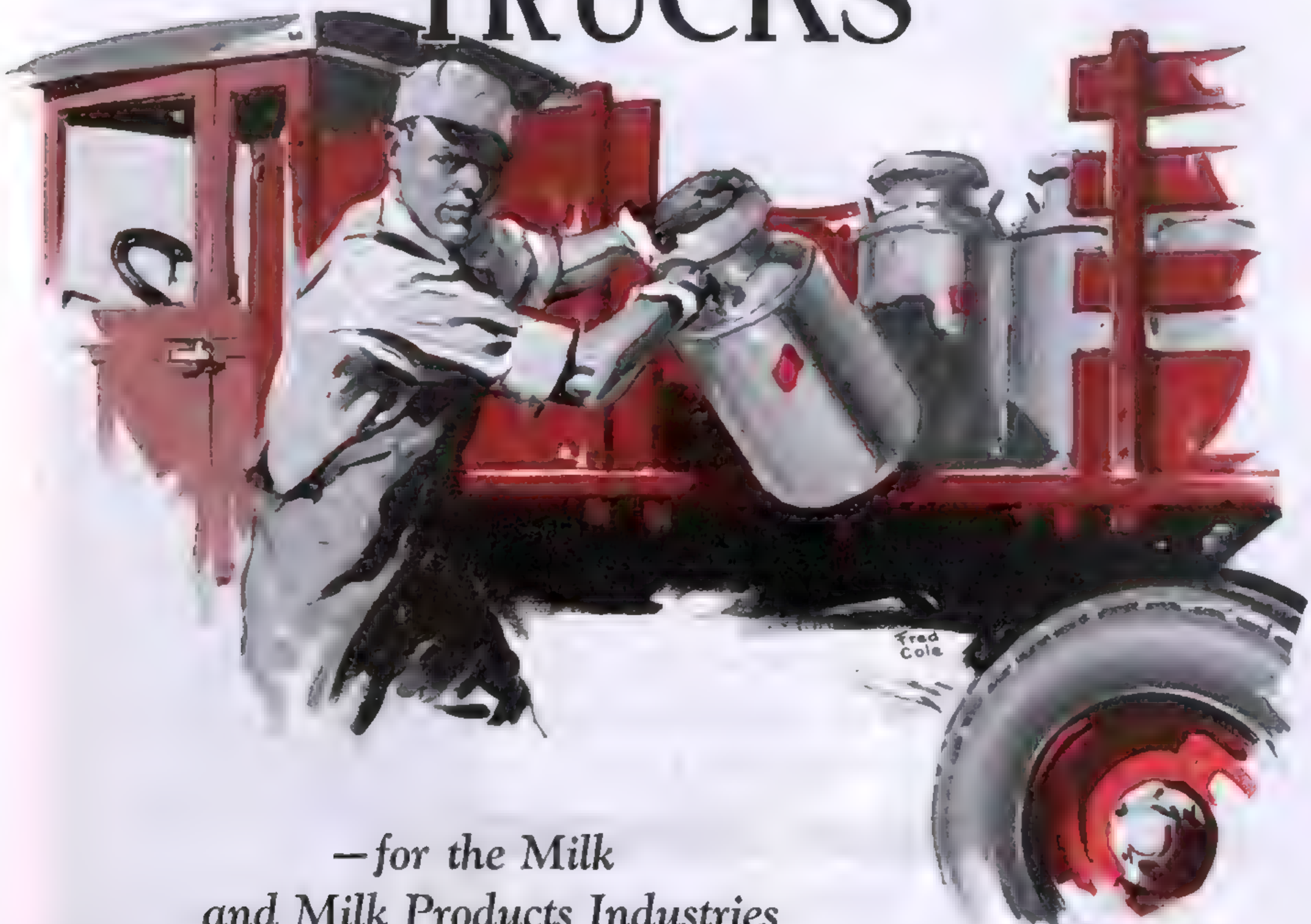

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(Continued from Page 108)

up for me and I launched out upon a new career as a free-lance verse writer for the weekly magazines, Puck, Judge and Truth.

It was while working on Truth that I met a youngster who illustrated some of my two-dollar verses, for which he probably received $1.50, since I cannot believe his pictures were worth as much as my poems. This boy was the inventor of our present comic strip—the first man to turn out a continuous series of humorous episodes centering about one character or set of characters—a form of humor now an integral part of our daily lives, but unknown before it was launched under the name of The Yellow Kid by my friend, Richard Felton Outcault.

In those days Puck, Judge and Truth contained most of the published humor of the country, until the idea occurred to that great editor and journalist, Joseph Pulitzer, that some of that income might be diverted to the Sunday papers. So he decided to print, as a supplement to the New York World, a colored double page of humor, and to give it away every Sunday to the readers of the World.

To insure the success of his supplement he hired Roy McCardell, then editor of Puck, who engaged Outcault to make a weekly illustration of a group of poor youngsters in a comic strip to be called Hogan's Alley. In a way, to the color man on the paper belongs the credit—if credit there be—for having launched the famous Yellow Kid. For Outcault did his Hogan's Alley cartoons in black and white, but the color man happened to put a yellow gown on a bald-headed, toothless kid in the center of the drawings. The public, overlooking entirely the name of the series, began to write letters to the editor, asking for more pictures of the Yellow Kid.

It did not take the World long to order a continuation of the series under the title it had made for itself. In that way was born a comic character who has lived for thirty years, and I hope I am violating no family scandals when I divulge that the Yellow Kid was the father of Rube Goldberg's beautiful brain children, of George McManus' Father, and even those little pills of solid psychology daily dispensed by Dr. Tom Powers under the name of Joys and Glooms, as well as all the other hardy perennials who daily lead their private lives in our public columns, year in and year out.

But before the days of the Yellow Kid, Dick Outcault enjoyed a success as an artist equal to mine as an actor. He was married to the most devoted wife and mother a man ever had the good luck to select, and who, at Dick's request, held the slender family purse strings.

Off on the Wrong Foot

We traveled with a fine set of newspaper boys—Archie Gunn, Edward Marshall, Napoleon Augustus Jennings—dear old N. A. J.—Post Wheeler, Perriton Maxwell, Eddie Pidgeon, Harry Kemble, Hy Mayer, George Baxter, Charles Frederick Nerdlinger, Paul West, Mickey Finn, Martin Green, Bob McLaughlin, Tom Powers, Jack Tennant, Max Marcin, and our great hangouts were Lipton's and Andy Horn's on Park Row, or uptown, Maria's Restaurant, where for forty cents one could regale himself with a princely table d'hôte, including enough red wine to wash down unlimited yards of spaghetti, which, if placed end to end, would not have stayed that way—provided, of course, one had forty cents. But I need not point out that these orgies were rare and great events.

I was not a particularly sensitive plant in those days, but I recall a time when, in the struggle for a good meal, I was badly put out. I recollect with mingled feelings a magnificent wet-goods emporium known to the Bohemians of New York as Kirke's, at the corner of Twenty-seventh Street and Broadway. I believe it was Coleridge who said, "To go together to . . . Kirke's with a goodly companie."

Along one side of the room, near the door, a superior colored gentleman kept one eye on a magnificent repast of clove-laden hams, roast beef, sausages, clam broth —— To this day I can go no further dry-eyed. Many a meal I acquired under the pretext of a five-cent glass of beer.

But one day, being without a nickel, I thought to omit the formality of buying a drink. Being an actor, I believed I could easily play the part of the patron, mingling with the crowd and strolling nonchalantly over to the food. And on that day I learned what the superior colored gentleman did with his other eye. He kept it out for patrons who did not go through the formality of buying a drink. The next thing the boy actor knew was the business end of the colored gentleman's foot. I was badly put out.

In the middle of a particularly long and what bade fair to be an unbroken dry spell, into my room one morning came Dick Outcault on his way to a clothing store to buy him six dollars' worth of pants. He even showed me the six dollars Mame had doled out from the family hoard.

Pants Made to Measure

That was a tactical error. "Wait a minute," said I, and running to my theatrical-wardrobe trunk drew forth a pair of pants. "You're smaller than I am, and these are too tight for me, and if they fit you, you can have them for nothing. It seems a shame to spend all that money just for pants."

Dick put on the pants and stepped over to the glass. I can only say that the difference between the pants and me was to the difference between Dick and the pants as nothing at all, if you follow me. But I did not lose heart so long as he did not actually lose the aforementioned.

"The legs fit all right," I pronounced, and bunched the slack at the back, where the sight of it would not depress him too much. When he turned to view the back, I gathered the fullness tenderly to the front.

"They seem a little loose in the seat," he demurred, not entirely convinced.

I admitted it. "But," I pointed out, "your coat covers that."

"Do you think Mame'll believe they're new?" he inquired, still dubious.

"Why shouldn't she? I've only worn them half a season. What's that?"

Dick could not find the answer, so he sent word to Mame that business would detain him that evening, and a big dinner party was arranged at Maria's.

Next morning I was awakened by the entrance of a comic artist with a serious face. "You did it," he announced lugubriously, seating himself on my feet. "Mame was furious."

"At you?" I demanded.

"No, at the clothier. She wants me to go back and tell those robbers there's room enough in the seat of those pants for another man. And if they can't give me my size or my money back, she'll go down and start something." He shuddered. "What shall I do?"

I didn't know. "We've got to raise six dollars," I announced oracularly. But how?

Finally Dick said, "I've got a couple of drawings here. Maybe if you could put a bum rime on one we could sell it."

I not only could—I did. It was called Ballad of the Bachelor—showing the value of a little personal inspiration—and it started:

I will sing a jolly jingle
On the joys of living single
And the happy times that mingle
With a solitary life;
How the fun goes fast and faster
Till you've met the grand disaster
That bestows on you a master
In a domineering wife ——

We sold it to Truth that same morning. Some breeches were purchased; other breaches were averted. And if Mame still bears any hard feeling toward that clothier, I hope this full confession will restore him to favor.

Not long afterward I learned a startling fact from Percy Gaunt, composer of the Charles H. Hoyt farces, and famous for such tunes as The Bowery, and Reuben, Reuben, I've Been Thinkin', which are classics today, having weathered the twenty-year probation period. Gaunt pointed out to me that, made into songs, my rimes would be worth perhaps as much as twenty dollars some day.

George Grossmith also encouraged me to compose tunes, and there was really no reason why I should not become a song writer, since I had on my person quite a thorough musical education. When I was a little boy my folks out in Wauseon knew a cigar maker who also played in the orchestra. So my mother bought me a fiddle for four dollars and hired this professor of music to give me lessons at twenty-five cents a lesson.

I remember that, inclusive of the fiddle, my musical education cost my parents exactly six dollars. For after my eighth lesson there was nothing more for me to learn. I had mastered the thing so I could play any tune I wanted, and I didn't want to play any other tunes anyway. So I became a song writer. Oh, the songs that I brought into the world, only to find that they had no spark of life! Stillborn, you might call them, and then again you might not. The thousands of lyrics that were litter-ally thrown away in Tin Pan Alley, then at Twenty-eighth Street. How many times have I sat with my heart thumping louder than my fingers, in the hope that Marie Dressler, Elsie Janis, Lillian Russell, Frank Daniels, Joseph Cawthorn or Eddie Foy might buy from me the wares that I peddled. And believe me, it was no soft peddle, although strangely enough every one of those stars did eventually buy songs from me.

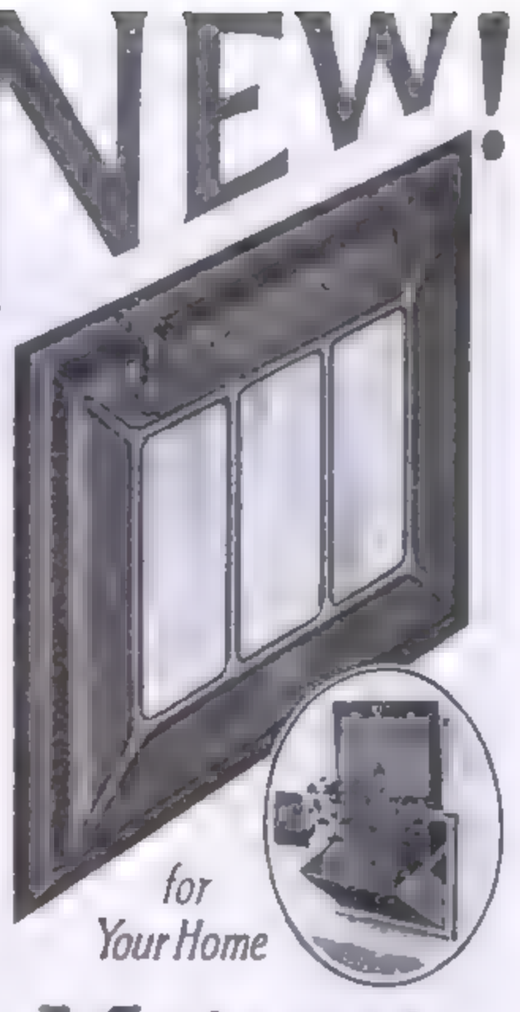
Once I was coming from Poughkeepsie on a train with a flat wheel which produced a rhythm. My mind began to play with that rhythmic pattern until by the time I reached New York I had written a song. The name of it was Willie Off the Yacht, and the famous manager, Henry B. Harris, bought it for Peter F. Dailey, who sang it in The Night Clerk at the New York Casino. The song was a great success, and it was sung by Marie Jansen and many other stars here, and in London by Vesta Tilly. Every time a man went down the street in a pair of white pants, the boys would hoot, "Willie Off the Yacht! Willie Off the Yacht!" which I coined. It became the catch phrase of the hour. And the song writers of today who are rolling in their limousines will scarcely believe that all I got for my world-famous song was ten dollars. But I was not complaining. It established my price as ten dollars a song—in cash.

Billed With a Star

Steve Brodie, whose name has since become part of our vocabulary, although there are many who believe that he never did his historic jump, but framed the whole affair with the connivance of a friendly policeman, became in one night the man of the hour, besieged by managers who did not think they would be plunging too much by taking a Brodie on him. He did finally go on the stage in a play called On the Bowery. Steve gave me five dollars down to write him a song, and the other five when it was finished.

I had a real hit in Yvette, which Marie Dressler sang at Koster and Bial's on Twenty-third Street—a playhouse best remembered for its famous Cork Room—a room entirely decorated with corks taken from champagne bottles opened by the young bloods and men about town for the entertainment of the young ladies of the chorus who forgathered there between the acts. The Cork Room had made Koster and Bial's an international institution, and I shall never forget the thrill of coming across a poster in a barber shop which read: Hear Marie Dressler, the Star Obscurer,

NEW!



for Your Home

Majestic Coal Window

The Mark of a Modern Home

This new glass panel style Majestic is a triumph in coal window construction—break-proof and rust-proofed—made of Certified Malleable Iron and Keystone Copper Steel. So pleasingly designed that it lends a distinctive touch to the foundation of your home. Gives all the protection of the solid steel door type Majestic—and the three plate glass panels let ample light into your coal bin. See that you get this new, improved coal window in the home you buy or build—or have it put in your present home.

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You'll Want in Your Home

A new convenience that costs but little—the Majestic Milk and Package Receiver. It receives deliveries from the outside—you remove them from within at your convenience. Saves steps—protects from annoyance, intrusion and theft. Outside door locks automatically when closed. Easily installed in old or new homes.

Write for catalog describing all styles of Majestic Coal Windows, Milk and Package Receivers, and many other Majestic Quality Products you will want in your home.

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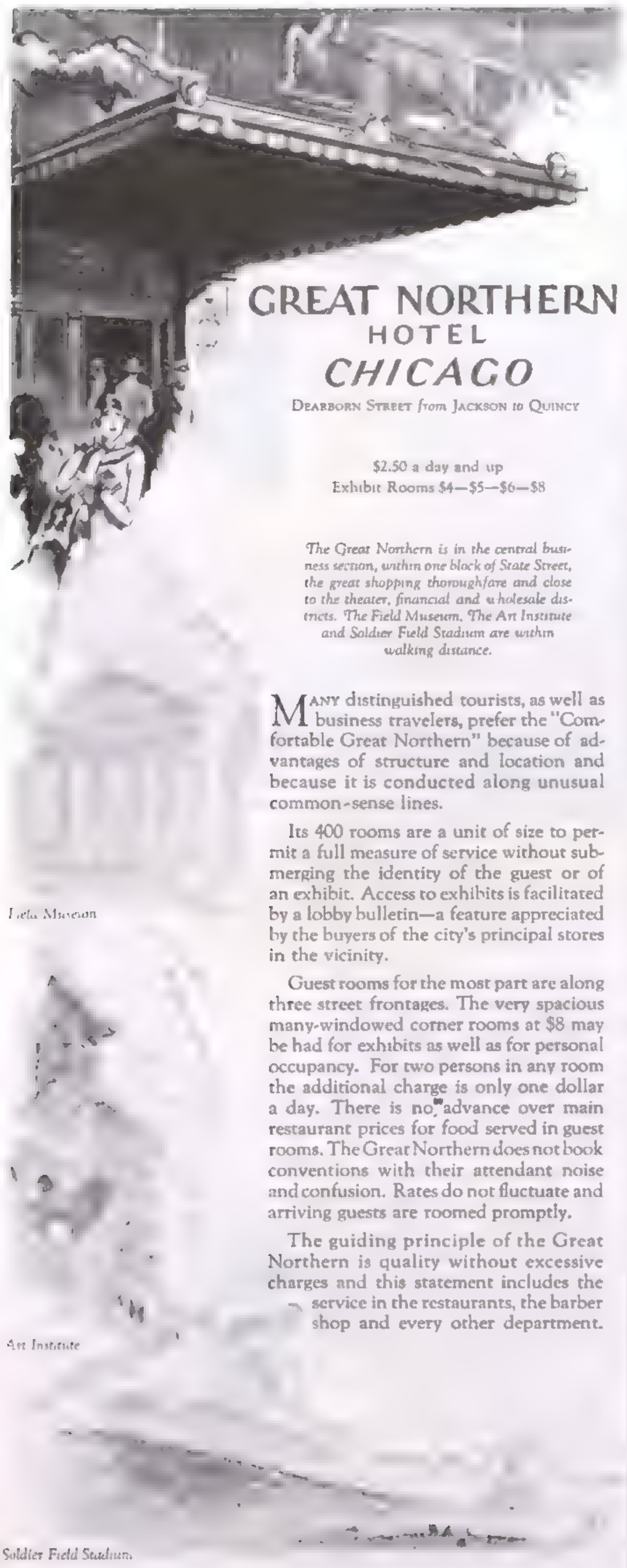
The Galt Stove & Furnace Co., Ltd., Galt, Ontario



GREAT NORTHERN
HOTEL
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DEARBORN STREET from JACKSON to QUINCY

$2.50 a day and up
Exhibit Rooms $4—$5—$6—$8

The Great Northern is in the central business section, within one block of State Street, the great shopping thoroughfare and close to the theater, financial and wholesale districts. The Field Museum, The Art Institute and Soldier Field Stadium are within walking distance.

MANY distinguished tourists, as well as business travelers, prefer the "Comfortable Great Northern" because of advantages of structure and location and because it is conducted along unusual common-sense lines.

Its 400 rooms are a unit of size to permit a full measure of service without submerging the identity of the guest or of an exhibit. Access to exhibits is facilitated by a lobby bulletin—a feature appreciated by the buyers of the city's principal stores in the vicinity.

Guest rooms for the most part are along three street frontages. The very spacious many-windowed corner rooms at $8 may be had for exhibits as well as for personal occupancy. For two persons in any room the additional charge is only one dollar a day. There is no advance over main restaurant prices for food served in guest rooms. The Great Northern does not book conventions with their attendant noise and confusion. Rates do not fluctuate and arriving guests are roomed promptly.

The guiding principle of the Great Northern is quality without excessive charges and this statement includes the service in the restaurants, the barber shop and every other department.

Field Museum

Art Institute

Soldier Field Stadium

Why not the "Comfortable Great Northern" on your next visit to Chicago?

sing Yvette by John Golden. That was my first Broadway billing, and I went in and got a haircut I didn't need very badly, in order to steal the handbill. Yvette was a burlesque on the French songs of Yvette Guilbert, whom Koster and Bial had brought over following the great triumph of their previous importation, Carmencita. The song was so successful that my price was doubled and I received twenty dollars for this spectacular hit.

Of course, my musical education had not included the technical accomplishment of instrumentally scoring my songs or making piano arrangements. But in the office of the T. B. Harms Company was a modest little musician who would, for the sum of two dollars, put on paper for me and arrange such melodic masterpieces as I would play for him with the few fingers I could use. He was never very strong, and the rest of us used to feel a little protective toward him, thinking he was too frail to make the grade. But by keeping at the game and working hard and accepting a piece of advice he once got from a bartender, he now is as solid and hale a young fellow as you will meet—owns the firms of the Chappell Company of London and the T. B. Harms Company, over the door of which, as president, is his name—Max Dreyfus.

When Max was working for Harms at anything he could get, earning an additional dollar here or there for playing accompaniments or making a piano score, he once got an order to go to a bar somewhere in Westchester to play for a party. He was to get five dollars. Max played for the festive souls in the saloon some of his favorite selections from Grieg and Brahms. The gay spirits did not mind the tunes, only they seemed so fearfully slow. One after another drunken reveler would come up to the pianist, slap him on the back and request him to play faster. Max did his best to speed up the difficult passages in Grieg and Brahms—faster and faster flew the fingers of the tired little pianist, until chaos reigned and the sweat poured.

Just Your Type

The sympathetic bartender, seeing him so overheated, brought him a foaming glass of beer. Two or three times poor Max was on the point of fainting from exhaustion, but finally the last drunken reveler had gone.

Wearily Max closed the piano and applied to the bartender for the promised five dollars.

"Didn't I feed you beer?" cried the bartender. "What do you think your playing is worth, anyway?" And he picked up a chair. "You better get out of here fast." And if Max had not taken that bartender's advice, he might not today own one of the show places in Westchester and sit in an office surrounded by rare prints, Chinese rugs, a dozen secretaries and four telephones. I feel impelled to point out that a man may need rare prints and rugs—he may even need a dozen secretaries—but no man, friend or no friend, can talk into more than two telephones at once.

Although I am no longer connected with song writing, scarcely a day passes that I do not receive a rime, a lyric, a bit of melody or a piece of music from friends or unknowns who want to know what an old song writer can tell them about the business of getting a hit.

Some people think that success as a song writer consists in writing songs. That is the easiest part of it. Selling the song is the important thing, although that too is fairly easy if you get some well-known person to sing it. Until then it is just a lot of air, and whoever said "selling things for a song" said something. Nothing is worth less.

The publisher usually prefers to sink his money into something by tried authors. He has to pay for advertising. He is under heavy expense for song pluggers. You will find the plugger at a prize fight before the preliminary bouts, whistling in the gallery—you may have seen him on Broadway in a slow-moving wagon, yelling a popular number through a megaphone.

Often the publisher pays vaudeville people to include his numbers. I have known actors and actresses to receive large sums for this exploitation, and I recall one case where one actress was paid $500 a week for helping to popularize a song.

When the publisher has to go to this much expense to exploit a number, he cannot afford to pay a high royalty, and the average for these popular songs used to be from one cent a copy down—and sometimes the "down" went very deep.

I had learned that my job was to place my song in some musical play before bringing it to my publisher. And so I hung around backstage and made friends with the singers of the day. I waited at the stage door of the Criterion Theater, for instance, until Francis Wilson, who was playing there, came out, and without knowing him, I went up to him and said, "I have a song here called The Ambitious Mosquito, and it is just your type." He wasn't convinced, however, but only a few days later Marie Dressler, less skeptical, accepted the song, which was "just her type," and made a real success of it.

A Song for His Supper

Though I was never a great song writer, somehow I seemed more successful at selling songs than many who wrote them much better. There was Billy Jerome, today a fine, sweet, white-haired, young-hearted singer of songs, and responsible for such favorites as A Bicycle Built for Two and a great many other popular lyrics. I never was in the same class with Billy Jerome, and yet I know I was getting ten dollars for a number when he was getting only five.

When you had a song placed in a show, then you could sting a publisher for a money advance, or "put the bee on them," as it was first phrased by Benjamin Hapgood Burt, author of Waltz Me Around Again, Willie, and Yip! I Adee! I Aye, and other popular favorites. I not only got an advance, but a rate of three cents a copy for words or music, which in my case, being ambi-hoaxterous, meant six cents a copy.

I once took to my music publishers one verse of a song called Pretty Kitty. Tom Harms said I was pretty lucky to have written one verse, for if I had done the second that would have been twice as much time wasted. In other words, we did not agree on Pretty Kitty.

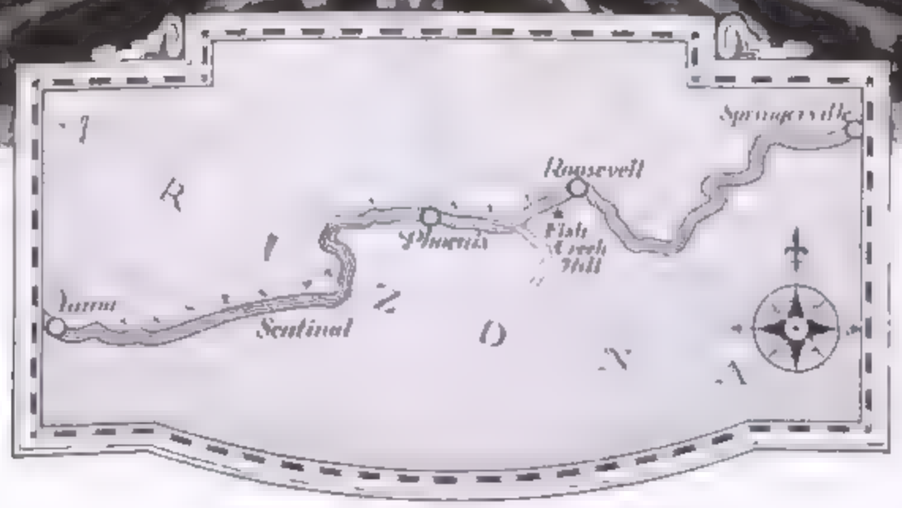
So I walked disconsolately up Broadway and finally drifted over to Eighth Avenue and into a café, not broke, for I had in my pocket the price of a cup of coffee, the prevailing rate for which was five cents. At the table next to me were four vaudeville actors hopelessly entangled in the construction of a song.

Unable to bear all this footless discussion concerning an art about which I knew absolutely everything, I went over, and with my best bow said, "Pardon me, gentlemen, but evidently none of you are song writers. I happen to be a good one, and should be glad to help you out of your difficulties." And by way of showing my good faith, I helped myself to a doughnut and began to munch it.

A fat fellow named Van Dusen—since become a respectable printer—said, "How much would you charge to straighten out this lyric, it being understood that if we don't like it we pay nothing?"

I made the price a good meal, beginning with soup and going up to and including roast beef. And then and there, at the table, I fixed up the song for The Mimic Four, a well-known comic quartet engaged to sing on the roof of the Casino Theater—the first roof garden on Manhattan Island. I had not been aware that there existed such a quartet, or that the Casino roof had any other purpose than to keep the rain out of the building. But one of life's proudest moments was when I went to the Casino Roof and heard The Mimic Four sing that song, several words of which were mine.

(Continued on Page 116)



Fish Creek Hill, on the picturesque Santa Fe Trail, near Roosevelt, Ariz.

G & J Balloon Cord Tires
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(30 x 3 and 30 x 3½)
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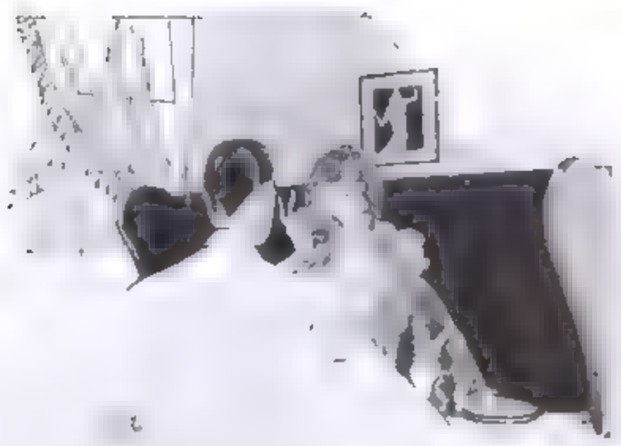
G & J Red and Gray Tubes

As the Miles Roll By—the Expense Need Not Roll Up—[*In 1926 more than twice as many motor car, bus and truck owners bought G & J Tires as in 1925. Have you discovered this tire economy?*]

Drive wherever you care to, regardless of road conditions. Drive as fast as good sense and the policeman will allow you to. And don't think of the wear and tear on your tires and the drain on your pocketbook. Just enjoy the trip!... You need only take the precaution of equipping your car with dependable, economical, good old G & J Tires... Get acquainted with the G & J Dealer. In all probability he can show you how to save money on tires.

G & J TIRE COMPANY, 1790 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY



Life's too short *to drink bad coffee!*

Good coffee is mellow . . . brings you dreams of things you think you'd like to do. But you're only drinking good coffee when you're aware of the fact . . . when you lift your cup with an "ah!" . . . and lose yourself in a grand sense of taste.

There are two ways of making coffee—old-fashioned and new-fashioned. The first takes a pot, a stove and careful watching. The second is the modern way—using the modern blessing of electricity

With a Manning-Bowman electric percolator, you simply put coffee in the basket and water in the percolator. Then, you switch on the current—glowing, steady electrical heat does the rest. While the perfect drink is brewing, you go about your other tasks—getting breakfast, preparing the salad for dinner, fixing the after-theatre "snack." Without a thought, you can be sure of *good* coffee . . . perfectly cooked and easily served.

You can't say this about coffee made in the old-fashioned way—if you're a busy, hurried modern human like most of us. So you can be surer *always* if you make coffee the Manning-Bowman way—electrically cooked.

M-B means Best

Manning-Bowman

Electric Appliances

Illustrated above—*M-B Percolator Set 3120 7, pot style, with sugar bowl, creamer and tray. In nickel plate, $41.00. Waffle Iron 1616 with a beautifully pierced tray, $15.00*

(Continued from Page 114)

The day on which I first met The Mimic Four was, it appeared, my lucky day. For later, strolling up Broadway, I saw in front of the Herald Square Theater no less a person than Charles H. Hopper, the famous delineator of toughs, then starring in a piece by Edward Townsend called Chimmie Fadden. Probably the roast beef under my belt gave me the courage to go up and address him.

"Mr. Hopper," I began, pressing into service the good old working formula, "I have written a song for you."

"I'd like to hear it," said Hopper. "Come into the Herald Square Café and have a cocktail first."

I had never had a cocktail in my life, but I would not have refused if he had asked me to have a little dash of typhoid. After the cocktail, which I admit was not distasteful, Hopper said, "Come back on the stage and play me your tune."

In the theater a rehearsal of a Smith and De Koven opera called The Mandarin was in progress. Hopper went up to De Koven and Smith and said, "Just let us have the stage a minute. I want this young fellow to show me a number he has written for me." And to my surprise he got away with it.

Among Celebrities

Seating himself next to the piano on the stage, "Go ahead, kid," he said. "Give us your number."

And just as fast and loud as I could I sang the number Tom Harms had advised me to throw away.

I finished in a round of applause, and before I realized what was happening, Hopper was introducing me to Reginald de Koven, Harry B. Smith, Max Blieman, who had an interest in the theater, Charles E. Evans and Bill Hoey, that great vaudeville combination of yesterday. I was completely dazed at this bundle of celebrities being presented to me at once, while at the same time Hopper thumped me on the back proclaiming me the world's greatest. I admit the others weren't quite so carried away, but eager, no doubt, to go on with their rehearsal, they finally agreed with him. Whereupon he insisted that I have another cocktail.

"I like that first verse," said Hopper. "Now go home and write another. And in the meantime how much do you want for letting me have exclusive rights?"

The cocktails and this sort of talk rendered me incapable of coherent speech. I had never in my life received more than five or ten dollars for a song. But, considering his enthusiasm, I was hesitating whether it might not be safe to make it fifteen, when he said "Here," and drawing out a roll of bills as thick as my head, he ran through them quickly. "There's $314. Keep that as an advance until you have written the second verse, and then we'll talk about price."

My friends have accused me of being a good business man—my enemies call it something else—and you would have to know what that amount of money meant to a hungry kid at that point in his career, to realize what it meant for me not to take that roll. But no song in the world—lyric by W. Shakspere, music by R. Wagner—could be worth $314! I couldn't take it from a man who had been so kind to me and so appreciative of my work, and who had, moreover, no idea of the value, or lack of value, of a song.

So I said, "Wait till I finish the number and we'll settle on the price then."

"How long?" he demanded.

"I'll have it here at noon tomorrow."

We shook hands and I worked that night completing the second verse and making the number better. The next day, true to his word, there was Hopper. And when I read him the song, he said, "It's all right. But, you little chump, why didn't you take that money I offered you yesterday? I had a date and blew the roll. Now you can go down and see my manager and fix up the deal with him."

I went down to the Madison Square Theater and up a little winding iron stairway to the office of Frank McKee.

"Oh, yes, I know all about you," said the great manager. "You're the kid with the number. How much do you want for it?"

I told him Mr. Hopper wanted to give me a little more than $300 as an advance.

"Oh, he's crazy," said McKee, "and you ought to be ashamed of yourself. You know perfectly well I can buy the best song anybody's got for twenty-five dollars."

With a sinking heart but a firm jaw I said "Not this one," and started for the iron stairway.

"Come back here!" he yelled, and I had not gone too far to comply. "What do you think you are going to get for that song?"

"I ought to get what he offered me as an advance."

"Don't be an idiot," said McKee. "I'll give you more than was ever paid before for a song, because my star wants it—I'll give you $100."

I knew I'd have to pay Max Dreyfus for the piano scoring, and I put my figure at $127.50. McKee was a big fat man and he fought like a bear, but after three false exits I went out with his check for $127.50—I believe the highest price ever paid for a song in those days.

Of course, in view of the circumstances, I was extremely generous to Max Dreyfus. I gave him $2 50.

There is one story of my song-writing days which may interest Mr. Dillingham, because he played an important, if unconscious, part in it.

A lyric writer named Mike Rourke had started a song called Bally Mooney, on the order of Tipperary, the song of the hour, famous because it was so widely sung by the soldiers the first year of the war. Montgomery and Stone were the first to sing it here, but it soon became useless for them as a production song, because it was everybody's property.

Imported From England

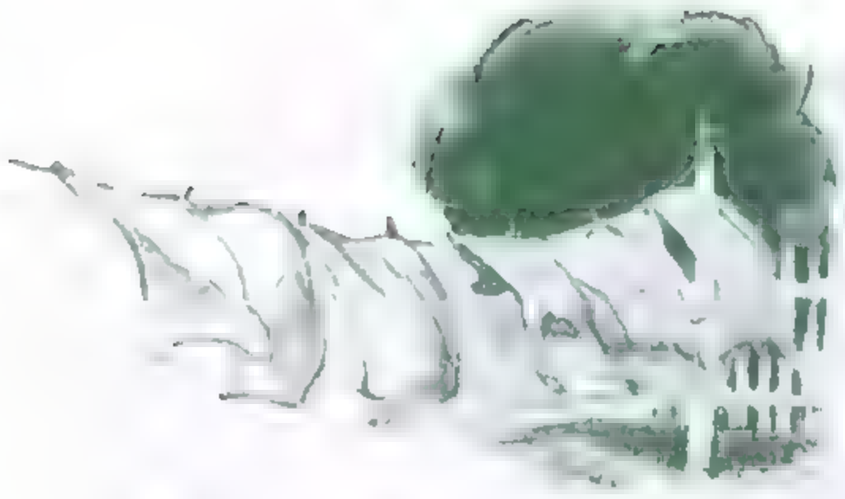
Dillingham asked me to write something else for them. I sat up nights and wrote song after song and played them to Mr. Dillingham, but none of them seemed to satisfy. Then I remembered Rourke and his partly written number, and decided to get together with him.

We worked all night and finished the song to our own satisfaction. Then we got my friend Dreyfus to mail it to his London associates, Francis, Day and Hunter, who were requested to make up an English print copy under the title Bally Mooney and Biddy McGee by Trooper Terrence Lowrey, 69th Fusileers. After it was all set up in English form, I got a ship-news reporter to write a squib saying this famous ballad, sung by the 69th Fusileers and making a wildfire hit throughout the British Army, had just arrived in this country.

I took this clipping to my friend Dillingham. "Wouldn't it be great," I said generously, "if you could get this number? If it had enough popular appeal to grow by itself among the soldiers, it ought to be a hit."

Dillingham became enthusiastic over the possibilities, and I promised to set up a search and see if I could locate it for him. Dillingham kept that clipping on his desk and for three or four days called me up continually to remind me of my promise. At last I told him Dreyfus of Harms was holding the number for some special figure. I finally induced Dreyfus to let me have it and took it over and played it for the company. When they heard me read that song from that old, tattered English manuscript, they were electrified, and could see, as one man, why the soldiers liked it. And the song Bally Mooney and Biddy McGee, by Trooper Terrence Lowrey—alias Golden and Rourke—was launched and became a great success as sung by Montgomery and Stone.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Golden, written in collaboration with Viola Brothers Shore. The next will appear in an early issue



THERE may be four-leafed clovers growing in this backyard, but the woman who hung out these clothes has never found them. She has found only colds and aching shoulders, seen only dreary rows of flapping clothes. Flags of drudgery. Scarecrows frightening the bluebird away.

BUT walk around to the front of this other house. Here is a porch-swing with cushions and books. Friends call from passing motor cars. Down the street a bridge club is gathering. And beyond are theatres, shops—all the things that keep a woman young.

THIS is all that separates the backyard woman from a front-yard life: TIME. For the clock won't stand still. And one can't play bridge while supervising the washing. Or read a book while hanging out the clothes. If there were only some way to save the days the backyard steals!

ANY one of nearly three million American women can tell you of a magician more wonderful than any on the stage—the modern laundry. Its "silk hat" is your washday bundle of clothes. Its "wand" is the man it sends for that bundle. The "rabbit" it produces is a holiday.

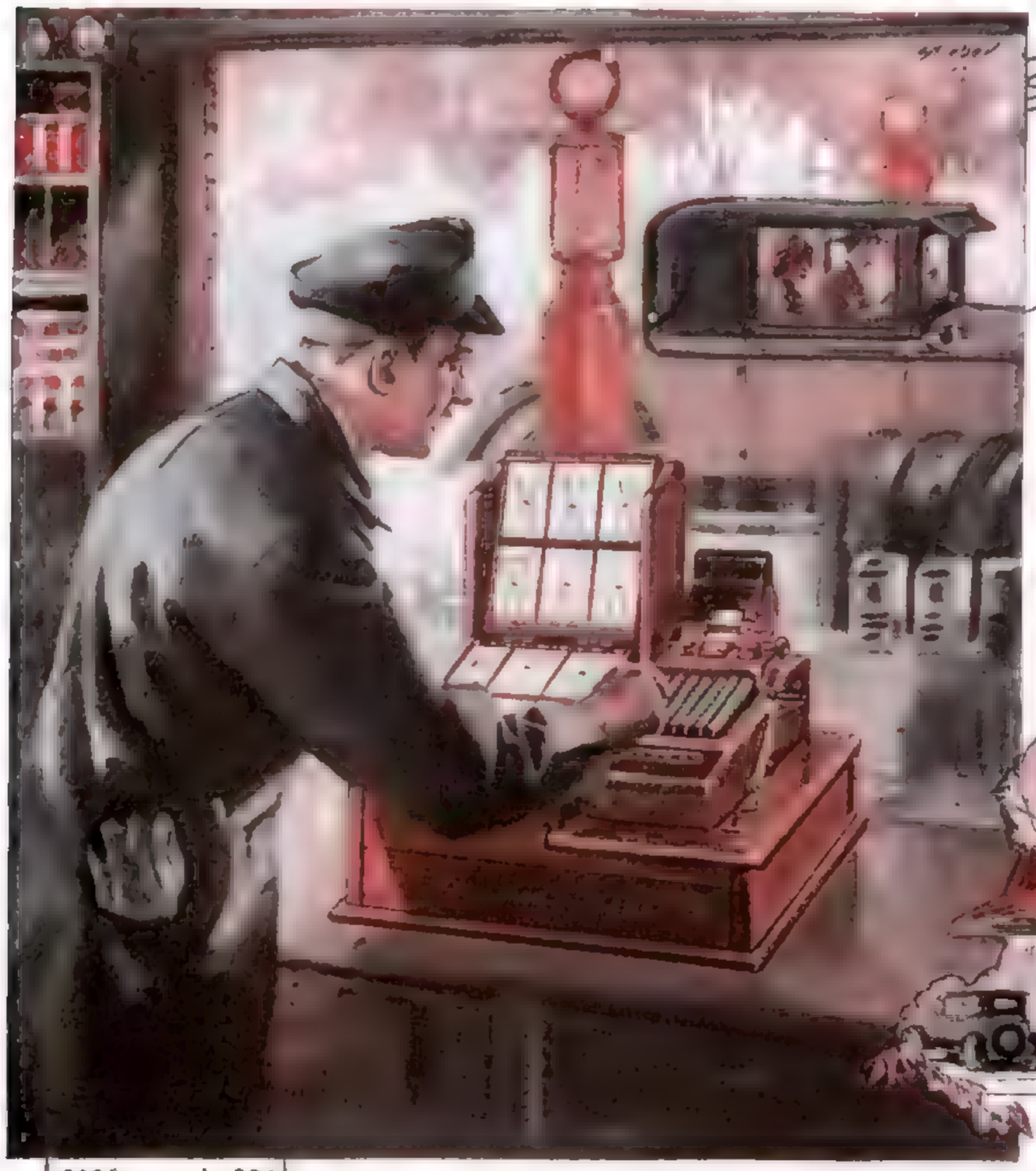
With the coming of this "washday-holiday," the backyard and its flapping scarecrows vanish behind you. With the coming of this "washday-holiday," the front door and a world of happiness open before you. A phone call to any modern laundry sets the magician to work.

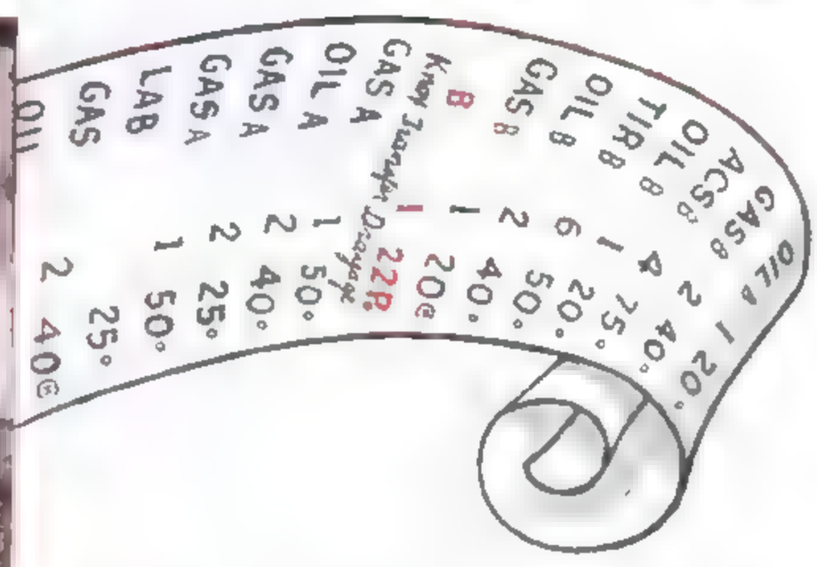
Published in the interest of the public, and on behalf of the Laundry Industry by *The American Laundry Machinery Company, Executive Offices, Cincinnati, Ohio*

SEND IT TO THE LAUNDRY

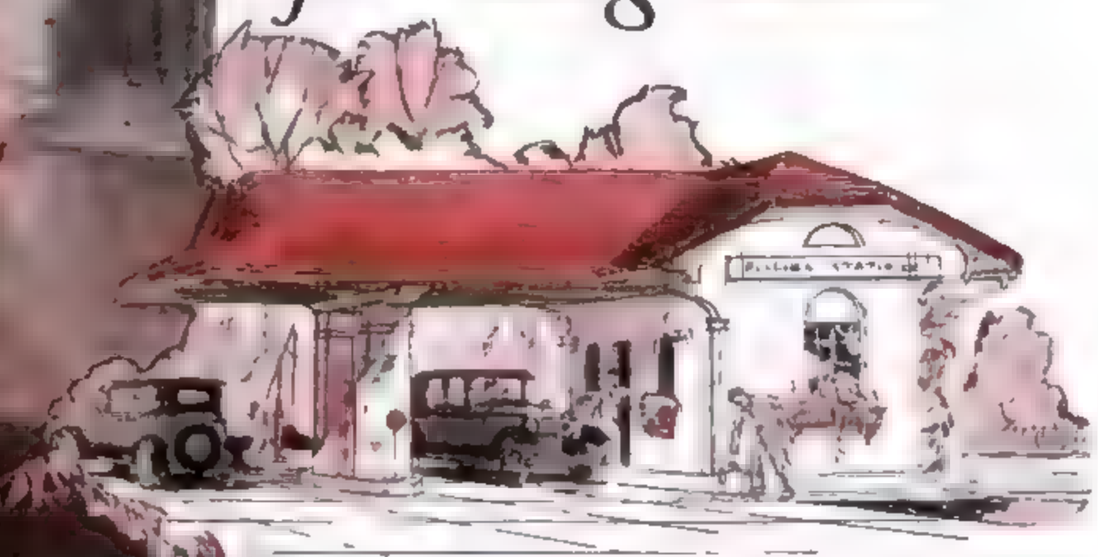
Today's laundry offers services to fit every family's needs and every family's pocketbook. All-ironed Services, Partially-ironed Services, Services in which the clothes are returned damp for ironing at home. Phone a modern laundry now—give one of these washday helps a trial.

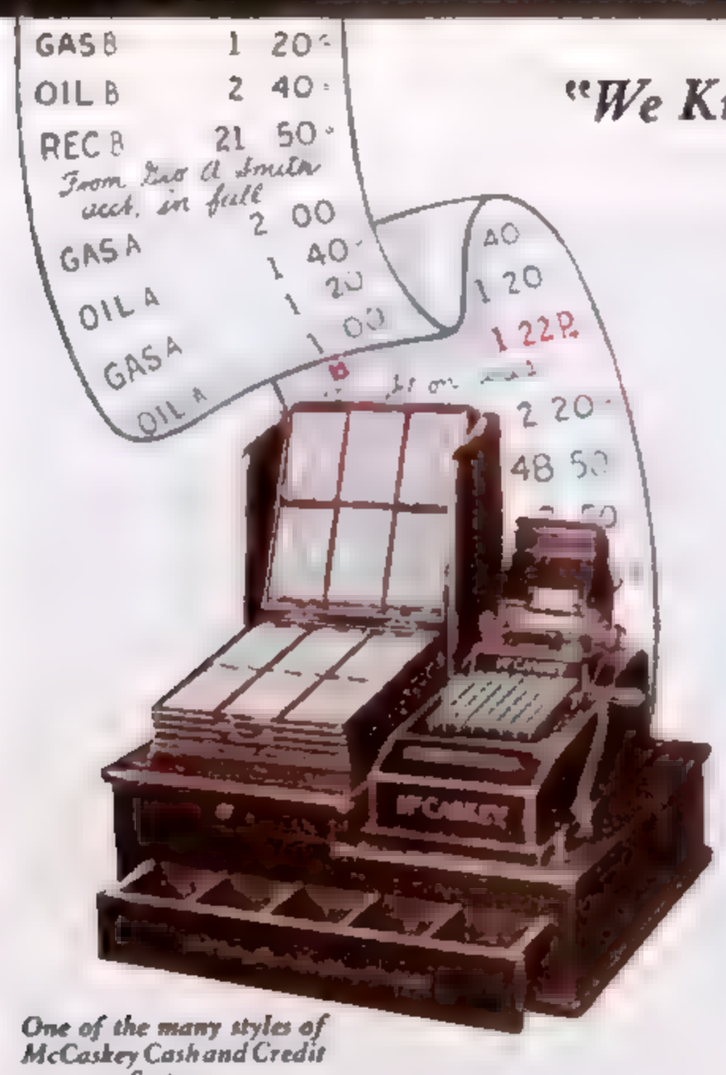
THEY SAVE · THEY COLLECT · THEY EARN





"High Test" Accounting *for Filling Stations*





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"We Know Where We Are Financially"

The Tidioute Gasoline Co., Niles, Ohio

Speed, accuracy and a complete financial picture of his business *every day* are vital to the oil man.

With everybody hustling—making small sales of many varieties—oil, gasoline, accessories, tires, repairs, greasing, washing, etc., sales entries must be quick, convenient, complete. Time is precious, but records are indispensable.

The Tidioute Gasoline Company, of Niles, Ohio, installed their McCaskey Combination Cash and Credit Register System a little over two years ago. Their results were a revelation. Neither of the two owners of the business knew anything about bookkeeping or accounting, yet their accurate records of every business transaction would gladden the heart of an expert auditor.

Fifteen minutes at the end of the day sees the day's business entered in a permanent record. All financial accounts are balanced within two hours at the end of each month. Annual income tax report is taken off in 15 minutes. Cash sales, credit sales, cash received, cash paid out, bank deposits, checks issued, collections made, invoices paid or entered, detail expenses, net profit figures, etc., are presented as clearly as if a bookkeeper watched every transaction.

Write for further information about McCaskey Systems serving in your line of business.

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McCaskey Sales Books are supplied in all forms to meet your

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With a McCaskey "ONE Writing" System you can have a complete clinical and financial history of every patient available for instant reference—send statements promptly—keep collections up-to-date. Full information upon request.

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McCaskey "ONE Writing" Systems for industrial control will give you an absolute check on tools and help you reduce your tool investment. Also provide perpetual inventory, speed up jobs in process and check operation costs. Write for information.

QUINCES

(Continued from Page 19)

"Not going so soon?" Nell Haviland had stopped him. "It's not eleven yet."

"Yes. That job ——"

"Oh, let it wait a few minutes. I'm going home early. I can take you uptown. My car's downstairs."

Jim Cormac looked at her, caught his breath, tugged at the ends of his tie. "That's good of you, Nell," he said, "but—but—I think I'll walk. Need the exercise. It helps me think."

"Oh, very well," said Nell Haviland, and her dancing partner whirled her away.

Jim Cormac walked home, all the way from West Tenth Street to East Thirty-ninth. He did not, however, think about his work. He thought about himself. He began by cursing himself roundly. Why hadn't he accepted Nell's invitation? If ever man heard the knock of opportunity, he had heard it and had not answered it. He had wanted to ride home with Nell, of course. Then came the sudden, almost automatic rush of chicken-heartedness. He had mumbled out a refusal. Why? What sort of dolt was he, anyway? He strode along the street, afflicted by an acute self-nausea. What the devil was the matter with him? No adequate answer had come to him by the time he reached his apartment.

He paced about his living room. He glared at himself in the mirror. Chump! Ass! Finally he sat down at his typewriter. In work, furious work, he would seek to forget himself. He slipped a sheet of copy paper into the machine and began a fierce *pizzicato* on the keys. Beneath his flying fingers the story grew:

THE AMAZING CASE OF MIKE O'DAY

"In the history of what a sage calls the manly art of modified murder, strange things happen; but the case of Mike O'Day is the strangest of them all.

"They wrote the fistic obituary of old Mike a year ago. Old? Thirty-seven is not old for a banker or a doctor, but for a prize fighter it is very venerable, indeed. They said Mike's sinewy shoulders and wizened grin would never be seen in a ring again. His passing, they said, would be no great loss. He was not popular. He gave the crowd no thrills, no fireworks. A fox he was, canny, adroit, cerebral. Your patron of the fistic art cares not for foxes. Give him raging tigers, plunging bulls, blood-sweating behemoths of holy writ. Give him the knocker-out, the killer, who attacks savagely and leaves his man prone. Give him action and gore.

"Mike had science, but they found him drab, dull. His philosophy was: 'He who taps and slips away, lives to tap another day.' He hurt nobody much, but nobody hurt him. No mixer, he. He kept his chin tucked behind his shoulder. Headlong reckless violence had no place in his art. It was his boast that in twenty years of fighting he had never been knocked from his feet. A master on the defense was Old Mike, and the crowds booed him. 'Yellow!' they called. 'Gorgonzola! Stop dancing and fight!'

"He outdanced a clumsy ape man one night and found himself middleweight champion of the world. Friends urged Mike O'Day to be a real champion. He had the craft, they said, and the punch, if he would let it go. Mike changed his tactics not one iota. If anything he grew more cautious. In the ring he was a turtle, deep in a safe shell. He met only second-raters. He kept his crown, but it was a tarnished thing. Yet he was proud of it. When crowds jeered him he winced.

"A year ago he fought Pete Grimshaw. He was lured into the match by a heavy purse. Grimshaw is a gorilla. He is Ug, the first man. His plan of battle is simple. He becomes a battering-ram. His cable arms move like pistons, as relentlessly he advances. He scorns to protect his craggy face. Stout fists and stout hearts wear themselves out on his Gibraltar jaw. He keeps coming on. He is Juggernaut. He crushes men.

"Mike O'Day was deadly pale that night—a wan, elderly chimpanzee. He fought a masterly fight. He was cool, wary, as elusive as smoke. He was a ghost with apprehensive eyes. For nine rounds he flitted away from Grimshaw, stinging him -a wasp fighting a grizzly. In the tenth it happened. At close quarters, in a corner, where he had penned Mike, Grimshaw drove home a tremendous body blow. Mike sagged and wavered. Grimshaw sprang in like a jungle animal making a kill. His right landed high on Mike's temple. Down went Mike into the resin dust for the first time in his career. He got up at the count of nine. His eyes were wild and stricken. He seemed unable to make his limbs obey him. Grimshaw was on him like an avalanche. Under the torrent of blows Mike went down. He could not get up.

"In his corner the knocked-out ex-champion sat. Tears were rolling down his lined face. He looked seventy.

"They said he was through. When, some months later, it was announced that he was to fight Hiker Neligan in Boston, they said it was a shame to let the old man fight again. Neligan was big, rough, young. Few customers came to that fight. Fight fans will not pay to see a foot-race. Those who saw the fight saw also a miracle. They saw a new Mike O'Day. They saw a swinging, charging cyclone of a man who knew not the word 'caution.' From the tap of the first gong Mike O'Day tore at his foe. Neligan hit him, hit him hard and often, but the fury of Mike's assault did not abate. Neligan was tough, but Neligan was human. In the fifth Mike battered him to the canvas. The fox, astonishingly, had became a lion.

"What had come over Mike O'Day? The scribes asked it. The fans debated it. Had he gone mad, or was the devil in him?

"The fox was still a lion in Cleveland when he fought the ponderous and rugged Jock Lasko. Lasko was a dangerous Neanderthalian man, but old Mike hammered him down.

"They did not really believe in the astounding reformation of Mike O'Day until he had fought Buster Stein. Stein, everyone said, was a coming champion. When Mike finished with him he was a going champion. Before Mike's persistent attack Stein wilted, drooped and was destroyed.

"There was nothing to do now but to rematch Mike with Grimshaw for the championship. The betting was four to one against Mike. Once beaten a fighter seldom reconquers his conqueror. They urged Mike to keep away from the man who had knocked him out, to stay on the defensive and try to peck and poke his way to victory. The fight took place last week. It is still fresh in the public mind.

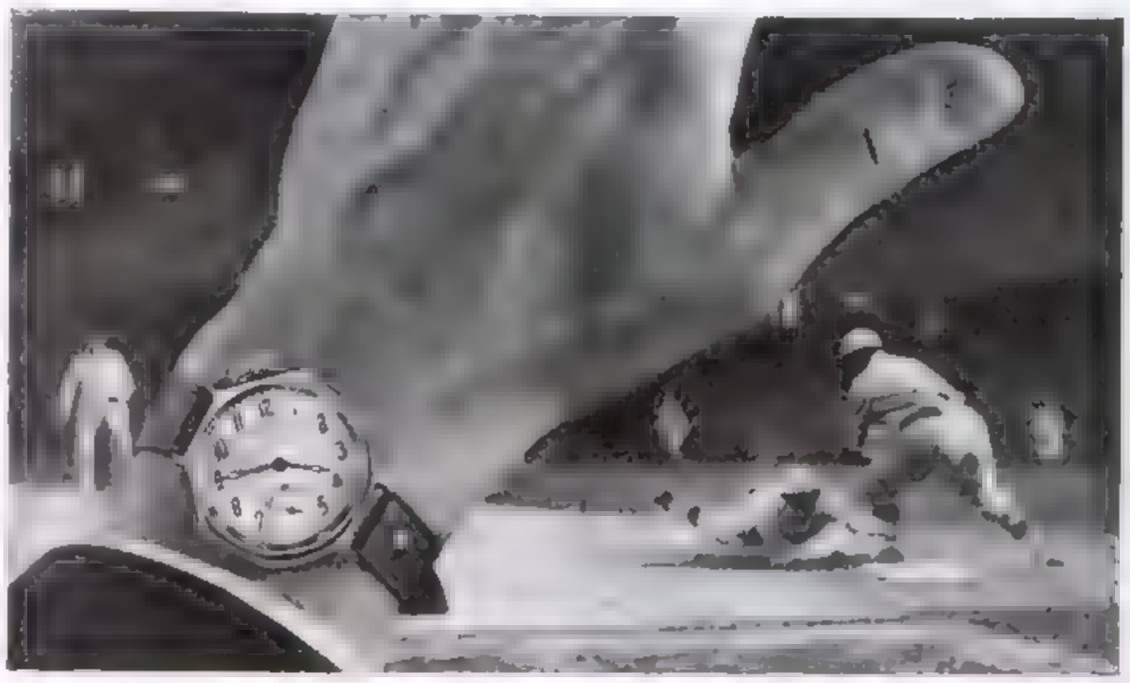
"Juggernaut rolled confidently into the center of the ring, into a sleet of whizbangs. Mike O'Day did no back-pedaling that night. He pressed in, putting body and soul behind his blows. Grimshaw bombarded back. His fists zoomed against Mike's lean ribs. Mike grinned and flailed away. Skill, hard won in his long fighting career, was behind his blows; and so, too, was a primitive fury, an imperious lust to win.

"And win Mike did. In the fourth he took Gibraltar. He stormed the ramparts with swishing right-hand blows, drove Grimshaw before him and beat him down, as the unrelenting sea beats down the hulk of a great liner. The crowd screamed its homage to old Mike. The fox was forgotten. The lion lived.

"As the crowd filed out everyone was asking, 'What in the name of all the fighting gods changed Mike so?'

"To find, if I could, an answer, I called next day on the new champion. I found

Judge TIP-TOP any way you like—*you'll call it an outstanding watch-value at* $3.50



MEASURE Tip-Top on appearance or performance. It wins both ways. Tip-Top satisfies your every requirement of what a wrist-watch ought to be!

Like a big-league baseball player, Tip-Top was built to stand the roughest treatment. Like a veteran umpire, it calls your time-decisions accurately and unfailingly.

You'll discover this after you've worn Tip-Top. But you won't have to take a second look to appreciate its beauty! Notice its detachable pigskin strap. Its beveled crystal, cubist numerals, open hands, sunk second dial. Note, also, how easy its angle on the strap makes time-telling.

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THE NEW HAVEN CLOCK COMPANY
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Makers of good clocks and watches for more than five generations.

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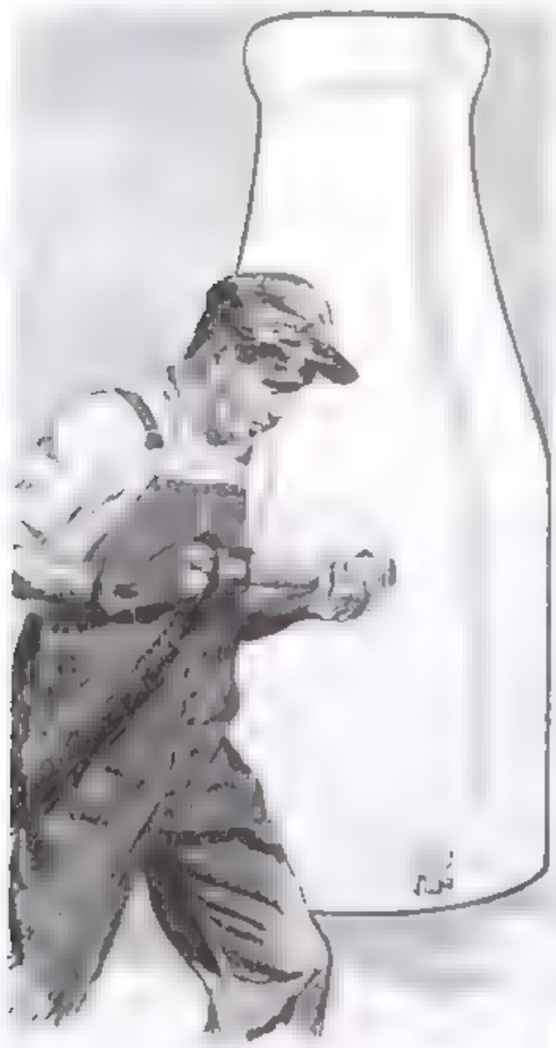

Nerves of Steel, or Certain Death!

ONE more fiery bolt to "shoot" and Buck Williams' work on the skyscraper was done! Yet, one false move, however slight, and nothing save a miracle could stop his plunge to earth and certain death. But thanks to robust health and nerves of iron, Buck thought only of the record he was soon to make—a record to thrill the whole industrial world!

Clean living and a balanced diet, with plenty of rich, bottled milk, had built the muscles and nerves of steel on which Buck's hazardous work depended. Rugged health, alone, was the key to his success—as it is in all of life's activities.

You, too, can become fit and *keep* fit by proper eating and healthful living. By all means, include in your diet plenty of pure, fresh, bottled milk, for fresh, rich milk is the greatest health food in the world. Authorities say drink bottled milk at mealtime and between meals, too. Milk bottled by your dairyman, in Thatcher Superior Quality Milk Bottles is your guarantee of full measure, always. Look for the trade-mark on every bottle.

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him in his hotel room, reading the papers, a new and barbarous green dressing gown around him. He was a shy sort of man, with a soft voice and a tentative manner. I congratulated him on his victory.

"'Thank you,' he said.

"'It must feel fine to get your title back,' I said.

"'It does,' he said.

"'Tell me,' I said, 'how you did it?'

"He stood up and made motions. 'I crossed my right to his button,' he said.

"'I mean,' I said, 'I'm interested in the psychology of your comeback.'

"'Beg pardon?' he said.

"I began again. 'You used to be such a cautious fighter,' I said. 'Purely defensive. Then suddenly you changed. Last night you were all aggressiveness. Why was that?'

"He stroked a cut lip thoughtfully. He looked out of the window. Then, in the voice of a man making a confession, he said, 'You see, I'm not afraid any more.

"'Afraid? Of what?'

"'Of getting one on the chin.'

"'You mean,' I asked, 'that now you are not afraid of losing?'

"'No, that isn't it. I hate to lose worse than hell. Only now the idea of being knocked out don't worry me and haunt me the way it used to.'

"'Why is that?'

"He played with the tassels of his new robe. 'Well,' he said, 'I was knocked out once.' He added, 'That changed everything.'

"'How?'

"'Ever been knocked out?'

"'No.'

"Mike leaned toward me and lowered his voice. He spoke as one imparting a carefully guarded secret. 'It ain't so terrible,' he said.

"'Really?'

"'I'm not kidding you,' he said most earnestly. 'Makes me laugh to think how afraid of it I was. I used to think if it ever happened to me, it would kill me. Not really kill me, you know, but break me as a fighter. I used to go into the ring not to win so much as to keep from losing. I didn't like it when they called me a cheese champ, but I didn't dare cut loose. You can't hang a k.o. on another guy when all you're thinking about is that he may hang a k.o. on you, can you?' I shook my head.

"'Remember when I fought Grimshaw the first time?' said Mike. 'It happened then—the thing I'd been dreading for twenty years. He licked me proper and knocked me cold. They said he'd ruined me. They didn't know. But I knew that being knocked out wasn't so bad. Just bang—blooey—and everything black. I'd been scared of something all my life, and then I found out it wasn't nothing to be scared of, after all. I knew then that I wouldn't be afraid to tear into any guy that ever drew on mitts ——.'"

Abruptly the staccato clicking of Jim Cormac's typewriter halted. An excited man leaped up from his chair. Hatless he ran down the stairs and into the spring night. He dashed after a taxi, overhauled it, swung aboard. He shouted an address at the driver. "And step on the gas," added Jim Cormac.

Well up Madison Avenue the taxi stopped before a large brownstone house of forbidding dignity. A sleepy, surprised servant surveyed the hatless and breathless Jim, recognized him.

"Miss Haviland in?"

"Why, yes, sir. She just returned."

"If she has not retired, will you tell her I'd like to see her on an urgent matter?"

"Why, yes, sir."

"A most urgent matter," Jim called after the retreating servant.

Nell Haviland swept into the smaller drawing-room, where Jim Cormac was waiting. She permitted herself to show only the slightest hint of mystification.

"Hope you don't mind my calling at this hour," Jim burst out. "But I had to."

She smiled her most well-bred smile. "I'm sure you have an excellent reason," she said. "Do sit down and have a cigarette."

"I'd rather stand, if you don't mind," said Jim. Nell Haviland shrugged her shoulders

"What's the matter, Jim?" she asked.

"I haven't been drinking," said Jim Cormac.

She laughed. She had taken a seat. "Your self-control is notorious," she said "Well, what is it then?"

"It's you," said Jim Cormac.

"Me?"

"Yes." He spoke quickly. "Nell, I love you. I've been that way for years—ever since I first saw you. You're beautiful and intelligent and—and—everything. I'm nobody. I know that. So do you. But the point is this: I want you to marry me. That's what I came here to ask you. Will you? I want to know. I must know. I ——"

He ran out of breath and words.

"Jim," said Nell Haviland, "please sit down. It's hard for me to talk to you when you're standing there, looking so fierce and determined "

"I am fierce and determined," said Jim. But he took the chair she pointed to.

Nell Haviland spoke in the unruffled, logical voice of a speaker summing up the points in a debate. "Jim," she said, "I like you tremendously. You're one of the nicest men I know. I'm flattered and pleased that you want to marry me. I'm seriously tempted to say yes, because I don't want to hurt you. But I just can't."

"You—can't?"

"I can't, Jim," she said evenly, "and for a very simple reason. I'm not in love with you. I'm frightfully sorry, but I know myself. I'm twenty-seven and that's too young to marry a man just because he's nice and you like him. Besides, I have my work."

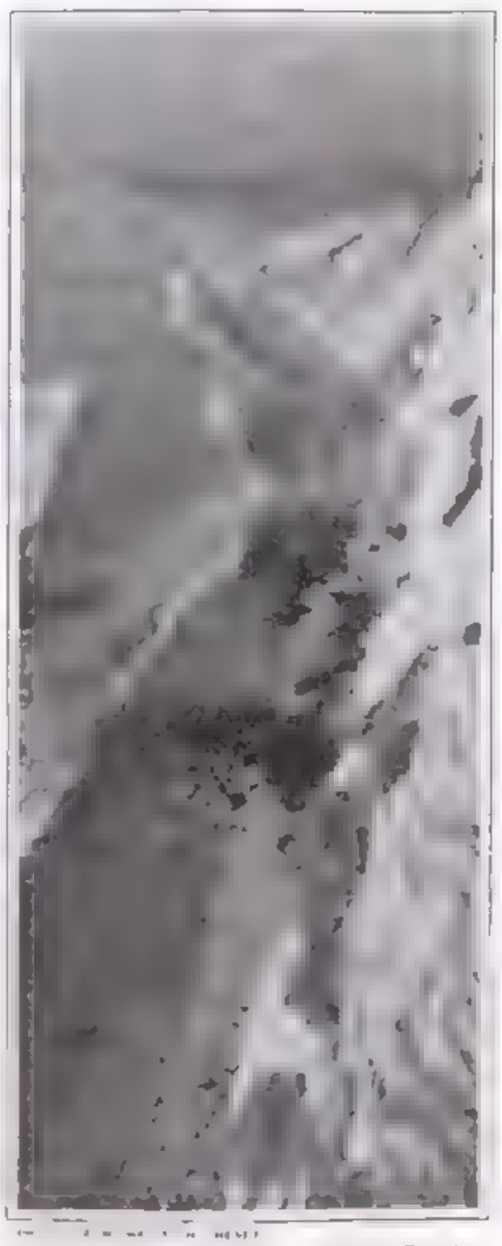
Jim Cormac stood up. "Nell," he said, "I'm sorry too. I know you mean what you've just said."

"I do."

"You can't hold out any hope for me?"

"I'm afraid not, Jim."

"I guess," he said, "there isn't much point in talking about it any more then. I'd better go. Good night, Nell."



The Beach at Palos Verdes Park, California

She gave him her hand. He shook it silently. "Good night," she said.

"Good night." He went slowly out of the house.

Jim Cormac hailed a taxi. He directed the driver to hurry him to an address in West Tenth Street. The party was still going on. It would go on till the milkman came. Fresh guests straggling in after the theater and from night clubs would keep it going until the last scrambled egg was eaten.

Jim Cormac strode into the room, his eyes seeking something. They found Joyce Yard in a corner, trying to extract sense from the flow of language—slightly maudlin by now—which issued from Bob Cantwell's beard. When she saw Jim she jumped up, abandoning Cantwell.

"Back again?" said Joyce Yard. "Thought you were safely tucked in bed hours ago."

"Joyce," said Jim Cormac, "come out in the hall with me—on the stairs—anywhere. I must talk to you."

"You look as if you'd seen a ghost."

"I've laid one," said Jim Cormac. "Are you coming?"

"Yes."

They sat together on the stairs outside the apartment.

"A good place for a ghost story," said Joyce Yard.

"Forget the ghost," said Jim Cormac. "He's dead. Joyce, tell me something. Am I a quince?"

"I don't think so."

"A rabbit?"

"Well—no. You act like one sometimes, though."

"I was one. I'm not one," said Jim. "Listen to me. I came down here to tell you something."

"Yes?"

"You were right—about Nell Haviland and me. She doesn't love me. I never really loved her."

"Did this come to you in a dream, Jim?"

"It did not. I found it out. I asked her."

"You did? I can hardly believe it."

"I know. You thought I wouldn't have the nerve. Well, tonight I was sitting in my room, grinding out a piece about a prize fighter who was a failure because he was afraid of being knocked out; and then he was knocked out, and it wasn't so terrible, and after that he could cut loose and be himself. And suddenly I jumped up and the next thing I knew I was proposing to Nell Haviland."

"And she said, 'You're a nice man, Jim, and I like you, but I'm not in love with you. And besides, there's my work.'"

"Joyce, you're a little devil. How did you know that?"

"I know my Havilands," said Joyce Yard. "I'm not such a dumb-bell."

"You're a perfect darling," said Jim Cormac. "Yes, I mean that. Only, Joyce, you haven't exactly played fair with me."

"Why, what do you mean?"

"You told me I wasn't in love with Nell Haviland," Jim Cormac said. "Why didn't you tell me I was in love with you?"

She smiled at him. "I rather hoped," she said, "that in time you'd find that out for yourself."

"Quince that I was, I must have known it all the time," Jim Cormac cried. "But that bugaboo, that ghost, that fear—I was blind—I was blocked—but I've licked it now. I'm not afraid to tell you that I love you, Joyce—love you utterly, and you only. I want you to marry me. It would stab my heart if you said no, but I love you so much I'll risk that. Well, are you going to knock me out?"

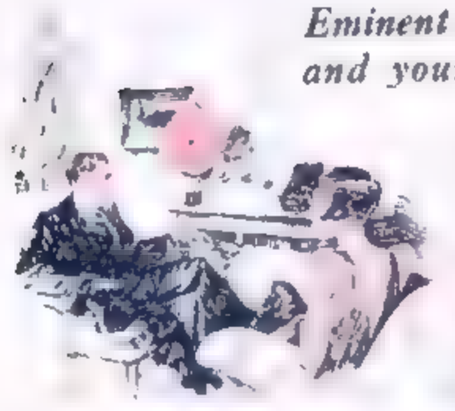
"What a chance!" said Joyce Yard. Then—"Jim! Stop! We'll be seen!"

"Let the whole world look," said Jim Cormac, and he did not stop kissing her. When finally he did, it was to say, "Day after tomorrow, darling, an ex-newspaper man and his new wife are going to sail for the West Indies. I've a swell idea for a play we can do together, Joyce—all about a man who was afraid of something and it happened—and after that ——"

THIS is the master Ray-O-Vac Heavy Duty 45-volt "B" battery No. 9303, for all sets with four or more tubes. Note the absence of pitch on the top. Due to the new type of construction used, this battery now gives 10% to 15% more life than the old style.

Better reception at less expense comes from using this *new type* "B" battery!

Eminent radio engineers recommend Ray-O-Vac batteries for their LOW INTERNAL RESISTANCE ***and your pocketbook recommends them because of their remarkable*** STAYING POWER.



SCIENCE and economy both agree on the new-type Ray-O-Vac "B" battery, because it gives better reception at less expense. A new method of construction increases the staying power—already remarkable—of this battery, by 10% to 15%! The old-style battery did not always give all its strength in service. With the first break in a cell, a short circuit was likely to occur which would drain the current whether the battery was in use or not. The battery wasted its strength

Ray-O-Vac engineers have found a way to prevent or retard short circuits within the battery to such an extent that now Ray-O-Vac batteries have a much longer life.

Each individual cell in the new Ray-O-Vac battery is housed in a waterproofed carton that checks the escape of the electrolyte and its consequent contact with other cells. Hence short circuits are less apt to occur, and the battery gives all its strength in service.

But, as every radio owner knows who has used Ray-O-Vacs, these batteries not only last longer but they also give better reception.

This is because they have *low internal resistance.*

Eminent radio engineers say that for the best radio reception the "B" power supply should have as little internal resistance as possible. Otherwise signals are liable to be distorted in amplification, and natural, rounded tones cannot come out of the loud-speaker

The special formula used in making Ray-O-Vacs produces batteries that have only from 1/6 to 1/3 the internal resistance of ordinary sources of "B" power supply.

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FRENCH BATTERY COMPANY
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Our oil heating engineers, in answering your questions, will take into consideration the unusual conditions of your home—its location, the material of which it is made, its present heating equipment. They will tell you, first of all, whether any oil burner is practical for your use. If any oil burner *is* practical, they will explain the important technical facts that determine oil heating satisfaction—safety, quiet, ease of installation, dependability, servicing, maintenance of even temperature, the cost of operation.

It is altogether probable that the coupon on the next page points your way to *permanent* freedom from heating troubles! Fill it out and mail it today!

MAY OIL BURNER CORPORATION
Baltimore, Md.

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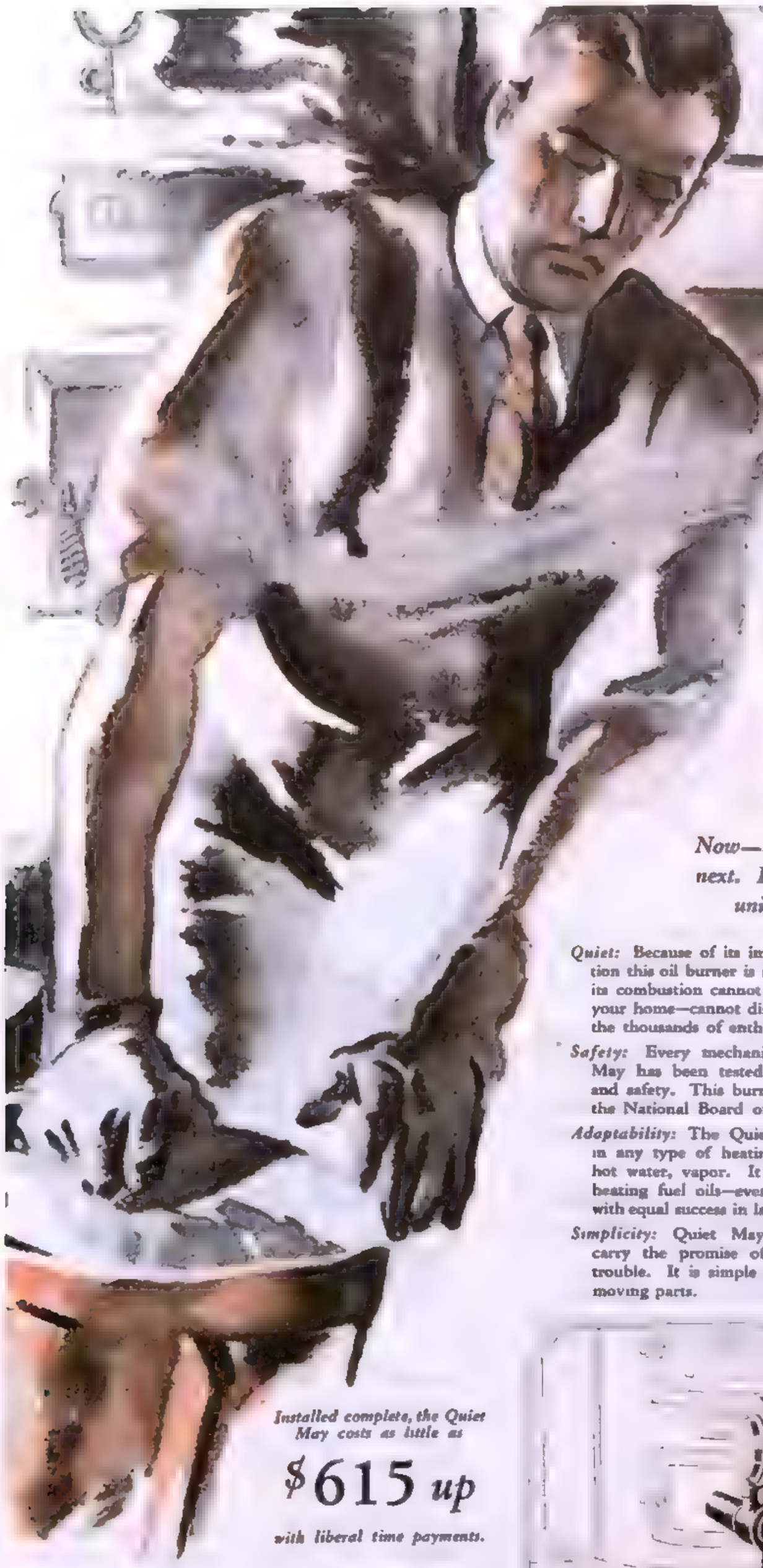
QUIET AUTOMATIC



TO DEALERS: *A few valuable May franchises are available to dealers who can qualify. The completeness of our sales and technical co-operation has brought to our organization many of the most widely known oil burner men in America. An original deferred-payment plan gives our dealers a considerable advantage. With national advertising—newspaper advertising—dealer sales helps, we offer merchandising assistance second to none. . . . An immediate inquiry is advised—if one of the available franchises is to be secured.*

Now—at the end of one winter—make sure of heating comfort during the next. Install the Quiet May this spring. . . . Take advantage of our unique deferred-payment plan. Read the facts of the Quiet May:

Quiet: Because of its improved principle of operation this oil burner is really quiet. The sound of its combustion cannot intrude into the rooms of your home—cannot disturb you. Ask any one of the thousands of enthusiastic Quiet May owners.

Safety: Every mechanical feature of the Quiet May has been tested searchingly for efficiency and safety. This burner is listed as standard by the National Board of Fire Underwriters.

Adaptability: The Quiet May is suitable for use in any type of heating system—hot air, steam, hot water, vapor. It burns all grades of home-heating fuel oils—even the cheapest. It is used with equal success in large and small homes.

Simplicity: Quiet May design and construction carry the promise of freedom from operating trouble. It is simple and sturdy—with only two moving parts.

Ease of Installation: Without annoyance to you, the Quiet May can be quickly and easily installed in your present heating system, whether you live in city or suburb.

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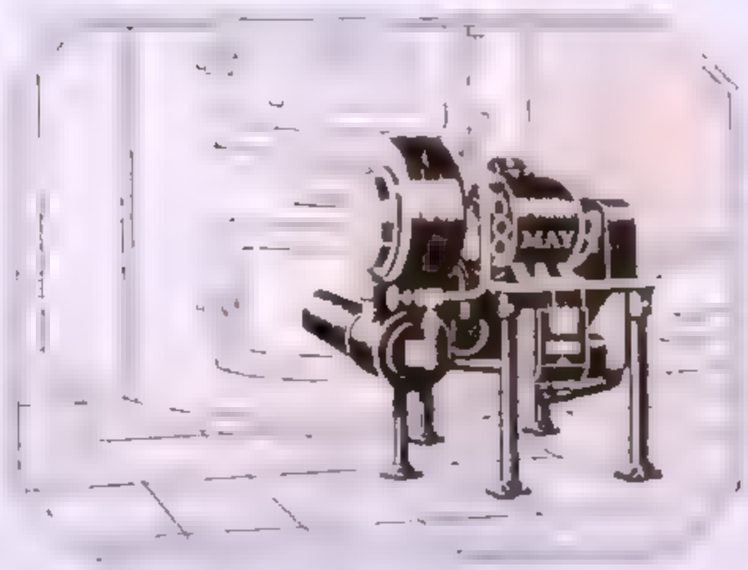

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Street_____

City_____ State_____

2. My home is heated by ☐ hot air ☐ steam ☐ hot water ☐ vapor.

3. Type of furnace or boiler ☐ square ☐ round.

4. My house is ☐ wood ☐ stucco ☐ brick ☐ stone.

5. It is wired for electricity. ☐ Yes ☐ No.

It is my understanding that this request in no way obligates me.

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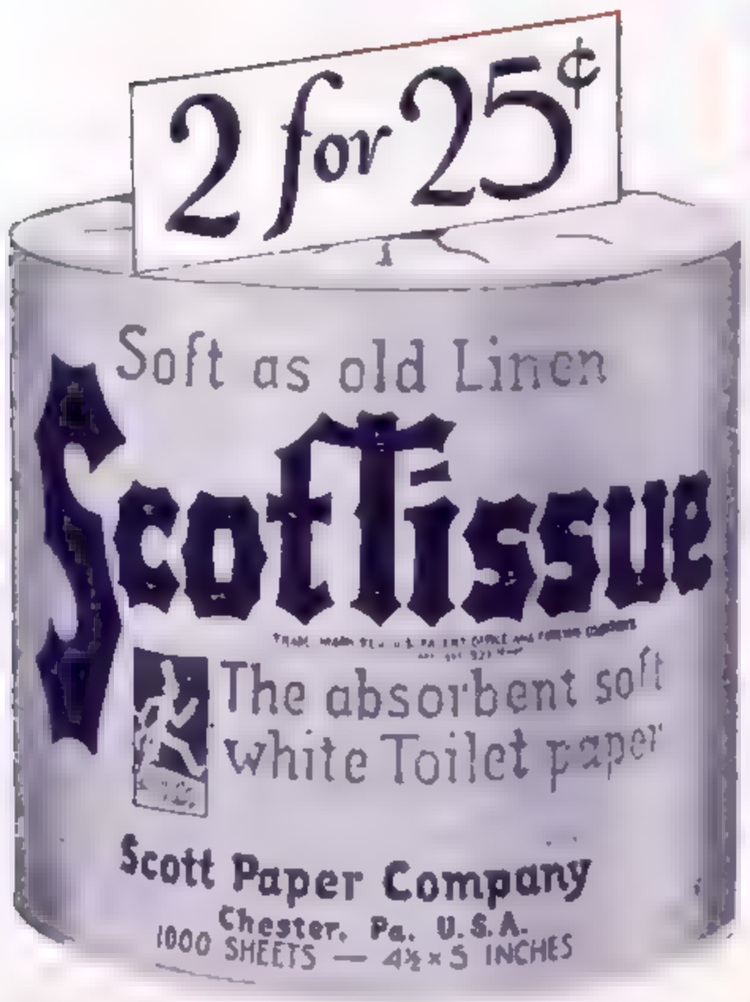
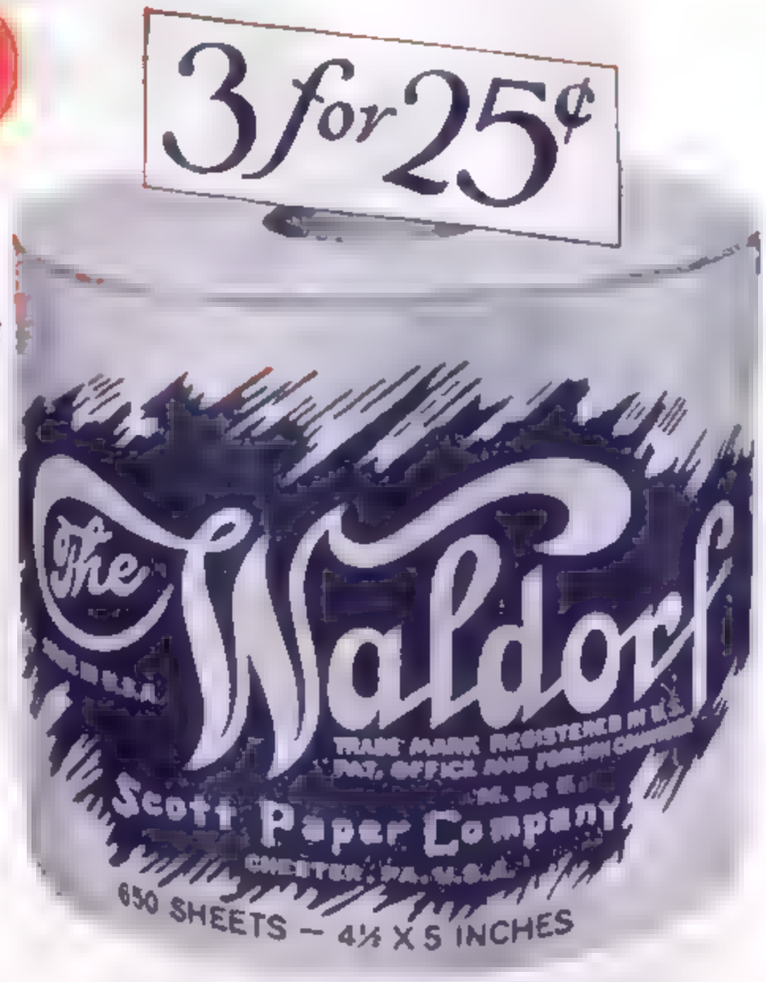
No wonder 67 million rolls were bought over retail counters in 1926





Mothers everywhere appreciate these qualities:

Soothingly soft
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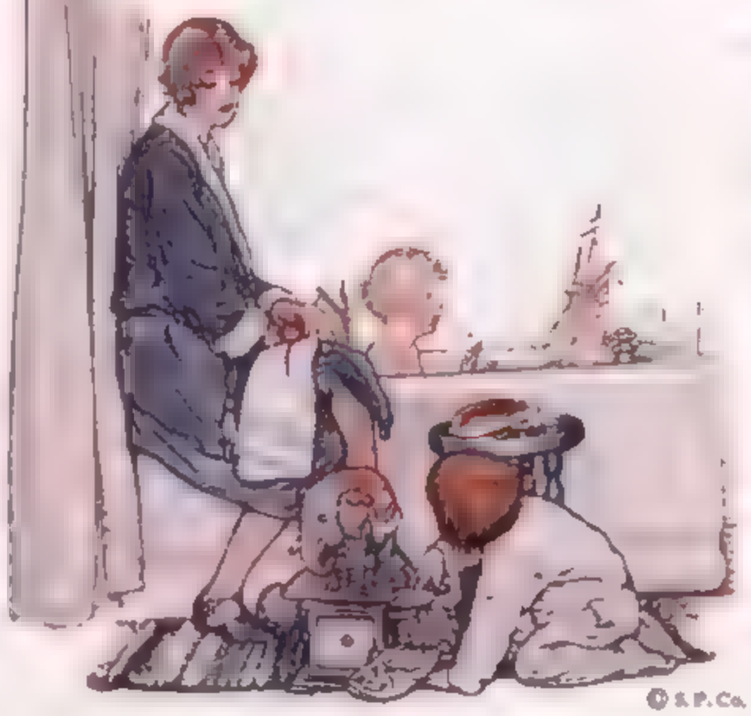
Hygienically clean
therefore absolutely safe, even for children

Quickly absorbent
therefore the most economical to use

Uniform texture
therefore never varying in quality or appearance



This exclusive combination of qualities explains the tremendous growth and ever-increasing popularity of ScotTissue Products. Proving that mothers and housewives, everywhere, appreciate these qualities and insist upon getting them. Cleanness, softness, absorbency—all so essential to the comfort and well-being of the entire family—qualities which doctors recommend as safe and soothing, even to the most sensitive skin of a child.

In 1927, ScotTissue Products are being bought in even greater volume than during the record-breaking year of 1926. This growing acceptance has made possible volume production and, with it, constantly improved qualities, at lower prices.

ScotTissue comes wrapped and sealed in a big economical roll—2 rolls for 25 cents. Waldorf, also a ScotTissue Product, 3 rolls for 25 cents. Prices slightly higher in Canada and in other countries.

Our offer: If your dealer cannot supply you, send 25 cents with your name and address and we'll send whichever brand you prefer. Scott Paper Company, Chester, Pa.

AND SOLD TO—

(Continued from Page 27)

afterward. I was late, and entered the room as the bidding began on a little book which was placed in full view of the audience. I asked one of the employes for its number in the catalogue and found that it was The Dying Words of Ockanickon, an Indian King, and was published in London in 1682. It did not seem to be a volume of much importance. I was acquainted somewhat with its history. The highest price it had ever brought was $52.50, at the Barlow sale in 1890. I leaned forward to whisper to a friend in the row ahead of me and he said $200 would be an enormous price for it.

Suddenly the air seemed charged with electricity, and I looked about to see who was bidding. On one side of the room sat a man I knew—A. J. Bowden, who represented George H. Richmond & Co., of New York on the other I saw Mr. Robert Dodd, of Dodd, Mead & Co. Both were experienced auction bidders, with the set expression of the mouth and the feverish alert look. I did not know at the time that both had received instructions to buy this particular work at any price. Each had that most dangerous weapon of the auction game—the unlimited bid.

The Collector's Deadly Malady

From sixty dollars the price rapidly jumped. Stan V. Henkels, colorful, suave, provocative, naive and humorous, kept egging them on. Up and up the price went, until it reached the $900 mark. Then a murmur of consternation swept the room, followed by a hush. Robert Dodd broke the silence with a $100 raise. Bowden followed with another $100 and Dodd added $100 more. When Bowden finally shouted "$1300," Dodd smiled.

"Fourteen hundred," he said sweetly.

Just at this moment poor old Bowden exhibited his first sign of weakness. He stopped bidding in hundreds and raised the bid twenty-five.

Dodd saw his chance and brought up his battalion with a crash. Little Ockanickon was wrested from Bowden at the freak price of $1450. When Richmond read in the paper next morning the price at which he had so nearly bought Ockanickon, he fell out of bed!

Speaking of freak prices, think of my surprise when I went to an auction one day last year and saw with amused amazement a little volume of book mysteries I once wrote. I felt self-conscious, uncomfortable and pleased, all rolled into one, when the bids on The Unpublishable Memoirs jumped up, and it finally sold for sixteen dollars. The joke is that this volume is still obtainable at its published price of $2.50.

The enormous and ever increasing attendance at auction sales in the established city auction rooms is caused by the hope that sometime a real bargain will come your way. This is the lure, the real bait. It has an appeal all its own. But for the young enthusiast it is often a costly and dangerous game. It is wiser to begin your bidding under the guidance of an experienced agent. There are several collectors and owners of great private libraries in this country whose names are entirely unknown in the auction room. They may enter the salesroom incognito, to enjoy watching their agent at battle with others, but they are careful not to run any risks themselves through careless, inexperienced bidding. One of the greatest book collectors in the world today—Mr. Henry E. Huntington—never bids. In all the years he has been buying he has never entered the lists to joust for himself.

In the forty years I have been bidding I have found a new thrill in every sale. From my earliest years attending Henkels' auctions to the most recent sales in London, Paris and New York, I have repeatedly known a fine exhilaration. I sniff the air like an old war horse at the smell of powder. How often have I felt my pulses race, my temperature rise with the rising bids. But as I grow older I find I have to fight that deadliest of maladies—conservatism. This is one thing in the world that the collector should pray to be delivered from. Of course it is awfully difficult to pay $500 today for a book that in your youth you could have picked up for only twenty; or to buy a book for $1000 which two years ago passed through your fingers for one-third as much.

The late George D. Smith, a spectacular figure in the auction mart for more than twenty years, was the only man I ever knew entirely immune from conservatism. I can remember him at the Hoe sale in 1911-12. There he was constantly bidding against the sharpest and most astute members of both the European and American book trade. How cool and collected he was in the very midst of battle! The comments of his competitors remained unnoticed by him when he paid what were then considered extravagant prices for books and manuscripts. And his judgment was right. Today these same items can't be bought for two or three times the sums he paid. When he purchased, toward the end of the sale, a Gutenberg Bible for $50,000, everyone said he had gone quite mad. They did not realize that the same remarks were made sixty-five years earlier, when, in 1847, James Lenox had given £500—about $2500—for it. This copy is now in the New York Public Library. In my opinion the Gutenberg Bible was then worth every dollar of the $50,000 which G. D. S. paid for it. Ten years from now it will be cheap at $250,000.

There have been many notable auctions during the past twenty years, but I shall never forget my first one in England, in 1907. A dear friend of mine, and a most intelligent collector of exquisite taste, Mr. William C. Van Antwerp, of San Francisco, had gathered together a small but delectable library, which he decided to sell at Sotheby's in March of that year. I crossed on the Oceanic with Alfred Quaritch, who occupied a commanding position in the book world.

I was but one of the small fry, out of college only a few years. Quaritch and I had been drawn to each other by the magnet of books. On the way over we talked of the sale, and I dwelt with especial emphasis on the fine First Folio of Shakespeare in Van's collection. In a way, I was sounding out Quaritch, for I knew instinctively that it would be useless to bid against this giant of the auction room if he wanted the Folio himself. I grew very nervous as we sat in the smoking room one evening when we were about five days out. I decided I had hemmed and hawed long enough. Finally I worked up courage to ask him to execute a bid for me on the Folio.

The First-Folio Price Gauge

He seemed surprised, and did not answer for some moments. Then he asked me, "How much do you intend to bid? I warn you, if it's too low I'll buy it myself."

I answered weakly, "£5000."

He opened his eyes wide. "That is a bid," he said, "and I'll get it for you."

Then came the day of the auction in London. I remember sitting next to Quaritch, witnessing the battle of wits and bids at Sotheby's. I was shaking like the proverbial aspen leaf, to a degree that I have never done since. The bidding opened at £500. After what seemed an interminable length of time, it was knocked down to Quaritch for £3600. I was so completely overcome with joy that I had to walk around the block for air and refreshment to buck me up. This was a handsome copy of the Folio, bound in morocco by Bedford, a celebrated craftsman of the 70's.

I recall, too, Harry Elkins Widener's pleasure when this Folio passed finally into his possession. I think of all the books of his fine collection, he valued this one the most. Years later, when we paid £8600 a little under $43,000—at the Baroness Burdett-Coutts sale, the record price for a Shakespeare Folio, I received my brother Philip's cable advising me of our luck, without a tremor.

Fifteen years had rolled by; much water had run under the bridge. Poor Quaritch, my dearest friend in the book business, had passed away, only forty-two years old when he died. His death was a great loss to the world of rare books.

The price of a First Folio indicates the trend of values in the English market, just as the Boucher Molière—1734—shows the state of the French market, while the Dante printed in Foligno—1472—tells the tale of the Italian market. These books are always rising in value, and it is the rapidity of their change in price that shows which way the wind is blowing. Today, when the condition of a book is everything and collectors pay more attention to it than to anything else, fine First Folios of Shakespeare are judged by these three points: First, the copy must have its full number of pages, each page perfect, without facsimile. Second, the binding. It is, of course, more desirable in the original binding, or, next, rebound in the eighteenth century, or, lastly, in a good modern binding. In years to come the original binding will be the chief of all desiderata. Third, the Folio must be of adequate size, about thirteen by eight and a quarter inches. A quarter of an inch one way or another can spell tragedy to the fanatical collector. If you are lucky enough to find a First Folio having all three of these qualities, the gods are with you. I have been fortunate to procure such a one. It is perfect in every detail. It is exceptional in having the blank leaves, known in no other copy; its original old calf binding is without a single blemish.

Shakespeare Bargains

This is the finest First Folio known to exist. It is the cornerstone of the collection of Shakespeare's works which I have been gathering for many years. I remember the excitement when we exhibited in our Philadelphia show window the four Folios, each in its original binding, the poems, in a similar binding, and forty-one of the early quarto plays. The passionate interest shown by the man in the street indicated his never-flagging enthusiasm for anything pertaining to the greatest writer the world has known.

In 1905, Mr. Bernard Buchanan MacGeorge, of Glasgow, sold four Shakespeare Folios in their original binding to Marsden J. Perry, of Providence, Rhode Island. He doubtless believed he was using his cunning Scotch wisdom to a high degree when he steadfastly held out for £10,000. At this price he figured he was doing himself a neat turn, because he had paid only £1700 for them six years before. But if he had been a bit cannier, a little more patient, he would have received two or three times the sum Mr. Perry paid him. When the MacGeorge library was offered for sale at Sotheby's in July, 1924, all the bibliophiles in bookdom would have torn one another to bits to get them at the old price. But I was lucky enough to procure them when I purchased *en bloc* the Perry library, and today they are in the library of Mr. Joseph Widener, at Lynnewood Hall, near Philadelphia.

Thank goodness, they are at least near home, where I can look at them to my heart's content.

The history of the Shakespeare Folios is an interesting one. Shakespeare's genius was so overwhelming that even the least of the nitwits of his day appreciated him. His greatest contemporaries were the most eager to preserve his works. Immediately after his death in 1616, steps were taken to

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¶ The hat does not lose its original smart shape. Thus, your straw is not a perfunctory disbursement at the beginning of Summer, but an investment for all Summer.

¶ The "Cravenette" Process is *invisible* and *exclusive* with Mallory Straws.

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MALLORY *Hats are on sale at the better hat shops. Watch for the announcements of merchants who feature Mallory Hats.*

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MALLORY STRAWS ARE HAND-MADE

How does soft food harm the gums -- *and how* does IPANA help them-

Briefly—these are the high lights:

[1]

Soft food deprives the tissues of the stimulation and massage that roughage once gave. With our civilized diet our gums are exposed to these gingival troubles so much discussed today.

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Massage with Ipana and the tooth brush restores the stimulation needed by gums to keep in health. The ziratol content of Ipana aids in restoring normal tonicity to the gum wall.

IF your tooth brush "shows pink" —be it ever so seldom—by all means get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste and commence to massage your gums this very day.

IPANA
Tooth Paste

BRISTOL-MYERS COMPANY, NEW YORK

issue a complete edition of his works. His manuscripts were collected, but, alas, not saved, and scholars of the time, many of whom had known him well, labored to procure a perfect text.

Three years passed. Then, in 1619, the English public was surprised to see issued a single volume containing nine plays. No one knows how many copies composed this edition, but it is a strange circumstance that but one copy is in existence today. I once owned it, but it finally passed to Mr. H. C. Folger, of New York, who added it to his remarkable collection of Shakespeareana. This one surviving copy is in its original binding. It has an index, too, in the quaint old handwriting of its first owner, Edward Gwynne, who proudly stamped his name in gilt on the outside cover. Even though I should not care to be dubbed a prophet in my own country, I do not hesitate to say that this book would bring at least $200,000 if it were sold on the block today.

The Auction Hound's Motto

This 1619 volume was but a makeshift, playing for its sale upon the magic name of Shakespeare. John Heminge and Henry Condell, both true and tried friends of the great Bard, and fellow actors, mentioned in his will, undertook to give the world a complete and correct edition of his plays. William Jaggard and his son Isaac were responsible for the printing—a laborious task when you consider that the volume consisted of 1000 double-column pages. Thus, the great First Folio was finally issued in 1623, in a plain calf binding. It contained a portrait of William Shakespeare, with a leaf of verses on the opposite page, by his famous contemporary, Ben Jonson. These are among the finest lines ever written concerning Shakespeare, and among the greatest from Jonson's pen. The original price of the First Folio was five dollars a copy.

One pound in 1623! And yet in the years between 1700 and 1750 it had only advanced to ten, which reminds me of a good story. In 1790 the copy belonging to John Watson Reed was offered for sale. That astute collector, the Duke of Roxburghe, wanted it and commissioned an agent to buy it for him. The bidding started at five pounds and rose to the enormous sum of twenty guineas! Everyone was astounded. The duke's agent grew faint-hearted and passed a slip of paper to him suggesting that His Grace retire from the contest. The duke replied with these memorable and appropriate words:

Lay on, Macduff;
And damn'd be he that first cries, "Hold, enough!"

The Folio finally fell to the duke for thirty-five pounds. How often, when I feel myself weakening at a sale, do I think of the old duke's quotation from Macbeth. It should be the motto of every auction bidder.

The Duke of Roxburghe's library was sold at Sotheby's in 1812, and it included the First Folio. It brought an advance of almost 300 per cent, being purchased by the Duke of Devonshire for £100. It can be seen now in the library of Mr. Henry E. Huntington. The sale of this collection more than 115 years ago provided a sensation which is still talked about, and was not equaled until the auction of the Gutenberg Bible a year ago last February. As Thomas Frognall Dibdin said, it reverberated around the world. The Valdarfer Boccaccio was the high light in the Roxburghe sale. This notorious volume was the only perfect copy of the first edition of the Decameron. I have always thought that his flowery description of the bidding which took place in that "grand æra of Bibliomania," as he was so pleased to term it, applies exactly to the tactics used in the modern auction room. Dibdin wrote as follows:

The room was crowded to excess; and a sudden darkness which came across gave rather an additional interest to the scene. At length the moment of sale arrived. Mr. Evans prefaced the putting up of the article by an appropriate oration, in which he expatiated upon its excessive rarity, and concluded by informing the company of the regret and even "anguish of heart" expressed by Mr. Van Praet that such a treasure was not at that time to be found in the imperial collection at Paris. However, it should seem Bonaparte's agent was present. Silence followed the address of Mr. Evans. On his right hand, leaning against the wall, stood Earl Spencer; a little lower down, and standing at right angles with His Lordship, appeared the Marquis of Blandford. The Duke, I believe, was not then present; but my Lord Althorp stood a little backward to the right of his father Earl Spencer. Such was "the ground taken up" by the adverse hosts.

The honor of firing the first shot was due to a gentleman of Shropshire, unused to this species of warfare, and who seemed to recoil from the reverberation of the report himself had made! "One hundred guineas," he exclaimed. Again a pause ensued; but anon the biddings rose rapidly to 500 guineas. Hitherto, however, it was evident that the firing was but masked and desultory. At length all random shots ceased, and the champions before named stood gallantly up to each other, resolving not to flinch from a trial of their respective strengths.

"A thousand guineas" were bid by Earl Spencer—to which the Marquis added "ten." You might have heard a pin drop. All eyes were turned, all breathing well nigh stopped . . . every sword was put home within its scabbard, and not a piece of steel was seen to move or to glitter save that which each of these champions brandished in his valorous hand. See, see! They parry, they lunge, they hit; yet their strength is undiminished, and no thought of yielding is entertained by either. . . . "Two thousand pounds are offered by the Marquis" . . .

Then it was that Earl Spencer, as a prudent general, began to think of an useless effusion of blood and expenditure of ammunition—seeing that his adversary was as resolute and "fresh" as at the onset. For a quarter of a minute he paused; when my Lord Althorp advanced one step forward, as if to supply his father with another spear for the purpose of renewing the contest. His countenance was marked by a fixed determination to gain the prize—if prudence, in its most commanding form, and with a frown of unusual intensity of expression, had not bade him desist. The father and son for a few seconds converse apart; and the biddings are resumed.

"Two thousand two hundred and fifty pounds," said Lord Spencer. The spectators are now absolutely electrified. The Marquis quietly adds his usual "ten" . . . and there is an END OF THE CONTEST! Mr. Evans, ere his hammer fell, made a due pause—and indeed, as if by something præternatural, the ebony instrument itself seemed to be charmed or suspended "in midair." However, at length down dropt the hammer . . . and, as Lisardo has not merely poetically expressed himself, "the echo" of the sound of that fallen hammer "was heard in the libraries of Rome, of Milan, and St. Mark."

A Book-Auction Widow

The name Dibdin has come to be almost synonymous with "bibliomaniac." Although Pennypacker, twenty-five years ago, said that the true bibliomaniac was a rarissimo—nearly as scarce as the dodo—a new generation of Dibdin men is springing up. There are young men today who find it as difficult to pass an old bookstore or a junk shop as did those in years gone by; young fellows who will travel miles to enrich their knowledge of books. I'm afraid it's the old-timer, though, who lives among his books, sleeps among them, surrounded by folios, quartos, books of every size, who thrives in an atmosphere that is musty, who frowns upon cleanliness as a vice. Of course, such peculiarities are hardly necessary or desirable, but such men have lived. The modern Dibdin takes a course in bibliography at college and attends all book sales. He marks down prices, learns the various methods experienced bidders use, thus supplementing his college training with all that he learns in the auction room.

Many years ago I knew a young married man who lived in Orange. He was auction mad. One New York sale we both attended continued for twelve evenings. On the twelfth his bride appeared with him and he introduced her to the other maniacs. In those days it was quite unusual for a woman to appear at a book auction.

"Why did you bring Mrs. Blank tonight?" I inquired.

"Oh," said he, "it came to the point where I just had to prove there were such things as book auctions!"

Although the following tale has nothing to do with book auctions, I am reminded of it because it has distinctly to do with wives. And wives—there is no doubt about it—have their niche in the book world, if only for the influence they have upon their book-mad consorts.

A small man with a shy, walruslike look came to see me one day in Philadelphia. His meek appearance was in marked contrast to the determined manner with which he greeted me. He introduced himself as a piano tuner from Harrisburg.

"I have here, doctor," he said, pulling out of an inner pocket a blue envelope, "something which will interest you. I found it in a secondhand-furniture store among a bundle of papers on its way to the pulp mill. I rescued it." He opened the envelope and drew out a pamphlet in brown-paper wrappers. It was Poe's Prose Romances, No. 1, containing the Murders in the Rue Morgue, published in Philadelphia in 1843. There are only three or four copies known to exist.

"What do you want for it?" I asked him.

"Three thousand eight hundred," he said quite calmly. Naturally I was surprised that a man who made his living tinkering with refractory pianos should know the value of this work. In answer to further questions, he told me that he spent all his evenings and some of his days browsing in secondhand stores, in the hope of making a book find.

"And now my dream's come true. I'm always picking up old books. It makes my wife wild. She always nags me. Wasting time and throwing away good cash, she calls it!"

Sequel to a Love Letter

I had to have this book. While I wrote out the check I asked him why he wanted this peculiar sum, and what he would do with it. He answered without hesitation.

"The first thing I'll do," he said, "is to hand over $800 of it to the missus and let her go to Europe, like she's always wanted to do. I told her I'd fix her one day! I guess she won't nag me any more!"

I recall the crowd present at the sale of the collection of that great editor of Keats, J. Buxton Forman, in 1920. Students, collectors, poets, seers, bookmen were there. Suddenly the auctioneer announced that the next item was a love letter of Keats to Fanny Brawne. Whereupon my friend Kit Morley was inspired and wrote this exquisite sonnet, which he dedicated to me:

IN AN AUCTION ROOM

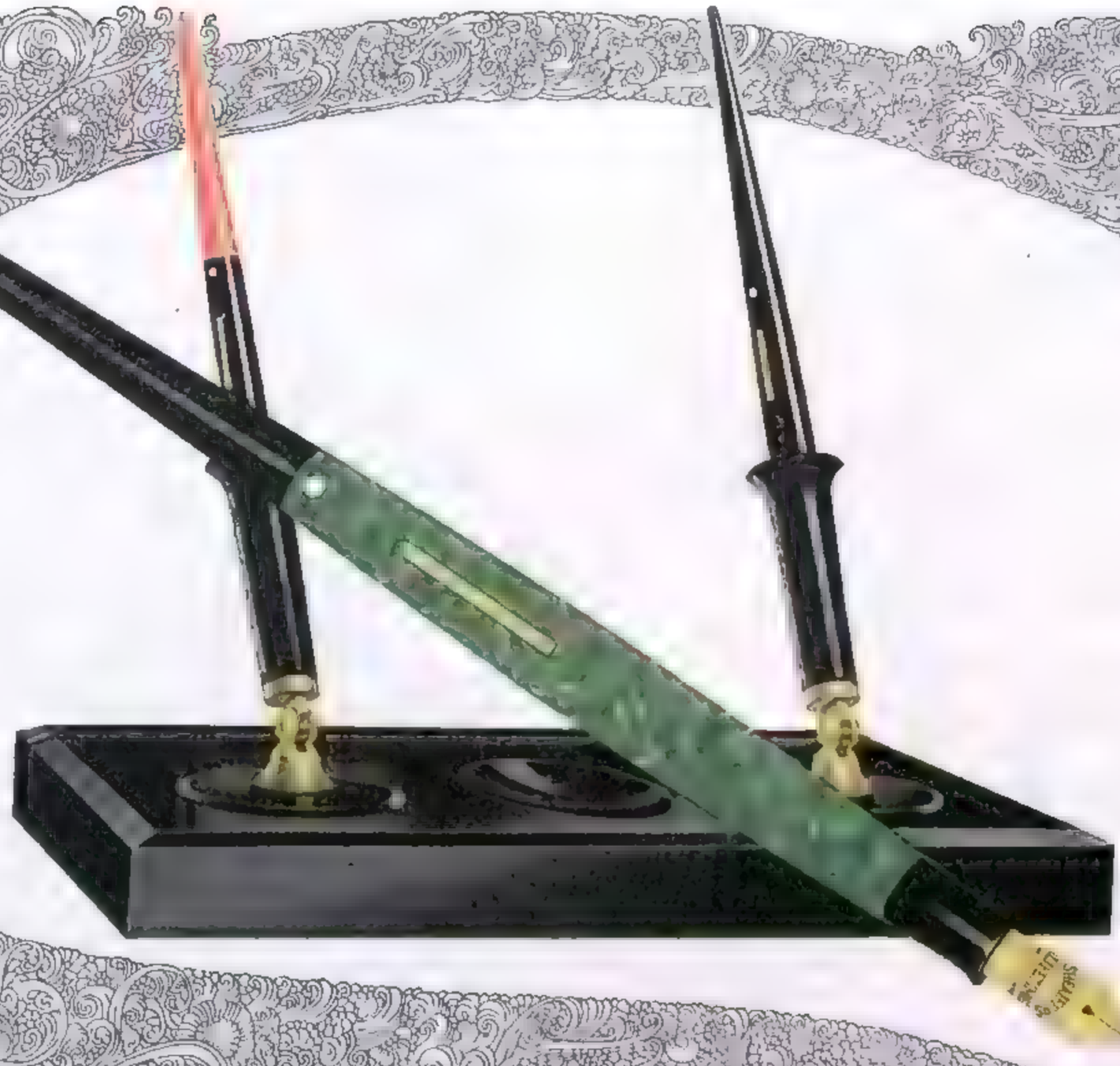
Letter of John Keats to Fanny Brawne, Anderson Galleries, March 15, 1920
To DR. A. S. W. ROSENBACH

"How about this lot?" said the auctioneer;
"One hundred, may I say, just for a start?"
Between the plum-red curtains, drawn apart,
A written sheet was held. . . . And strange to hear—
(Dealer, would I were steadfast as thou art),
The cold quick bids. *(Against you in the rear!)*
The crimson salon, in a glow more clear,
Burned bloodlike purple as the poet's heart.

Song that outgrew the singer! Bitter Love
That broke the proud hot heart it held in thrall,
Poor script, where still those tragic passions move—
Eight hundred bid: fair warning: the last call:
The soul of Adonais, like a star,
Sold for eight hundred dollars—Doctor R!

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of articles by Doctor Rosenbach as told to Avery Strakosch. The next will appear in an early issue



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LOST ECSTASY

(Continued from Page 29)

"He's a man. And because you know he's a man and not a tailor's dummy, you're afraid. Isn't that it?" And when he said nothing to that, she was suddenly frightened. "You haven't spoken to him, have you?"

"I think he understands my position."

Later on he told Katherine: "I tell you she's infatuated with him. Infatuated! That's the only word I can think of."

"Temporarily, perhaps, that's all. . . . Is that pillow right?"

"No, damn it! Take it out. What do you mean—temporarily? We'll look well if she walks into town while I'm laid up here, and marries him!"

"I don't think she has the remotest intention of marrying him."

"Oh, you don't? Well, then, I wish you'd seen and heard her in here a while ago."

"I dare say you weren't very tactful."

"Tactful, hell! Why should I be tactful? She's lost her mind!"

When Doctor Dunham arrived he had worked himself into a frenzy. "What have you been doing to yourself, anyhow?"

"Nothing. Pitched a little hay, that's all."

"Trying to show these cowboys you're as good a man as they are!" chuckled old Dunham, and was rather hurt later when none of old Lucius' liquor was forthcoming.

So the day wore on, Katherine applying hot-water bags to Henry's back and occasionally looking at the mountains with that far-away glance of hers. Long ago she had forgotten the dreams and passions of her youth; sometimes it seemed to her that she had always been married to this heavy-bodied, occasionally truculent and domineering husband of hers. But for Kay she had had a dream of her own, of love and marriage.

It was vague, like much of her dreaming. She did not care greatly for Herbert; secretly, she shared Bessie's opinion of him. But he meant safety. This cowboy
If she could only talk to Kay! But she had never overcome the feeling that, as to mother and daughter, the gulf between the knowledge of the one and the ignorance of the other was somehow shameful.

She had, this queer Katherine, an odd feeling that if old Lucius had been around he would have known what to do.

Kay stayed in her room all morning. She was frightened and desperate. Never before had she resented the domestic hierarchy under which she lived, but now she did. Her face, when the luncheon gong sounded, was hard and sullen; and when, before descending, she went to her window and once more glanced out in the hope of seeing Tom, what she saw only increased her anger and resentment.

The early midday dinner at the bunk house was over; the long table with its brown oilcloth cover was deserted. By ones and twos the men came out, to sit on their heels or lounge about, rolling their endless cigarettes. It was the one bit of leisure in their hard-working, hard-riding days.

Bill was off by himself, plaintively playing a mouth organ, and near him Tom was standing, overcheerfully humming the words of a song. At the chorus he discreetly stopped, to the laughter of the group.

Perhaps he saw Kay at the window, and there was deliberate malice in what he did next, for the new girl from Judson appearing with a dishpan, he promptly called to her, "Come on out here, pretty one! Come out and give the sun a treat."

She came, giggling, and he threw an arm about her and waved his free hand at the landscape.

"Ain't that pretty?" he said. "Just you and me and Nature, eh? Don't count those roughnecks over there."

The next moment, having made his effect, he released her and forgot her. But Kay recoiled into the room and held her hands to her burning face.

"He's crazy," she thought—"crazy and wild. Maybe bad, too, for all I know. I've got to get out of this somehow or I'll go crazy too."

But it is typical of her state that within the next few minutes she was seeing it for the bravado it largely was, and that he was in his own way returning hurt for hurt. Up to that time she had not considered Herbert in the situation, but during the meal—Mrs. Dowling was lunching upstairs—she was suddenly certain that Herbert was responsible.

It would be like him, she reflected, not to come to her but to go as indirectly as possible to her father. Somebody had certainly gone to him. Well, she would soon find out.

"I suppose you think you did a good job last night," she began, resting her chin in her hands and staring across at him.

"As to what?"

"You know well enough. It was you who spoke to father. He never notices such things himself."

"There you're wrong. It was he who brought up the subject."

"And you didn't help it any."

"Good Lord, Kay!" he said, exasperated. "What was I to say? Everyone who chose could see the thing for himself."

"Just what thing?"

"You don't really want me to say it, do you?"

"Go on, let's hear the worst."

Her tone angered him. "All right," he said—"that you're in love with Tom McNair. You needn't bother to deny it. I know you."

Suddenly she laughed, rather breathlessly. "Oh, so that's it! I'm in love with him! And what about him? Is he in love with me?"

She was not laughing now, but watching him intently.

"Is he in love with me?" she repeated when Herbert hesitated.

"I don't know. Maybe he thinks he is. You're different from the girls he's known, of course."

"Thanks!"

But there was something subdued in her now that encouraged Herbert to go on.

"There's another thing, too, Kay. These fellows out here are all right. They're a fine lot, most of them. But they don't understand Eastern girls—how they can be crazy about a fellow one minute and be all through the next. It's not their game. McNair now—I'm not saying anything against him—McNair may think you're in earnest about all this. Leaving everything else aside, you ought to be fair to him."

She had a wild desire to cry out: "But I am in earnest! It's horrible, dreadful earnest! I'm in and I can't get out!" But the sight of Herbert, taking out a cigarette and delicately tapping it on the back of his hand, killed the impulse. Herbert, with his neatly pressed trousers, his neatly brushed hair, his neatly arranged and docketed mind—how could he understand?

"It's not I who am unfair to him," she said "It's the rest of you."

"And again," said Herbert carefully, still tapping, "I happen to know that he has a girl of his own already. You can't marry him. Then why spoil him for what he can have?"

"Why on earth don't you light that cigarette and stop tapping it?" she demanded in a sort of frenzy.

She got up. Herbert was too late to pull out her chair, but he did manage to open the door for her.

She went upstairs, took off her riding clothes and lay down on the bed. She could hear across the hall the rattle of dishes on her father's tray and his voice, now and then, querulously raised in protest:

"Why can't they make a decent cup of coffee? This belly wash ——"

"I'll have Nora make some, Henry."

"And get it an hour from now! No!"

She was frantic with jealousy. Did Herbert really know that Tom had a girl, or had he made it up? Was it this Vera, the girl from Judson? If not, who was it? There had been an effort at casualness in Herbert's voice: "I happen to know that he has a girl of his own already." Well, suppose he had? What could it possibly mean to her? They had her, and they would hold on to her. She could never get away. She would end by marrying Herbert, and she knew what that would be:

"Good night, Kay."

"Good night, Herbert. Be sure to open your window."

She thought about her Aunt Bessie and Uncle Ronald, her husband. He had been a dapper little man, with a hideous habit of posing before the servants, especially the women.

No wonder Aunt Bessie had had what the younger crowd ribaldly called sympathizers. She even thought about old Lucius and the occasional women who had come to the ranch. That was what loveless marriage was.

She was not so ignorant as Katherine believed. Much of those earnest and wide-eyed discoveries of sex by young writers to a world, already sex wise and sex weary before they were fledged, had come her way. Even the unloading of degenerate sex complexes by older men and women who sold themselves for commercial purposes as cheaply in the market place as any prostitute.

And she knew that this love of hers was no light thing, to be dismissed by order. That it was a primitive savage thing, stronger than she was. After all, she was no child. She had had her small affairs, her light romances. This was different.

At five o'clock she dressed herself carefully and went down to the veranda. It was, in a way, a test she set herself. If Tom came to her there, he cared; if he did not ——

It was an hour before he came, and then he was gentler than she had expected, even rather ill at ease. "Well," he drawled with his faint smile, "it seems like we're kinda out of luck all round, don't it?"

"You mean—about the fair?"

"So they've told you, have they?"

When she made no reply, but sat gazing out with miserable eyes across the plains, he rolled a cigarette slowly and sat down on the step at her feet.

"Just what is the big idea? Is it the bunch-quitting they object to? Or just me?"

"It's not you," she said hastily. "It's just—anybody."

"I notice they don't mind this Percy of yours."

"It has nothing to do with Herbert. He's a member of the family"

"Like hell he is!" he said, with sudden resentment. "Oh, I get you all right! You're not telling me anything I don't know. I suppose you'll up and marry him some of these days. That's what they're saying around here, anyhow."

"Never!"

"Still, you're a good little girl. You'll do what they tell you. You're doing it now, aren't you?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, you'd like to go to the fair tomorrow—with me," he added, glancing up at her. "But you won't."

"I don't want to worry them."

"Worry them? What are they worrying about?" he demanded. "I'm not going to kidnap you. You're safe with me—safe as a church."

But now that the issue had come, she found a certain courage with which to meet it. "You don't really care now whether I go or not," she said. "What you really want now is to have your own way. You hate to be beaten."

He threw back his head and laughed. "Smart, aren't you?" he scoffed. "Maybe it's partly that," he added honestly. "But about my not wanting you to go, Kay—what do you think I'm making all this fuss about?"

"I didn't know."

"Well, now that you know," he said lightly, as if he had not been betrayed into that moment of real feeling, "what about it? Do we go, or don't we? Be yourself! Let's show them who's who in this part of the world!"

But she only shook her head. His moment of passion was gone. She knew that it was not she he really wanted, but to humiliate the rest. And although he continued to argue, cajole and bully her in turn, she persisted in her refusal. At last he leaped to his feet, jamming his hat on his head with a gesture at once dramatic and final.

"All right," he said. "All I wanted was to know where I stand. Now I know. Good night."

"Tom! Come back a minute."

But he went swinging along toward the barn, chaps rustling and spurs jingling, and as he went he whistled. Ten minutes later he was loping down the road on the Miller, in the general direction of Ursula.

She did not see him again until two days after the fair was over.

Now and then some word of the doings in town filtered out to the ranch. Bill was brought out in a car one day, pale and sheepish, with a sprained ankle and a story of hard luck; but Tom, it appeared, was riding as if he wore shock absorbers and was up to the finals.

Herbert politely invited Kay to go in for the last day, and she as politely refused. Henry was able to turn over in his bed without yelping and was planning to start East as soon as he could travel. And then on the evening of that last day the outfit came back, tired but triumphant, driving its bucking string ahead of it—and Tom McNair was not with it.

Kay could not believe her eyes. When Jake passed the house on the way to his own cottage she stopped him. "Who won, Jake?"

"Tom McNair got first money."

"That's fine! I didn't see him with the rest."

He rested his kindly faded old eyes on her for a moment, looked away. "Well, Tom's Tom," he said. "Maybe he's playin' poker in town. You see, every so often Tom's got to have a little time to himself. There's no harm in him; he's just like a young colt, a bit wild and not halter-broke yet."

VI

URSULA prided itself on its progressiveness. It was a pretty town, the best in the valley, perhaps in the state. It had paved streets, a park, a great stone schoolhouse, even a zoo—Tom McNair had roped and brought in the two bear cubs in their cage. It had a flour mill, a beet-sugar factory and a hospital.

Its streets bustled with activity. Twenty-one, going north, disgorged traveling salesmen with sample cases, and Twenty-two south picked them up again. The outlying ranches fed it and in their turn were fed by it. It even had a social life of no mean order, and in the winter Twenty-one north or Twenty-two south picked up the wealthier of its inhabitants and stowed them in lowers or drawing-rooms and carried them away from the bitter cold.

The conductors on the railroad knew them all.

"I see it's Pasadena this year, this time."

"Yep. Tried New York last year, but didn't like it much. Too crowded."

But Ursula was like the smaller towns along the track. It had no environs. Where it ended, the back country began. One could leave its paved streets, its comfortable houses with their gardens, climb a

(Continued on Page 133

Briggs Body

THERE is an excelling excellence about Briggs Bodies that is winning the admiration of discriminating motorists. That many of the leading motor car manufacturers are aware of this is evidenced by their choice of this distinctive product. See that the next car you select is equipped with a Briggs Body.

BRIGGS MANUFACTURING COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

KEEP YOUR MIND on the road ahead and forget the road underwheel.

When the highway narrows and you're off the pavement and on again—speeding over a broken stretch of concrete or brick—bucking rough shoulders—you need not fear damage to the sidewalls of your tires, if they are Seiberling All-Treads.

For there is PROTECTION on either side—husky bars of tough rubber, tread rubber, in one piece, from bead to bead. And those same side-bars give you extra traction to plow through mud or sand—they'll pull you through and carry you on—when the detour is hard.

Choose Seiberlings—and then take the road as it comes. One wheel is all you need think of—when you drive on Seiberling All-Treads.

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One Wheel's Enough

One wheel's enough to think of when you're driving—the one you grasp. You can forget the four that grip the road—if you've had them shod with Seiberling All-Treads.

SEIBERLING ALL-TREADS

Now you'll see STYLE *in Raincoats!*

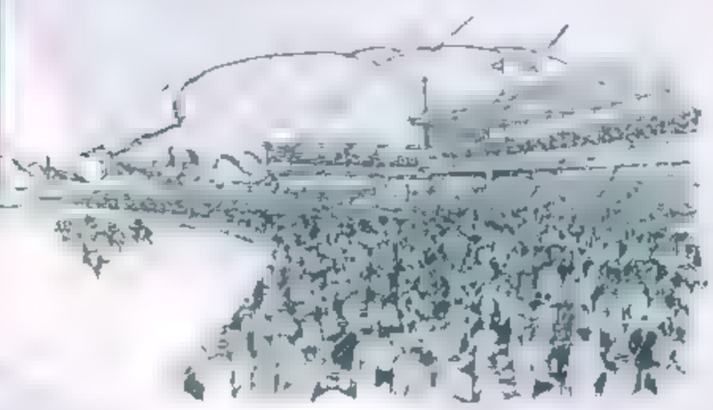
This week leading department and wearing apparel stores throughout the country are holding special style showings of *Duro Gloss* rubber raincoats. The week has been designated as National Raincoat Style Week—a tribute to the beauty and utility of these wonderful new *Duro Gloss* raincoats.

Duro Gloss rubber raincoats are made in a wide range of permanent, lustrous colors—from the rich, brilliant hues down to the softer browns and grays—and black. They are full-cut and carefully made—as smart and serviceable as fine garments tailored from cloth. And, what is most important, they are thoroughly rainproof. A *Duro Gloss* rubber raincoat will keep you dry in the hardest rainstorm.

Raincoats of *Duro Gloss* are tailored only by a very select group of raincoat manufacturers—the leading raincoat stylists of the nation—who recognized in *Duro Gloss* Raincoat Fabric the perfect raincoat material—and adopted it as their standard of quality.

Go to your favorite store now and select a *Duro Gloss* rubber raincoat from the styles that will be displayed there. You will find the prices moderate. Look for the *Duro Gloss* label to be sure you are getting the genuine.

Always have your *Duro Gloss* rubber raincoat with you when you start out in the car. It will protect your health and your clothing.



80,000 people were rain-soaked at the running of the 1925 Kentucky Derby

Look for this label in the Raincoat you buy

The *Duro Gloss* label is a double protection for you. It vouches for the quality of the material—and for the style and workmanship of the raincoat as well. For *Duro Gloss* Raincoat Fabric is available to only a limited number of American and Canadian raincoat makers whose standards of manufacture insure raincoats that are full-cut, hence roomy—and stylish in every detail. You can have confidence in any raincoat that bears the *Duro Gloss* label.

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Duro Gloss

RUBBER RAINCOAT FABRIC

(Continued from Page 128)

hill, descend again and, as Bessie would certainly not have put it, be alone with God.

On the second day following the fair, Clare Hamel stood behind a counter in Dicer's Emporium. She was near the door. Across the street, the setting sun shone brilliantly into the one broad window of the Martin House, with its five worn leather chairs behind it and the old brass bar rail now fastened beneath it, to keep—hopefully—the sitters' feet from the window sill. Beside it was the National Drug Store, once her father's professional stand, and known then as the Last Chance saloon; and beyond that again the Zenith barber shop.

She was bored and anxious, and the outlook gave her no comfort. She knew it all; it was all she did know. Marcus the barber, bending over someone in his chair; Carrie Young's baby carriage with the twins in it, parked outside of the drug store; an Indian in an old sack suit and straw hat, with red flannel twisted in his braids, driving past in a buckboard, a hungry-looking dog running along beside it; men in Stetsons rubbing shoulders with men in straw hats; the Prairie Rose café; the new bank building; a stream of cars. And over it all, for the weather had turned warm again, a haze of dust and heat.

Heat, dust and dreariness. Not even a customer to wander in, finger the dress goods and exchange a bit of talk across the counter. Across from her—handkerchiefs, gloves, stockings and toilet goods—was Sarah Cain, likewise bored and idle. She did not like Sarah and Sarah did not like her, but out of the heat and a certain dreariness that was in her she finally spoke across the aisle: "Looks like a good picture tonight."

"Yeah. But it's so awful hot in there. Ain't this weather awful again?"

"It sure is. You could fry an egg out there."

"You bet!"

Silence fell again. Then Sarah, with a glance toward the rear of the store, where Mr. Dicer sat at a desk, edged out into the aisle and crossed to Clare. "Say, I seen a friend of yours yesterday."

A hand which had seemed to be wavering over Clare's heart for a day or two suddenly closed down on it. "What friend? I got more than one, you know."

"Tom McNair."

"Oh, Tom!" She moistened her dry lips. "Is he still in town? Pity he wouldn't come in and say how-d'ye-do."

"He wasn't saying anything to anybody when I saw him."

There was a sort of malicious pleasure in Sarah's voice, and Clare looked at her coldly.

"If you mean he'd been drinking, why don't you say it?" she asked. "It's no news to me, and it's certainly nothing in my life."

"Well, I'm glad to hear you say it," said Sarah, with assumed heartiness. "The way folks talk around here, you'd think—— He'd been drinking all right—and some."

She sauntered back, leaving Clare to stare out of the open door again. Her face was impassive, for Sarah was watching her, but she was torn within by a thousand distracting thoughts.

Something had set Tom off again; he only went on these periodic drinking spells when something set him off.

Was it her own visit to him? Had she had some effect after all—even this? She had seemed to make so little impression on him that night at the ranch.

"We've had some good times together, haven't we, Tom?"

"You've been mighty nice to me, Clare. I'm not forgetting that."

"Well, then, what's the matter? I don't hardly sleep any more. Look here, look how loose this belt is! I just get to worrying, thinking maybe I've done something, and I can't sleep."

"We're mighty busy just now, you know."

"I've heard that before."

"Then," he went on, unusually patient for him, "we've got the Dowlings now, and they take a lot of looking after."

"You mean she does—the girl. Oh, I'm not so far away I don't hear things. If you're fool enough to fall for that sort of thing——"

"What sort of thing?" He was ominously calm.

"Her making a joke out of you," she went on recklessly. "What do you think you mean in her life? I'll bet she's laughing at you half the time."

"That'll do," he said roughly. "I've had all I'm taking. You haven't any claim on me and you know it. Now you get in that lizzie of yours and go back home." Then more gently: "You'd better start anyhow. You've got a long ways to go."

But at this unexpected gentleness the shrew died in her, and suddenly she began to cry. "I'm crazy about you, Tom. I never fooled you about that. And I thought you liked me too."

"So I do—fine, Clare."

"And I'm straight, Tom. You can't say that about all of them."

"Sure you are. Don't I know that? That's why I don't want anybody to see you hanging around here."

But when she was at last in the old car and on her way back home, she knew she had not touched him. Knew, indeed, that she had never touched him; that his lighthearted philandering had been just that and nothing more. She had cried steadily all the way back.

That was almost a week ago. She had gone back home, to the one-story bungalow on the outskirts of the town. Her mother was sitting on the porch, resting after her dishwashing.

"That you, Clare? I was getting worried about you."

"I was just moving around, hunting a breeze."

"Your supper's in the oven. It's pretty much dried out now."

"I had a chocolate ice-cream soda, mom. I'm not hungry," she lied, and went into the house.

Alone in her room, she had turned on the light and surveyed herself in the mirror. No wonder he had turned her down. She looked ugly, badly dressed, crude. And that girl out there, with a lady's maid—Nora was the first personal maid outside of the movies she had ever heard of—a lady's maid to work over her. No wonder Tom's head was turned. She had a vision of this girl she had never seen, lounging about on sofas in exotic negligees, bathing or being bathed—poor Nora!—in a perfumed bath, casting her siren's net over all and sundry, and especially over Tom McNair.

She had gone on as best she could.

"You're sure it's all wool?"

"You can ask Mr. Dicer. It's the very best grade. Mrs. Hutchinson just bought a skirt off that piece."

"Well, I don't know that that recommends it."

Measuring, cutting, wrapping up, and then long periods of idleness when the heat came in waves through the open door, and her mind wrestled with loneliness and despair. The fair, with the Emporium closed in the afternoons and her heart stopping when the announcer bellowed through his megaphone: "Tom McNair coming out on Stampede! McNair on Stampede!"

The throwing open of the gates of the saddling chute, the hazers scattering, the judges watchful, the horse leaping, sunfishing, rearing and bucking; and then the ride made, the pistol shot, the hazers closing in. She could breathe again.

She had only one comfort. Inspect the grand stand as she might, she did not see the Dowling girl.

In the evenings she had waited alone on the porch of the bungalow, but no Tom had appeared. And now he had been drinking, and maybe old Dowling would fire him Then he would go away and she would never see him again.

She leaned over the counter. "Where'd you see him, Sarah?"

"Going into the Martin House."

At 5:30 Mr. Dicer, in the rear of the store, glanced up from an order blank at the clock, and then, rising, took his straw hat from its hook. And at this signal the girls, already poised for flight, with a simultaneous movement dipped under their counters, brought forth their absurd small hats, jerked them onto their heads and moved to the door. Mr. Dicer, following them, locked it behind them.

"Good night, Mr. Dicer."

"Good night."

Under pretense of an errand, Clare crossed to the drug store and entered. But when they had gone out of sight, she emerged again and made her way into the Martin House. Ed Clark, the clerk and general factotum, was cleaning his nails with a penknife behind the glass cigar counter which served as a desk.

"Hello, Ed. Is Tom McNair here?"

"He's got a room here. I can't say if he's in it."

She was certain, however, that Tom was upstairs, and after a moment's thought she wrote him a note:

I'll be at the corner by the courthouse, Tom. And I'll wait there until you come if it takes all night.
CLARE.

"Wake him up and give him that, Ed," she said. "See that he reads it, won't you? There's going to be trouble if he doesn't go home tonight."

"Right-o," said Ed. "I get you."

But after she left it, she wondered. If she sent him back to the ranch, she would be sending him to Kay again! She shrugged her shoulders and went on.

To Kay herself those days of Tom's absence were sheer torture. Always she was on the watch for him, from early in the morning, when the wranglers came in at six for breakfast, to late afternoon, with Charlie the dairymaid driving in the milk herd, great slow-moving beasts with full udders which swung as they walked. Once she went to the corral; but Tom's big gray was not there, nor was Tom's saddle on its peg in the saddle house. She could not ask for him, and now she felt that they would be gone before he came back. Her father was up and moving about, and they were to leave on Wednesday. Already Nora was packing the trunks.

"I'd better keep out your heavy coat, Miss Kay."

"Yes, please, Nora."

If they went before Tom came back, what could she do? Could she leave a note for him? But what would she say if she did? "Dear Tom: I am so sorry we have to go without seeing you. I do hope ——" Never! Better no word at all than that.

In spite of what Jake had told her, she had no real suspicion of the truth. Monday passed like Sunday. Herbert was cheerful, almost blithe. "Well, the old Mariposa won't look so bad to me."

"No?"

"Nor to you either, once you're headed East. You'll—forget all this."

But she ignored that.

To do Herbert justice, he believed she would forget, and perhaps it was to make that forgetting easier that he followed her to the veranda that night. She could not stay inside the house. He sat down near her and began his usual preliminary tappings before he lighted his cigarette. When he spoke, it was carefully, as if considering what he had to say. "Kay, dear."

"Yes?"

"Aren't you taking this thing too hard?"

"What thing?"

"McNair's spree—bat—whatever you like to call it."

"You wouldn't dare to say that if he were here to defend himself!"

"It's the truth. Everybody knows it. Ask Jake! Ask any of the boys! They may lie to you, but it's the truth. He got drunk and half killed an Indian in town the other night."

"I don't believe it."

"An Indian named Little Dog. He and the big Swede here, Gus, had a fight with

(Continued on Page 135)

The test is in the wear!

Varsity "Sturdi-chex"
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Varsity "Sturdi-chex" is a mighty fine garment to look at,—but the real test comes in the wear! The minute you slip on a suit, the easy, comfortable fit without a trace of bagginess impresses you with the first point of superiority.

Then as you wear it and put it to every test and strain you realize that the "Sturdi" part of the name means something!

But it's only after your "Sturdi-chex" union suit comes back smiling after dozens of trips to the laundry that you realize its full merits.

Buy 6 at a time,—and rotate them in wear; you'll get better service.

Other Varsity Underwear
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"What's the big secret, Dad
—a new razor?"
"No!—
Mennen Shaving Cream."

You *feel* the difference -- others *see* it

More men buy Mennen—the Improved Shaving Cream—on the enthusiastic recommendation of their friends than in the case of all other shaving accessories combined. To know the reason for this enthusiasm, you must try Mennen *dermutation*—therefore a Mennen shave.

Mennen *dermutation* goes into action the instant you start lathering. So quickly and completely does it soften the beard that one pass of the razor leaves your face smooth and clean. And there's no pulling, no scraping, no nerve torture as in ordinary shaving.

Mennen *dermutation* does even more. It flattens the tiny "mounds" around each hair so that your razor glides smoothly over the face without nicking the skin. That's why there's no smarting and soreness after a Mennen shave.

Mennen *dermutation* soothes, tones up and conditions the skin *after* shaving. Your complexion is clearer and healthier. You feel the difference—others soon see it.

Buy a tube of Mennen on your way home tonight. Every drug store has it. Try Mennen for a week. If it does not give you the quickest, smoothest, most luxurious shave in your experience—if your face doesn't feel better and look better—we'll return what you paid for the tube.

Now that you've had a taste of real shaving luxury, you'll want a *super* luxury—Mennen Skin Balm *after* shaving. Gives a cool, pleasant tingle—is mildly antiseptic—and has a clean, masculine fragrance you're bound to like. Only 50c for a big tube.

Mennen Talcum for Men makes a perfect finish for a perfect shave. It's a *man* powder for *men!* Removes the shine, but is itself invisible. It's tinted to match the skin. Fine, too, for "all-over" use on hot days and after a bath. 25c a can at any drug store. *Jim Henry* (Mennen Salesman)

The Mennen Company, Newark, N. J.
The Mennen Company, Limited, Montreal

MENNEN
The Improved
SHAVING CREAM

(Continued from Page 133)

him over a decision at the fair, and Tom knocked him cold. They'd all been drinking."

She sat very still. She knew now that it was true. She even felt that she had known it all along.

"Now listen, Kay. I don't bring charges like that unless I can prove them. If they hurt you, I'm sorry. I'm more than that, as you know very well. But they're true. McNair's half a savage. Even the other men here have to handle him with gloves. He's violent; he fights and drinks. He doesn't just drink; he gets down into the gutter. And he's a bad man with women. Oh, I know he can ride! I know he's the type to appeal to a girl. But for God's sake, don't get interested in him, Kay! Either he would shame you to death, or he'd crush you and throw you away."

Kay did not move. She felt nothing save a curious numbness, and much of Herbert's last speech she hardly heard at all. It was enough, at last. She was through. While she sat and waited for him, he was in the gutter. It had killed her madness; she was cured.

"I see," she said, very quietly. "Only don't be unduly agitated." She smiled at him. "He is nothing in the world to me. Let him go and wallow if he likes."

"Good girl!" said Herbert, relieved beyond measure. He was happier than he had been for days. He knew Kay—knew every tone and inflection of her voice, knew her honesty of speech and action.

Suddenly she got up. "Let's take a walk. I've been sitting around all day."

They wandered down the road together, amiably and cheerfully. Now and then Kay hummed a snatch of song, and although her hands were icy cold, she felt quite wonderful. Except once when she saw a white flower gleaming in the dusk and stooped to gather it; then she felt slightly dizzy.

"I've been rather hateful lately, Herbert. I'm sorry."

A truce and a new peace. How faint the stars were in the evening sky, and how still the mountains! Still and peaceful, as if they were asleep—or dead. Perhaps they were dead. It was only in the storms of winter that they lived. Then they shot down their avalanches, froze, crushed, killed

Curious, the very world seemed dead. No color, no movement. She and Herbert were two spirits walking in eternal shade. She felt nothing, because she was a spirit or no; her body was walking there right enough. It was her spirit which was dead.

Herbert reached out and took her cold hand. "Lord, it's a relief to be friends again!" he said huskily.

She let him hold it, and hand in hand, like two children wandering in the dark, they moved on under the trees.

There was a light behind them, and Jake's car came along the road. They stepped aside to let it pass, and Jake's voice called, "Good evening."

It was moving on; it was going. Suddenly Kay fiercely released her hand and ran after it.

"Mr. Mallory!" she called. "Jake! Jake!"

He heard her and stopped the car, and she caught up with it, breathless.

"Are you going to town?"

"That's what I reckoned to do."

"I'm going with you." She jerked at the door and Jake opened it, too astonished for speech. She crawled in and slammed it shut. "All right, go on."

"What about Mr. Forrest?"

"He's not coming. Go on, please"

With a deliberation that drove her frantic, Jake let in the clutch and the car moved on. None too soon. She could hear Herbert close behind it as it got under way.

She chattered feverishly at first as they went along, but Jake, uneasy and suspicious of he knew not what, had relapsed into taciturnity.

"I don't know what your folks'll say about this, Miss Kay," he said once.

"Herbert will tell them. It's all right"

And again: "You'd ought to have brought a coat or something. This night air gets mighty chilly."

"I'm not cold at all."

They went on in silence. Once they passed a round-up outfit camped beside the road. It was on its way to the reservation, and in the moonlight she could see the horses of the remuda peacefully grazing behind wire. The cook tent was lighted, and from inside she could hear men's voices and laughter.

"Potter's," Jake said briefly. "They're shipping eight thousand head this fall."

If there was any bitterness in his tone, she did not notice. Potter was going to buy the ranch. He was still holding out, but Jake knew it would come. He would buy the ranch and turn in black-faced sheep on the upper pastures and plant wheat lower down; and Hank Tulloss in town would finance the deal, or maybe take a part of it himself. He knew what the L. D. could be, did Tulloss. He never put a dollar into anything unless he saw two coming out.

He was very taciturn after that. Suddenly they rose to the top of a hill and the town lay before them. A locomotive whistled down at the track, a disreputable white poodle dog dashed across the road in front of them.

"Old Dunham'd better keep that pup of his at home!"

Paved streets, neat houses under trees, with bits of lawn in front, the high school, the courthouse. And by the courthouse, under a lamp-post, a tall familiar figure with a girl. The girl had her hand on the man's arm, was looking up, talking urgently. Jake brought the car to a grating stop.

"That you, Tom?"

"Yeah. Who is it?"

"Mallory. You coming out tonight?"

"I'm starting soon as I get my horse."

Tom was peering into the darkness. Kay shrank back.

"That Nellie you've got there?"

"Yes," said Jake, and got under way again.

Jake spoke only once on the way to the sidetrack and the car.

"You all right still?"

"I'm cold," she said. "I guess you were right, after all. Everybody was right!" But that was silly; she was talking nonsense. "I'll get a wrap from the car," she said. Her teeth were chattering again.

Once in the Mariposa, she pulled herself together. William, cheerful and garrulous after his long vigil on the sidetrack, the lights, her grandfather's stateroom, now her own—all of them helped to restore her to a semblance of normality. That strange madness of hers, which had grown through the day to that crazy impulse to run after the car, was gone.

She moved about, fingering this and that, while the cook made her coffee and Jake saw the station agent with his orders.

By half-past nine Jake was back again, and with a wrap about her they started back. A half mile or so outside the town they overtook a horse and rider moving slowly, the man with bent head and drooping shoulders. Jake peered out, seemed satisfied and went on. Perhaps to the relief of both, when they swung into the lane from the state road the ranch buildings were dark. When Jake had stopped the engine and helped her out he held to her arm and detained her.

"You'll have to square me with your father for this, Miss Kay."

"Of course. But he mayn't know anything about it. . . . Good night, Jake."

He watched her out of sight before he closed the doors of the old wagon shed which was now the garage. He was puzzled and uneasy; maybe it was a good thing, after all; at least, she knew now about Clare Hamel. But if she was as crazy about him as all that ——

He grunted and made his way past the dairy to his own cottage. The milch cows were resting in their yard outside, and a new calf, escaped from the inclosure, ran toward him, hesitated and then loped away. Tired as he was, he opened the gate and drove the awkward baby back to its mother. "Go on in there, little feller." The calf shot by him, tail high in the air. He opened the door of his cottage—no doors were ever locked on the ranch—and found his wife still awake, in the double white iron bed with its sagging springs.

"What about Tom, Jake? Did you see him?"

"Yeah. He's on his way back now."

"Are you taking him back?"

"I'll make a few conditions," he told her grimly, and began removing his clothes. "He was with that Hamel girl."

"She'd better let him alone." She lowered her voice. "I kinda wish you'd let him go, Jake." She made a cautious gesture toward the next room, where Nellie lay asleep. "I don't know why girls are so crazy about him. He'd make any girl he married miserable."

Jake glanced uneasily toward the room she had indicated. "What's wrong now?" he said cautiously.

"I don't know. She's been crying today. Says it's a toothache, but I don't believe it"

Sitting up in her bed, her muslin nightgown buttoned to the throat, she gazed at him anxiously.

"He's a good hand," Jake said, after a pause.

"And she's a good girl," she flashed back at him. Then she lay down again and turned on her side. Jake, blowing out the lamp and crawling in beside her, felt that she was crying and put his arm over her.

VII

KAY closed her door, and standing in the darkness of her room, the iron repression of the evening, before William in the Mariposa, before Jake, suddenly gave way. She was suffering. She was suffering horribly. Tom could tell her what he had told her, imply what he had implied, and then go off and hunt out some girl of the town, some ——

Her cheeks burned with the cheapness of it. He had cheapened her. He had turned the situation between them into a tawdry thing. Maybe he had laughed about her with that girl: "I've got a girl out at the ranch. Some girl too. You'd better watch your step."

But by the time she had taken off her light frock and put on her nightdress and a dressing gown, she was already making excuses for him. They had hurt him unbearably, and he had drifted back to an old weakness to forget it. They were to blame, largely. And how did they know he had been drinking? Just because he had done it before, they were ready to think it of him now. He had not looked as though he had been drinking. And he had never had a chance, with that father who was always ready to move somewhere, provided it was West. "Used to move so much, every time the chickens saw the team put in the wagon they'd lie down on their backs and hold their legs up to be tied!"

It wasn't true. Even now he was plodding back through the night to the same thing again—if not here, somewhere else. Hard work and small pay, hardships and dangers; for interest, the care of another man's great herds of cows and horses; for relaxation, the rough play of the bunk house, an occasional crap game; and for pleasure—what? The town and what little it could offer

Who could blame him if after weeks, maybe months, of all this he broke over? How many men she knew did not drink even on occasion drink too much? She thought back resentfully to her life at home. There was the night of her coming-out ball, when Hilary Randall had drunk too much champagne punch and had had to be put to bed in the house.

Nobody had made a fuss about that. She had been supposed not to know, but she had known. And Hilary himself had seemed later to think it rather a joke.

After a long time she lighted a match and looked at the small diamond-studded watch

(Continued on Page 137)

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(Continued from Page 135)

on her dresser. It was two o'clock. He must be very close. And soon after that she heard him coming in. She had made no plan, got nowhere, but the thought that the slow beat of the Miller's hoofs might be taking him out of her life was too much for her. Clad as she was, she went down the stairs, opened the front door and ran toward the barn. She could hear him working there, unsaddling, turning the tired horse out into the night corral. As she got closer she could see him, saddle and bridle in his arms, staring in her direction.

"Tom!"

"Yes?" He dropped the saddle and came toward her. "What are you doing out here at this time of night?"

"I heard your horse, and I ——"

"What's that got to do with it? Look here, girl, you go back to bed and quit worrying about me. I'm not worth it."

"I have worried—awfully."

"I'm not worth it, I'm telling you "

"But if I don't think that, Tom?"

He hesitated, glancing toward the house. "Maybe we'd better talk this out," he said. "But not here. Too many open windows, and I don't want to make any more trouble for you. I guess I've done my bit!"

Even then, however, he hesitated as he looked about him. If he soiled everything he touched, as they seemed to think out here, he was not going to soil this girl. There was to be no chance of any misconception of this meeting, if it chanced to be seen in the starlight.

"You might as well beat a drum as wear that white thing," he said uneasily. "But we'll stay in sight anyhow. Over there by the fence—how's that?"

She agreed quietly. After the storm of the last few days, to have him near her, sober and quiet, was utter peace. And as he led the way, carrying the saddle for her to sit on, she felt that there were power and strength in him. Not only physical strength; a sort of courage. Like her grandfather, perhaps like all strong men, he had the courage of his sins. And his first words bore this out:

"You'd better get the straight of this, Kay. I've been drinking, and that's putting it mild. I expect you know it. Percy would sure have the little rope all ready the minute I stumbled."

"I do know it, Tom."

"Then what are you out here for? That ought to be enough to spoil any—friendly feeling you had for me."

"I don't like it. But I've thought maybe we were to blame—I was to blame."

"Forget that! I've done it before. And the way things are, I reckon I'm likely to do it again."

"What do you mean by 'the way things are,' Tom?"

He looked away from her. He was trying to play the game, but she was making it hard for him.

"Between you and me." And after a pause, when she said nothing: "Where are we going from here, you and me? Well, I'll tell you. You're going back East, home, and in about a month or two you'll be saying, 'Oh, yes, that cow-puncher out at the ranch! What was his name now? Let's see—McNair. That was it. Tom McNair.'"

"You don't really think that, do you?" she said, her throat tight. "You know better than that, Tom."

"Maybe not in a month. I'll give you two, or three." And then in a burst of passion: "For God's sake, girl, let me alone! I'm trying to play this game square. I've done some thinking tonight on the way out, and that's the only way I can play it. You go away and forget me. That's the best advice I can give you."

"And you? What advice are you giving yourself?"

"The best thing that can happen to me is to break my neck and be done with it."

"It would break my heart too."

She was mad, surely. She was telling him she loved him, in so many words. She got up dizzily and put out both hands to hold him off

"I shouldn't have said that. I'm going back now. Please stay here. Oh, please don't touch me. I must be crazy."

But it was too late. His arms were around her. "Then we're both crazy," he said "Ever since I first saw you I've been fighting against it, Kay. I'm mad about you There's never been anybody else, not like this "

But the next moment reason, lost to her, reasserted itself in him. Without kissing her he let her go and stood back.

"Now you go back to the house," he told her. "I'm not trusting myself too far—nor you either."

"If you care, that's all I want."

"Care! If you think about it you'll know. And you'll know you're all I've got in heaven and earth. And I won't have that very long. Now go back to the house."

"You can have me always, if you want me."

"You don't know what you're saying," he said roughly. "Go on back when I tell you. I'll wait until you're in the house."

There was nothing left for her to do. The finality of his tone forbade her reopening the question between them. She started across the lawn, and halfway over she turned and looked back. He was where she had left him, rigid and watchful. She went drearily back to the house and crawled into her bed. Toward morning, her slim bare arms relaxed on the counterpane, she even slept a little; but when she wakened it was to find that Tom had gone into the mountains and would not be back until the round-up was over. She was completely crushed.

"Kay, do you remember where you left your raincoat?"

"At the barn, mother."

"Run and get it so Nora can pack it."

George Potter and the banker came out at noon. They lunched and then retired to the office and closed the door. After a time Herbert came out and got Jake Mallory, and Jake went in and the door was closed again. When Jake came out his face looked tired and old; he stood on the veranda steps and looked all around, at the mountains and the yellowing cottonwoods, at the long row of shelter yards beyond the barn, and the creek which had "the best water in the state, sir."

Kay was there, too, looking out, but he did not see her.

She met the next day with courage, carried off the good-bys with an air, was neither more talkative nor less than usual on the way into town. But never once did she lift her eyes to the mountains. She sat as she had sat on that journey out weeks before, in the front seat of the car. But now there was no lighted window ahead, no feeling of coming home; only the Mariposa on a sidetrack, and William in a fresh white coat and a broad cheerful grin.

"Shuah am glad to see you folks again," he said. "The old Mariposa, she's got stiff from sittin' so long."

Then her little room again, with its broad bed, and Nora laying out the things from her dressing case, the little gold brushes, the jars, the mirror, the boxes for this and that.

"I'll leave your perfume in the bag, Miss Kay. It might spill if I put it out."

"Thanks, Nora."

All set now, her hat covered, her traveling coat protected with a sheet, the far-away whistle of Twenty-two, which was to pick up the car; Jake on the platform, Stetson in hand, anxiously receiving some last instructions from her father; her mother's low-pitched voice, speaking to Joe the cook. A little crowd outside, staring at this magnificence

"Do they eat in there too? Or do they use the diner?"

And on the fringe of the group, standing by herself, a girl in a small pull-on hat and a very short skirt, surveying the preparations for departure with a peculiar intensity. Kay knew her. It was the girl Tom had been with under the lamp-post. That was the last thing she was to see as the car moved out, the picture she was to carry

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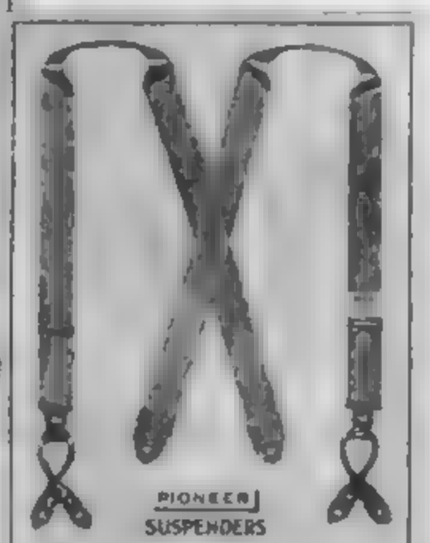

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with her over all the long miles of that journey East. Clare, on the station platform, waiting for her to go.

VIII

TOM had ridden out ahead of the outfit at his own request. He had slept very little, and the call to roll out at dawn the next morning found him with his decision made. While the majority of the L. D. cattle grazed in summer around or near the salt licks in the mountains, a wild bunch of almost a hundred had drifted over toward Elk Butte, and Tom's proposition to Jake that early morning was that he go and get them.

"By yourself?"

"I figured on going alone."

"You won't get much sleep."

"I wasn't figuring to sleep," said Tom simply, and waited.

Jake agreed. He felt that it was to be his last round-up for the L. D., and he was late as it was. It would be two more days before the wagons and the outfit could start, and at any time now the weather would break again and winter come to stay. Already the slopes of the foothills were painted with mahogany splotches where the chokecherry bushes had turned, and the ducks were coming in from the north, looking for their old halting places of reservoir and pool. And although the sun was shining that morning, low-lying white clouds, like banks of thick fog, filled the mountain canyons and hid the summits of the peaks. The early autumn of the high country was close at hand.

"All right," he said. "I suppose you know the family's going?"

"I guess I can bear up under it."

The swagger in his walk as he left was for Jake's benefit, and so Jake understood it. So also was the noisy cheerfulness with which he roped out and packed a buckskin horse and saddled the Miller.

"What you takin' a gun for, Tom? Lookin' for Little Dog? Got to be careful, Tom. That Indian'll get you yet if you don't watch out"

"Give him time!" he said, tightening his ropes. "He's buying more arnica than ammunition right now. . . . I saw some wolf tracks last time I was up."

But Jake, watching him as he rode out, saw the smile fade and felt vaguely anxious. He had his own troubles, however. He busied himself half-heartedly that morning, ate very little at noon, and by three o'clock knew that the ranch had definitely changed hands. He left the main house and went down by the creek for a time—that creek that he and old Lucius had always meant to dam back in the mountains and use for power as well as irrigation, and then he went to his cottage. His wife was baking bread, but she knew before he spoke.

"Well, it's gone," he told her heavily, "lock, stock and barrel to the Potters. They'll be turning in their sheep in a week or so. Sheep!"

She went on with her bread making, but after a time she looked up. "We'll have to be taking Nellie out of school."

"We might keep her there this winter."

"And leave me alone in that cabin?" she said. "Without a house nearer than ten miles? I'd lose my mind."

"The cabin" was on Jake's homestead, in the land which Herbert considered God had forgotten.

"I don't know what else to do, mother."

She put her bread in the oven, and after he had gone she moved slowly around the cottage which had been her home for twenty years. It was a good house, like everything old Lucius built. It was warm in winter and cool in summer. And she had lived like a lady here. The women from the church in town drove out and called on her; she had standing. When she knew they were coming, she baked enormous cakes and froze ice cream, and they sat around the front room with stiffly laundered napkins over their best dresses and held plates from which they ate decorously

"Do have some more, Mrs. Billings. We haven't made a dent in that freezer yet."

All over. All gone. Only that cabin down south of the river, with the water to be carried from the well behind the corral, and winter coming on and no wood laid in. It was hardly weatherproof, that cabin. She couldn't take Nellie there. She wouldn't. Nellie was young; she had a right to live, and to live like a lady.

Suddenly she smelled her bread burning. When she threw open the oven door she could hardly see it for tears.

It was a melancholy day. Tom, climbing through the cloud banks, which were cold and saturated with moisture, was filled with anger and savage resentment. Heretofore he had taken what he wanted from life and had been answerable to nobody. Girls had come and gone; he had made his violent brief love to them, had taken them when he could, and then promptly forgotten them. "God's gift to women," they called him at the ranch. He had eaten when he was hungry, drunk whisky when he could get it, and because he asked nothing more of life, except a good top horse to his string, he had been satisfied.

And now had come this girl. She had attracted him first because she was different and unattainable. He had liked her small white hands, the tilt of her head, even the way she rode. But at first he had been wary. She was a Dowling, and what were the Dowlings to him? Perhaps had it not been for Herbert he would have let her alone entirely. But there was Herbert, obviously infatuated and jealous. And so he had played the game like the fool he was, at first for the fun of it, and now ——

Perhaps it was defeat more than anything else which sent him scowling on his way that day. Defeat and resentment that he had let himself be caught, and that now he was suffering like a trapped animal.

He looked back only once. Just before he entered the cloud bank he reined in the Miller and throwing a leg over his neck, turned and looked back. Spread out beneath him was the ranch, its white buildings gleaming in the early morning sun. Tiny dotlike figures moved here and there, but too far away for identification.

He sat there for a long time, while the buckskin grazed along the side of the trail and the Miller drowsed on his feet.

Then he turned and went on. The trail wound along, steadily climbing. Now it lay through some upland valley; again it hugged the bare face of a cliff, and at such times the buckskin went warily, for fear the pack would strike the granite wall and overthrow it. He had taken a short cut, not the broader and easier cattle route, and by noon he was high in the range. For the luncheon hour he unsaddled, hobbling the pack horse but turning the Miller loose, and himself lying flat on the earth, his face turned up to the sky.

What did life hold for him anyhow? He was twenty-eight, and he was still a cow hand. That was all he knew.

A bit of schooling, riding or walking miles through the snow to a small frame schoolhouse; snowed in on the range, with the cattle drifting before blizzards and freezing to death overnight; a trip once to Omaha with a load of cattle; some exhibition riding and first or second money, with luck—that had been his life so far.

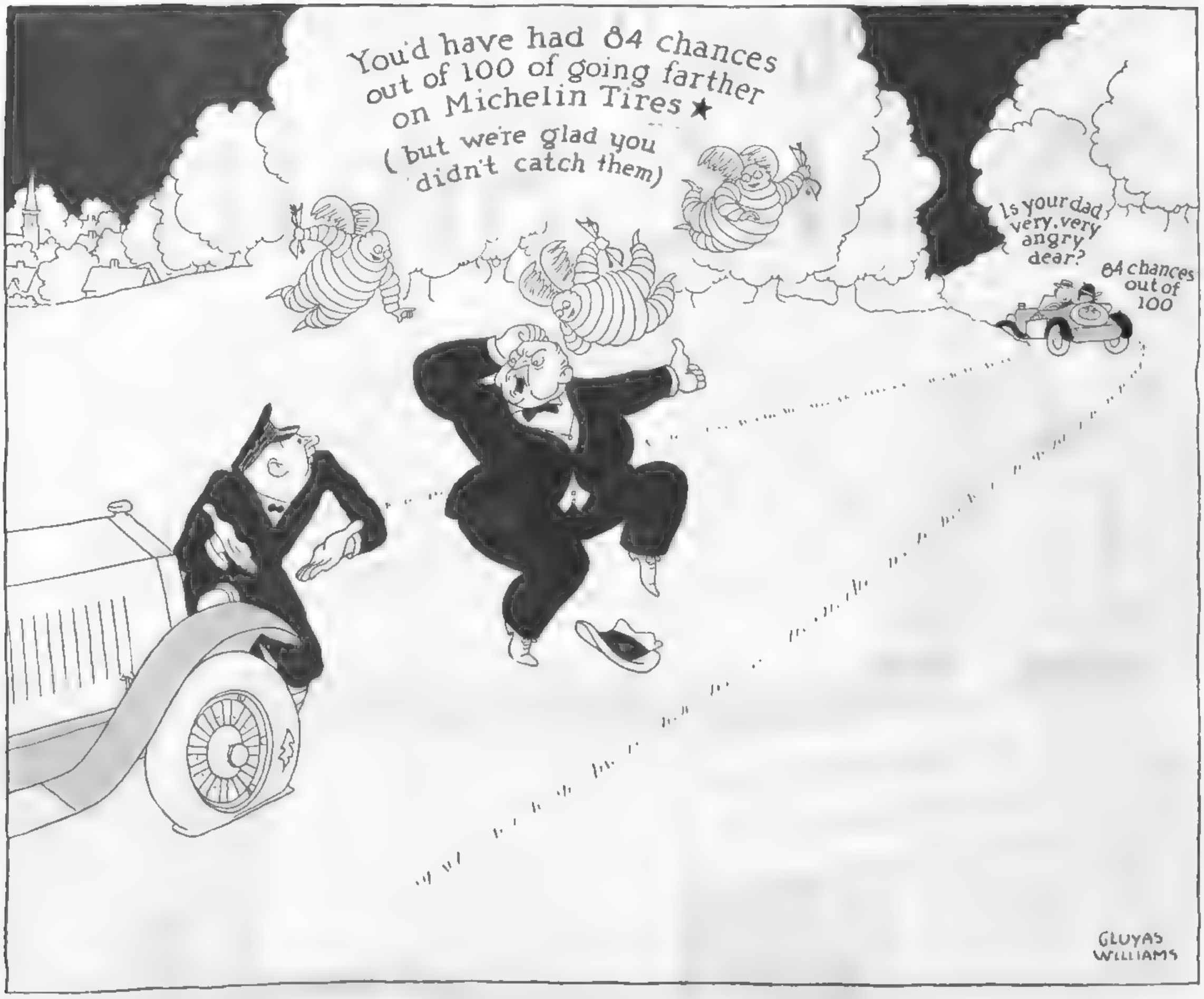
And even that could not go on indefinitely. There was an age limit to his work. There came a time when a man could no longer ride in the teeth of the northwestern blizzards, his saddle blanket and latigo frozen stiff and icicles hanging from the horse's bridle. Or drift to some new stamping ground in Arizona or New Mexico, exchanging the icy North for the deserts and heat and cactus of the South.

Then what?

At one o'clock he grunted—he was still stiff from the riding at the fair and the fight with Little Dog—and with a set face he started off again. He was putting as many miles as possible between Kay and himself.

But he was a cowman as well as a lover As he rode his quick eye automatically

(Continued on Page 141)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(Continued from Page 138)

searched groves of evergreen trees. No coulee with brush, no grove offering shelter from the heat, escaped his attention. And he watched for signs of wolf and coyote as he moved along. Once he saw a herd of elk disappear over a rise, and made a mental note of the spot. There was to be a three-day open season on elk that fall. He was rather more cheerful after that.

He missed nothing. The great blocks of salt, packed up so laboriously, had been licked almost to nothing. The streams were very low, pending another winter's snows, and where a pool still lay, the mud showed innumerable hoof prints. Once he saw the ominous doglike tracks of a wolf.

After that he rode with his rifle across his knees, but he saw no wolf. Toward night the Miller began to show signs of fatigue; he moved along with the racking gait of a weary horse, and Tom had not the heart to spur him.

"Get along, horse," he said now and then. "Get along, can't you?"

At last he camped by a spring, set up a tarp as a protection against the cold night wind from the snow mountains just beyond, and having made a meal of sorts, crawled into his bed and slept. He had accomplished his purpose; no weakening on his part, no turning back, could get him to the ranch before Kay had gone.

He found his cattle late the next day and began his round-up the following morning. By noon he had them more or less in hand, and he commenced his single-handed drive. Once bunched, they were tractable enough, but they moved with incredible slowness, and to his still sore and always impatient spirit the afternoon was endless. But now and then some recalcitrant would leave the herd, circle about and head for the back trail again; he would ride madly, head it off and return, to find that the herd had lost its compactness and must be once more assembled.

Then again the slow advance, calves wailing and mothers calling, young steers stopping now and then to lower their heads and confront each other, invitations to battles which never took place.

That night he held them in a box canyon, having first watered them at the stream below. The cattle were uneasy, suspicious of the towering cliffs above, and they were restless most of the night. He did not unsaddle, but stretched himself out near the mouth of the gorge between two fires. He slept little, however.

At three o'clock in the morning he sat up suddenly, with an instinctive sense of something wrong. The herd had suddenly stopped grazing and was listening. The next moment he heard them stampede toward him, and he had no more than time to throw himself into the saddle when they were abreast of him.

Shouting and cursing, he tried to hold them in the bottle neck of the canyon, but they passed him, running like crazy things, into the open. Fortunately, once out in the broad valley, they quieted, stopped running and shortly fell to grazing again. But he could not trust them. He rode herd over them until daylight, alternately singing and whistling to quiet them, and without even the comfort of a cigarette, lest the lighted match start them off again. He did not relax his vigilance until at dawn they began quietly to graze. And at dawn he rode into the canyon to find what had caused the trouble.

He found the stripped carcass of a cow in the upper valley, and by the way the meat was cut from the bones he knew that Indians had been at work. Probably a hunting party which was looking for deer out of season, and failing, had killed beef, after their easy fashion. Such thieving was common enough, and angry as he was, he would probably have accepted the situation and gone on, had not a movement along the side of the canyon, a fluttering of the scrub which grew out of its steep sides, caught his eye.

Sitting on his horse the cattle quietly grazing outside, he watched it. It was something in motion, something slowly climbing to the top. But it was so skillful, took such advantage of projecting rocks and scrub, that it was not until it reached the top and stood outlined against the sky that he knew it for what it was—the thief himself, carrying his booty in a sack.

In a frenzy of anger he reached down under his stirrup and jerked out his rifle, and hardly sighting the gun, fired it. It was an impulsive action, but it was to color his whole life. The figure stood for a moment surveying him, then it made a gesture of derision and moved out of sight.

Two hours later he was ambushed.

He had been keeping to the center of the valley, but now it narrowed, and down timber from a forest fire made the going slow and extremely painful. And from somewhere on the rocky hillside above, a rifle shot suddenly rang out. There was a second shot before he could lift his rifle, but both missed. He fired back as soon as he could, having taken what shelter he could find, but the attack was not repeated; and since to ride up the slope alone was suicidal, when nothing more happened, he went on.

On Saturday he found the result of the first day's round-up bunched, as Jake had told him, on the hill above Timber Creek. He was dirty and unshaven, and his eyes were sunken with fatigue. He handed his cattle over to the men riding herd, rode to the camp and unsaddled the Miller, and then, whistling and slightly swaggering, wandered into the cook tent, where Slim was paring potatoes. "Open a can of beans for me, Slim, will you?" he said. "Seems like I haven't had a meal for a week."

"You look it. What in hell made you tackle that job single-handed?"

"Maybe I wanted to show I could do it," he drawled lazily.

When Slim had filled a plate with hot beans and a tin cup with coffee, he found him sound asleep under a tree.

It was not until the round-up was on its fourth day that there came the repercussion from that unlucky shot of Tom's.

The men were working hard. At 3:30 in the morning they rolled out and ate breakfast morosely, by the light of a lantern hung over the stove in the mess tent; at four or a little after they were in the saddle.

All morning, until dinner at 10:30, and all the afternoon, they rode, throwing off the cattle, bunching them, and by mid-afternoon driving in these fresh accretions to the rapidly growing herd. When the day's work was done and the men lay in their beds, their faces to the sky, the night guards held the cattle through the long and nervous nights, making no unexpected movements, even riding far out to light their cigarettes. Each two-hour period saw these guards changed. Quietly two fresh men rode out, exchanged a few words and took their places, and so on until the day herders relieved them.

Tom was not popular with the outfit during those laborious days and nights. He worked like ten men, but he was brooding and morose. They watched him surreptitiously, handled him with more than their usual care.

"Just spoilin' for trouble, Tom is."

"Well, let them as wants it have it."

And almost at the end of the round-up trouble came.

Supper was over and the tired men lay about, rolling cigarettes and talking. Tom, as usual lately, was off by himself, his hat pulled down over his eyes, his handsome hawklike face brooding and unamiable. Slim was washing dishes, when he looked up and said, "Company coming, Jake."

Jake raised himself on his elbow, but he could see nothing. "Who is it?"

"Looks like a couple o' Indians."

"Ridin' the grub line, likely," said Jake, and lay back again. But when the Indians rode into camp on their painted horses it was evident that food was not their object. One was a reservation policeman, in a dirty khaki uniform, with a revolver in his belt; the other was a squaw. She rode cross-saddle, her calico skirts picked up and her heavy figure sagging as she sat.

That there was trouble brewing was evident, and the men got up and waited. The policeman dismounted. The woman remained as she was. Jake went forward for the parley.

"You boss this outfit?"

"I am."

"This woman, she say one of your men he shoot her husband."

"That's nonsense. We haven't been near the reservation. What do you mean shoot her husband? Is he dead?"

"Not dead. Very sick man."

"Any of you fellows know what they're talking about?"

But apparently nobody did. The story was circumstantial enough. The wounded Indian claimed that he had been returning from across the range with a sack of potatoes which had been given him, and that his horse had got away from him; he had shouldered his sack and was on his way back when he had been shot.

"Sure there was potatoes in that sack?" Jake asked suspiciously.

The box squaw, following a word from the policeman, nodded vigorously.

"Just where was all this?"

It was when he heard where it had happened that Jake turned and called to Tom McNair, haughtily aloof under his tree, and Tom sauntered over.

"Know anything about this, Tom?"

"About what?"

"An Indian shot over by the box canyon on the East Fork."

"If it's the Indian who killed a cow up there, I do. He tried to kill me too."

Jake's frown deepened. "You fool!" he said. "You got the fellow."

"Then there's one bad Indian the less," he retorted. "He'd a sack of meat over his shoulder when I saw him."

"He claims it was potatoes."

"Then he's not dead! That's bad news." He faced the stolid policeman and the almost equally stolid squaw. "Now get this," he said: "Go back to the agency and tell the superintendent that I caught Weasel Tail killing beef and I fired and missed him. And tell him that later on he did his damnedest to kill me, and I fired back. If he got his, he had it coming, and more too. And now get out! Vamoose! Good night."

But the policeman did not go at once. He took Tom's name, writing it slowly and carefully in a notebook, while the squaw watched phlegmatically, and then without further words mounted and rode away, letting the woman follow as she would.

The outfit watched them off. At the top of the rise, with the policeman out of sight, she stopped and looked back at them. Then she made an obscene gesture, grinned and went on.

Late that night Tom saddled a fresh horse and rode to the canyon, but he found things as he had suspected. The carcass of the dead cow had disappeared; not so much as a horn remained to prove his story. He got back in time for the before-dawn breakfast, and worked all day as usual, having been in the saddle for thirty-six practically continuous hours.

It was on the next night that the outfit realized that the Indian woman's obscene gesture had had a special significance. They had moved to a new location, and the herd, nervous on the strange bed ground anyhow, was stampeded just before dawn by a half dozen shouting demons on horseback who rushed at it in the darkness, yelling. The cattle scattered wildly in every direction, and dawn revealed the almost complete destruction of the results of their incessant care and labor.

When they were finally ready for the drive down to the railroad, the weather had definitely changed; behind the slow-moving herd the men rode chilled to the bone. Now and then a wet snow would fall, and in the early mornings the socks they had taken off to dry would be frozen stiff. The very ropes on the saddles were too rigid for easy handling, and the horses were irritable when the icy saddle blankets were thrown over their backs. Now and then they

(Continued on Page 145)

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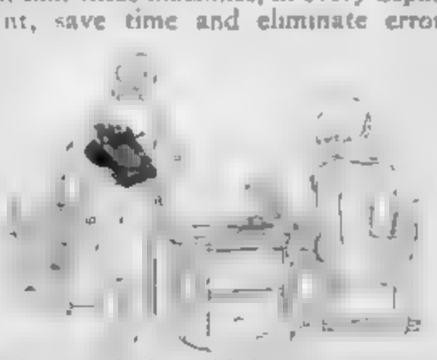

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(Continued from Page 141)

bucked in the gray dawn, and cries of "Ride him, cowboy!" or "Stay a long time, Gus!" would ring out on the frosty air.

Physically uncomfortable and weary, and mentally despondent and discouraged, Tom carried on as best he could. This was his life; it always would be his life until he was too old to live. Spooky horses and spookier cattle, the wagon boss grumbling, the wheels sinking into the mud to their hubs and having to be lifted out; cutting grounds, bed grounds, horns and swaying backs; heat of desert summers and blizzards of Northern winters, his body either baked or frozen but never at ease for long — that was his existence.

But there were times, too, as he drifted the cattle along Jake was already at the railroad and Tom was in charge of the beef herd—when he felt the born cowman's pride in achievement. The big steers were coming through in good shape; they were losing no weight, even possibly were gaining. He drew himself up at those times; he was proud of the cattle, of the great back country which had reared them, even of his own strong and active body.

Then he would remember Kay, and his pride was gone. He would look at the other men, unshaven, dirty, cold and weary, and knew that he, too, looked like that.

"You can have me always, if you want me!"

That was a joke. A fellow ought to laugh at a joke like that.

He had erased the wounded Indian from his mind entirely.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE BORIKOFF SAPPHIRE

(Continued from Page 23)

Donovan smiled. "I happened to think of them. You see, chief, we don't know yet what stones Breitman took from the vault, except only the Borikoff sapphire, and there's no way of checking up until tomorrow. That limits us in our search to that sapphire. That's why I want these diamonds."

"Near enough," O'Day replied dryly.

Bender appeared in the door to say that Breitman had to be kept quiet, and therefore they could not at once make a search of his office.

O'Day assented; Bender withdrew; the door again swung shut.

The clerk, who had been talking at the telephone, now spoke to Donovan: "Cressym's say they have them. Do you wish to speak to their man?"

"Tell him I'll be over. Now get me the Byrom Detective Agency. I want Byrom himself." He turned once more to O'Day. "I'll have to spend a little money, chief. You can't throw a hatful of the world's finest, worth more than this building, into the crowds of Madison Street and get them back for the whistling."

"I know. They've spread like ink in water. If people were only honest!"

"They are, in their way."

"Show me," said O'Day.

Donovan's voice grew whimsical: "Suppose you had found a fountain pen in a street car, supposing you rode in street cars. You would know fountain pens. You might quietly slip it into your pocket. Many people would. But instead of the fountain pen, suppose you had found an envelope stuffed with bonds. What would you do first?"

"I'd leave that car quick and hide them. Then I'd try to find out all about them except who owned them—what they were worth, if they were registered, if the loss was posted, what the chance would be of selling them without being caught—matters like that."

"Just so. You'd act like an honest man — honest to yourself. That's what I meant."

"Mr. Byrom on the wire," said the clerk.

Donovan crossed to the telephone. "Donovan, of Redelos Indemnity, talking," he began. "Byrom, I want three good men quick. Is Churchill around? . . . Not? How about Cooke? . . . Cooke will make one. How about Brander? . . . Out of town? Corrigan? . . . He'll do. . . . Nelson is there, you say? Fine! Those three. Now, Byrom, I'm not in my office. Have these men meet me in twenty minutes in the lobby of the Barger Building. I'll pick them up on my way out. . . . Yes, I'll come from the fourth floor; John Gillette's law office. If I'm late, no matter."

"I wish you luck," said O'Day. "If I can help ——"

"Thanks. Now I leave you. Nothing, I think, can be done further at this end of the loss. Or no—you might give Gillette a ring and tell him to expect me inside of twenty minutes."

"I'll call him at once."

Donovan descended almost precipitately to the street floor, taking the stairs instead of waiting for the elevator. What he wished done was soon explained. The janitor listened, then shook his head. "But they won't sell it to me. I might pick up a little, but no such amount as that. You'll have to wait till morning."

"Stand here a minute while I phone," said Donovan.

He called from a booth, first the Mordani restaurant, then Mordani himself, explaining in the fewest words what he needed.

"But, Mr. Donovan," replied Mordani, "I can't let you have so much! Two hundred pounds! That isn't so simple."

"How long would it take you to get it?"

"Two hours, at the shortest."

"Very well. Give me your two hundred and replace it."

"It might cost us — "

"I have to have it within five minutes," snapped Donovan. "A man will call for it at once. Just charge it to me, along with any damage."

"I oughtn't to, but I will," Mordani agreed.

"Mordani will let you have it," Donovan told the janitor, "provided you go for it at once. Good-by."

The Cressym Company had its offices in a building on Wabash Avenue, past which the elevated trains roared unceasingly. Donovan reached it in the shortest time. One of the Cressyms, but whether Paul or whether Peter he was not sure, waited on him in person.

"What do you want the stones for?" was asked bluntly. The question was not meant to be inquisitive, but was asked to learn more nearly what was required.

"Laboratory work." Donovan smiled at the phrase. "Seconds will do, if they're showy."

"We'll lend you anything in the place, you know, Mr. Donovan, for laboratory uses."

"I think we'd better buy them," said Donovan. "It's a Redelos bill. I'll just pick out what I need and you can charge them. These will do nicely."

"Just these white rhinestones?"

"You might show me some large sapphires. That's it. I'll take these with me also."

"Want this kept under cover—for the moment?" asked Cressym, with Donovan's work in mind.

"Oh, not at all!"

"If you wish a copy sometime of some fine diamond or something, we can make it right here."

But Donovan had already reached the door. "Thanks," he replied. "I'll remember."

His return was against the wind, he noted, as his head went down. After a little he found himself back in Madison Street, then bearing down upon the Barger Building, then inside its wheel of a door. His men from Byrom's had not arrived, he was relieved to see. He left his elevator at

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the fourth floor and walked forward along the corridor. Gillette's suite lay across the end of this. He entered the glass-paneled door like a gust from a blizzard, without knocking.

"I'm here!" he cried.

"See you are. O'Day told me you were on the way. What's on your mind?"

"Nothing but trouble," said Donovan.

"I'm only a lawyer, but I can chase it."

"This noon I turned up my coat collar and went out of my way a mile in order to pass Paget's show window with you."

"A block, not a mile," corrected Gillette mildly.

"You wished to learn something about sapphires. Now I'm asking you to open your front window for me. I wish to learn something about crowds."

"Glad to, unless you're planning to jump out. But as far as that goes, I know all about crowds. Ask me."

"Haven't time. I wish to throw a handful of diamonds into Madison Street and see what will happen."

"You know already, don't you?"

"I think I know."

"I know I do. Are you prepared to furnish the diamonds?"

"As you see," said Donovan placidly, bringing his hand from his pocket dripping with rhinestones.

"You're not in earnest, old man?"

"In earnest—rather!"

"You're plain crazy, but —— Just a moment." Gillette strode to the central window in his inner office. "How widely open? Will that do?"

"Just right. I also need a shallow box."

"Plainly crazy. Just a moment. How will this letter tray do? See, I dump its contents face downward upon my desk blotter and place a weight on them, so. The tray is yours. Just a moment. That was dust from last week. How is that?"

"Couldn't be better," replied Donovan. "See, I empty my pockets of diamonds into this letter tray, so. Please watch me and say nothing. I now tip the tray, so. The diamonds at once rush against the one end with an odd sound. Did you hear it? Now I cross softly to the window, so. Are you ready? I toss the contents into the street."

As he spoke, Donovan flipped the box forward opposite the window opening and every rhinestone in it, big and little, shot out as if from a nozzle, then fell in a truncated cascade out of sight. Even as they disappeared he leaned forward with the lawyer. Both were in time to see them strike the ground. The result seemed to fascinate them. They sat so, motionless, until it became clear that nothing further would happen. Then, drawing back, they sought each other's eyes.

"That was some experiment!" cried the lawyer fervently.

"Yes. I had to know. Now I'd like to try a larger stone, to see what the crowd does to it."

"Not that sapphire, Donovan?"

"Don't worry about the expense. Redelos pays the bill. Certainly. Are you ready? Then stand clear, and here she goes!"

The sapphire, in its turn, went hurtling out the window, more like an arc of blue flame than a nodule of glass made in Czecho-Slovakia.

"Did you see?"

"It hit a man!" cried the lawyer. "He has it! He's making off with it as if he had found nothing!"

"Thank you, Gillette. Now I know what I have to do. The show is over. Haven't time to tell you what it's all about, but you can read it in the morning papers."

Donovan did not speak quite accurately, as he remembered a moment later on his way down to the lobby. The show was not over. He did not know what he had to do. The experiment he had given himself to perform had still to be completed.

"Now this is what I have in mind," he began, when he had picked up his three Byrom operatives: "I wish to know what a man or a woman will do who has found, say, a very large diamond or sapphire on the sidewalk."

"You know that already, don't you?" asked the shortest of the three, known by name as Nelson.

"Yes, I know; but I have to be sure."

He went on to explain his thought, and when he had finished he explained carefully what they were to do and how they were to meet again.

"Paget's jewelry store will be a convenient place," he said. "I'll be inside find me there."

"How soon?" asked the tallest of the three, known by name as Corrigan.

"Oh, soon—under ten minutes."

"Do we recover the jewelry?" asked the fattest of the three, known by name as Cooke.

"That may be left to find its level."

They passed into the street; but Donovan did not remove his right hand from his pocket until they reached a point nearly three blocks away.

"Cooke, you take the first man."

The detective addressed dropped back. When Donovan had gone on the width of three store fronts, suddenly he stooped as if to pick up something he had dropped, leaving behind him one of the Gablonz sapphires. The stone lay in such an exposed position, and looked so attractive, it was sure to find a new owner within the briefest time.

"Now, Corrigan, you."

Again one of them dropped back, and again Donovan placed a bright present upon somebody's doorstep, then walked on without so much as a backward glance. Then came the third.

"About here, I think, Nelson, for you."

Instead of continuing on his course, when he had placed the last of his decoys, he crossed the street and doubled back. But although he knew his men and searched the opposite sidewalk sharply, not one of them was to be seen.

"Like ink in water," he thought, using O'Day's phrase.

Then, looking neither to the right nor to the left, he set out briskly for Paget's.

III

CHICAGO is not Bagdad, nor even Paris, but it, too, has its reversals and its contrasts. Chicago's beggars are poor, but some of them die wealthy. Chicago's wealthy are powerful, but some of them will die in rags. No city owns more interminable miles of hard pavements and no city displays more warmth of shop windows, separated from these same pavements by the thickness of a pane of glass. Even a silver dime is thicker in Chicago than in other cities—or else thinner.

They called him the Stoker, the few to whom he was known by name. He lived in the jungle of the near northwest side. At the present moment, twenty minutes past one in the afternoon, the Stoker, who represented poverty, had just rubbed elbows with wealth, represented by a lawyer's clerk, and received the minimum dole. Now he was looking for another easy mark to make up the amount for his breakfast.

But the second dime, already in sight, suddenly turned into the entrance of the nearest building and left him swearing. The next dime that came along had made an entangling alliance with nine others and could not be tendered. The next dime after that lay in the pocket of a grouch who never gave money to panhandlers. Then came five dimes in succession that passed him with heads down. A snowy, squally day is hard on the poor. The Stoker's quest for breakfast led him along Madison Street, well-nigh across the Loop.

Those who know Chicago know the Loop as its central business district and Madison Street as the central east-and-west thoroughfare through that district. No city street anywhere sees more crowded sidewalks. But today the noon rush was past. In addition, the weather was keeping people indoors. The traffic signals may have had a local effect, for they always tend to

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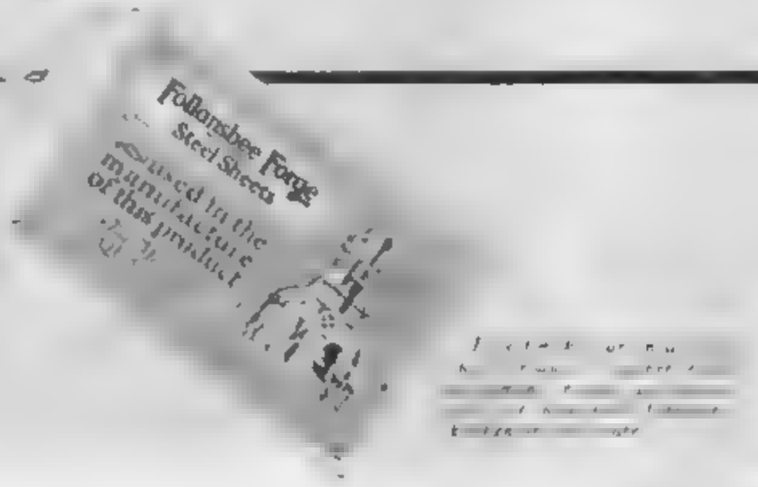

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move a crowd forward in waves. Or the Stoker's shuffling pace may have delayed his progress, so that he fell from the crest of a wave into its trough. Or his luck may have had something to do with it. His luck hitherto had kept him poor. Now it may have offered him a kind of belated atonement.

At any rate, he was shuffling along so, eager to lay hold upon Opportunity, who is said to be bald behind, by her long forelock, when suddenly she confronted him. I have to speak in figures. What happened was that he felt a sharp blow on the head, like that which would have been caused by a lump of snow or ice dislodged from a cornice. The blow was not tenderly struck, and his hat, lacking the texture of youth, had not softened it much.

The Stoker was not dull. The object that struck him rebounded from his sloping forehead in a glancing blue curve that laid it spinning on the pavement immediately in front of him. His hand went to his head. He stopped and looked down. The thing at his feet glowed against its white background like a gem. In another fraction of a second he had pounced upon it. Then he walked on as if he had found nothing, taking special care not to look up to see whence it had fallen.

The color of the stone was what had caught his eye, and of course its movement during the moment it lay spinning at his feet. As his fingers closed upon it, its other qualities began shouting for attention. Of its luminous clearness he had had a glimpse. Now the coolness of it, and its soapy smoothness, made themselves felt. No one who knew glass—and the Stoker had handled it in his day—could have mistaken this sweetness of touch for that of a glass ornament. He wished to look behind him to see if he had been observed, but did not dare. Though he had not nailed up over his door the thieves' motto, Let the Owner Beware, he now followed its advice. He had become an owner.

But although he showed no outward interest in the stone, and shuffled on down the sidewalks of Madison Street neither faster nor slower, he took occasion to turn the next corner, and again the next corner beyond that. He wished to become lost, like a grain of sand falling into the pit whence it was dug. The chances seemed good that he would.

"Some mutt seen me," he thought. "But all it looked like, I picked up a nail or a nickel."

It was not until he had turned that second corner that he thrust the cool smooth stone into his one pocket to visit with the dime. The act instantly increased his self-consciousness. He began feeling uneasy about the street behind him. So conspicuous did he feel that he dared not again thrust his hand into his pocket.

Meanwhile he became aware that he was followed. He did not know how he knew this, any more than a woman knows that the fur coat she has just passed is not yet paid for. As he expressed it to that within him which was his soul, he had a hunch. He kept on for a while, bent to his course as if by rails, until his hunch that he was followed became so strong that he abruptly stopped and wheeled in his track. Then he boldly set out to retrace his steps, watching with what keenness his watery eyes permitted for the unknown shadow that trailed him.

He did not find his man; or rather, he found him multiplied into many, and could not decide between them. Some of them were vagrants like himself, down at the heel, up at the collar, out at the ankles, in at the crown. These he knew to be harmless. Some, better dressed, he feared were thieves by profession; such might have followed him. Others, still better dressed, he took to be the larger thieves with whom, in his belief, the Loop was filled. Some of these were stockbrokers. Some undoubtedly were storekeepers. He never patronized any of them.

He saw, for example, Buddy Lewis, whom he had sometimes brushed against in pool rooms in moments of prosperity. Buddy was reputed to be a first-class yegg. He saw Brick Michaels, probably fishing for dimes. He saw a gangster named Burnson, said to be mixed up in the beer war. Burnson was a short man with a copper nugget for a head.

Suddenly he heard a voice at his shoulder. "It would be simpler for you to give it to me to keep," said the voice. "What do you know about such things?"

The Stoker had been walking with his hand thrust under his coat, dreaming daydreams. Burnson had disappeared in the crowd behind, as had also Buddy Lewis the yegg and Brick the panhandler. The voice startled him—the more so since it carried a covert threat. For a moment his fingers turned to goose flesh. But he continued on his course, pretending not to hear.

A moment later another voice was heard behind him. "Perhaps I shall," said this second voice.

"I would. I have the wall space for it, and the building is fireproof."

The remark that had startled him had been addressed to someone else. His relief at the knowledge quite took the edge from his hunch that he was followed. To make certainty more sure, he now crossed the street so as to pass a traffic officer. As the saying runs, "To lose a crook, find a policeman." If he was followed, this would brush off his pursuer. The act was pure superstition, but it made him feel easier.

He was able, indeed, to dismiss his hunch, and when he met the next promising dime, to repeat his breakfast request. An armchair restaurant followed, with a hot beef stew and coffee. The valued bread, two buttered slices lying cheek to cheek, was included with the stew.

The noon rush was long past. Only a few patrons like himself, men of irregular habits or irregular funds, sat sprinkled about the room. Choosing for himself the farthest chair in the farthest corner, the Stoker stowed his lump of a body within its curves and produced that which he had found to feel its ribs. Perhaps it was phony, after all.

But the thing glowed with more beauty now than when it lay on the pavement. He did not know precious stones; he did not have to, to grasp its splendor. That which was its luster, or its clearness, or its exquisite color, or its coolness within his fingers, or its heaviness as compared with glass, cried its unusual value much as a gold piece would have done as compared with copper. The breath-taking perfection of it frightened him a little.

"If somebody don't cheat me out of it," he thought, "I'm just the same as rich. That kind is worth money."

But he did not know how much money. He remembered old Ben Brackets, a vagrant like himself, who had received a dollar for finding a string of pearls. Later, when he learned what they were, he discovered that he might have sold them for thousands.

"Not me!" cried the Stoker fervently.

He saw clearly also that he had to be careful to whom he showed the stone. The Stoker was without social standing. Although what he had found was his own, who would believe him as against a claimant wearing better clothes?

He sat there as long as he dared, considering his problems; then, paying his bill, he walked grandly from the door into the street. His shuffle? He had forgotten the step. For he knew now with certainty that he held Opportunity by the forelock and he did not mean to let her go.

The Stoker may have been clad in worn-out garments, but he was clad warmly. The snow had stopped falling. The cold wind that had lowered men's heads had stopped blowing. Now that he could work without handicap, he found it a simple matter to gather into one fold the three additional dimes his landlord would demand for his decrepit bedroom.

For, fortunately, he had not yet descended to the lowest levels. He begged for his bed, but he did not sleep in a flop house. His room had only one window, and one of the panes in this had been replaced by paper of no toughness, but it lay behind his own door and was protected, he believed, by a lock. That the lock contained no key he had forgotten to notice.

Meanwhile his hunting had led him a great way afield. His orbit became further distorted by the necessity he felt of passing certain jewelers' windows in which he remembered seeing displays of precious stones. His good fortune led him past two of the larger of these. By a further turn of fortune, some of the costlier gems on display proved to be sapphires.

Even then he did not go directly home, but stopped at a pool room he knew for an hour or so, and after that decided to collect a supper fund, the spending of which led him into another armchair restaurant. When at last he laid his residual rent upon his landlord's table, bedtime had arrived.

He awoke indefinitely later, after uneasy snatches of sleep, oppressed by the feeling that someone was trying to enter the room to steal his sapphire. The room was lighted dimly from the window, the snow outside, fallen only that day, acting as a reflector for all the lights in the visible universe, including the arc light over the court two back yards distant.

He had placed his crippled chair propwise against his door, in default of bolts and bars, to supplement the action of the crippled latch upon his door knob. Raising his head, he listened intently for sounds, and at the same time began watching the door to see if his alarm had cause. For he had made certain calculations upon retiring. He did not hope to bar entrance, but he felt pretty sure that no one could enter without his knowledge. The chair would take care of that.

"It's the bunk, any mutt falling for this joint," he told himself, after a moment.

A cheap lodging house does not offer much of value for a thief. In the entire building, the Stoker was probably the only tenant that night worth robbing. The Stoker owned possessions of value.

He owned the great sapphire he had found. But since no one knew he had it—he had neither shown it nor spoken of it to any man—that fact became irrelevant.

"The bunk," he repeated, preparing to fall back upon his pillow. "I'm getting bughouse."

(Continued on Page 152)

A View From Moosehead Lake, Maine

To every man whose house needs paint

The pigment test means dollars and cents

IF EVERY MAN who paints his house would take the little trouble to learn the facts about paint pigments, he would save himself a lot of trouble and expense later on. For a test of six pigments commonly used in house paints, shows that only two give highly satisfactory results.

In this test, the six pigments—white lead, white zinc, magnesium silicate, china clay, barytes and silica — are mixed with linseed oil and applied to a dark panel.

The illustration at the right records the results. Four pigments form translucent films through which the dark surface is still visible.

Note that the only pigments which completely hide the dark surface and form an opaque surface are white lead and white zinc. And they *are* the only pigments in Devoe Lead and Zinc House Paint. That is why Devoe defies years of weather wear and has such protective qualities. That is why Devoe covers better and spreads farther, and costs less per job.

WHITE LEAD in LINSEED OIL
WHITE ZINC in LINSEED OIL
MAGNESIUM SILICATE in LINSEED OIL
BARYTES in LINSEED OIL
CHINA CLAY in LINSEED OIL
SILICA (This is ground sand) in LINSEED OIL

Practical Tests Prove Devoe Quality

You would think it was child's play the way some people choose paints. They seem to think that because paints look alike in the can, they act alike on the job. Nothing could be further from the truth.

By a series of practical tests — in laboratories and in actual use — Devoe is awakening the public to the fact that paint and varnish products differ in quality and value. To insure Paint and Varnish satisfaction, go to the Devoe Authorized Agency in your vicinity.

Devoe & Raynolds Co., Inc.

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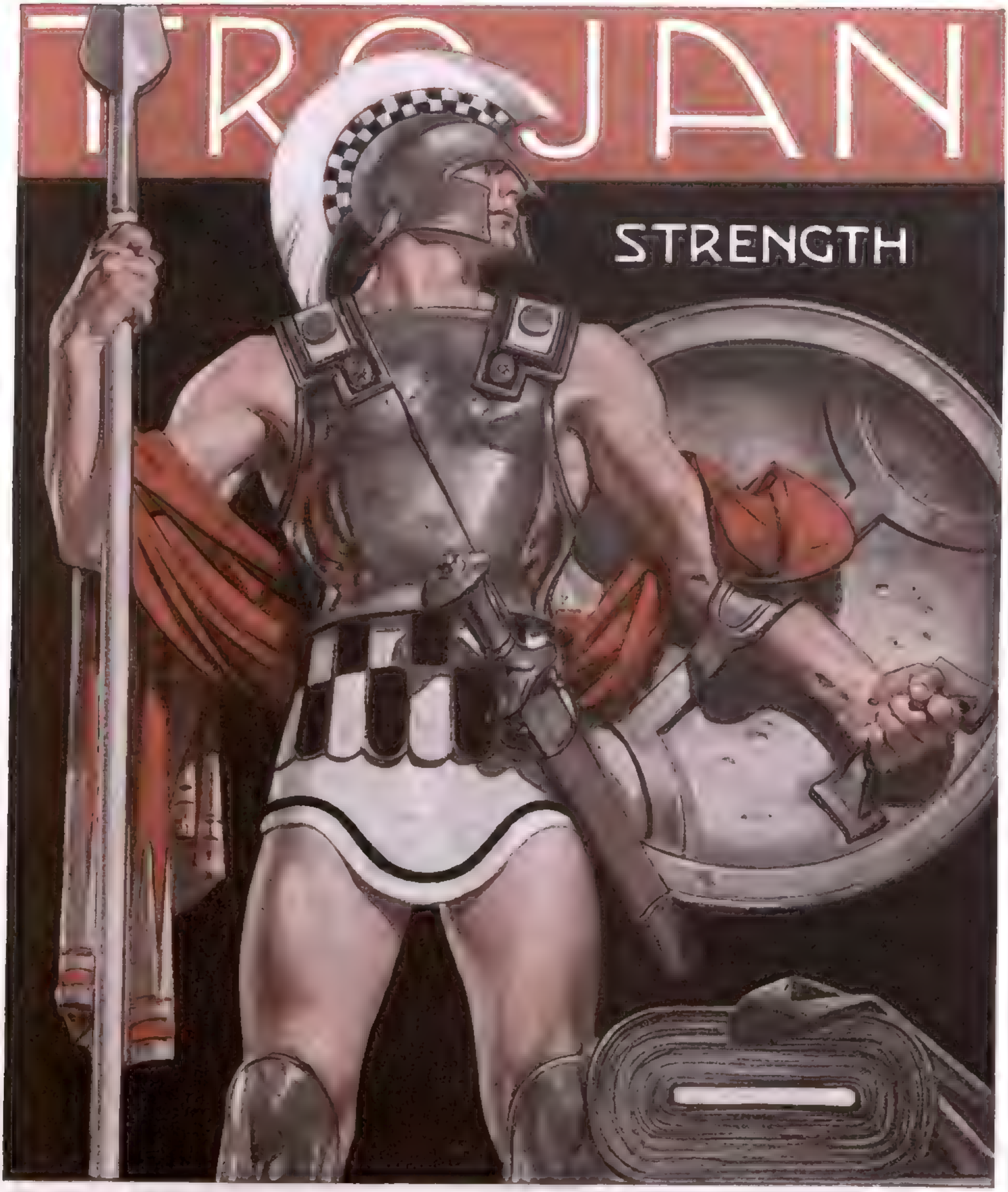

Kuppenheimer Good Clothes in Trojan Weaves! Distinguished Spring sack suits, business and lounge suits, in a new and stalwart wonder-woolen which rebuffs the ravages of wear.

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Trojan Weaves . . . An exclusive and controlled Kuppenheimer woolen conception available only in Kuppenheimer *Good Clothes.* Cuts costs by longer service . . . Ask your dealer.

GOOD CLOTHES

(Continued from Page 148)

Even as the phrase drifted across his mind, he heard a sound at the door—a soft, creaking sound such as resin might make rubbed across cut velvet, or as an ancient door might make when pressed upon. The sound ceased; but a moment later another sound became audible—a sound as of the uneven giving of wood pressing upon wood. It, too, ceased instantly; but a little later it repeated itself, and again a little later than that, as though someone each time listened for an alarm. Upon the last of these occasions, a sharper, shorter, thinner sound followed, like that of a sharp tap upon stretched paper.

Along with these sounds he heard out of the night, the Stoker saw, or thought he saw, a fluttering movement, as if his propped-up chair were answering to a fluctuating but patient pressure. His belief became certainty when the edge of the door began to take sharper form in the dim light. Someone undoubtedly was trying to enter his room.

The Stoker saw dimly these movements and changes, and he saw dimly that his response to them must take one form or another. He might feign sleep. In that case the intruder would enter the room. Or he might raise an outcry. In that case the intruder would flee, but the outcry would have to be explained. Or he might rise and defend his possessions without calling for help.

Such an action might result in violence. He decided that he preferred to feign sleep. He did not have to tell where he had hidden the sapphire. Then he settled into his pillow to await what might happen.

The man outside may have become impatient and added to his pressure against the door, or the chair may have suddenly ceased resisting. At any rate, the next sound the Stoker heard was the sound of the sliding of chair feet across the floor; and the next sound after that, the sound of the door as it closed softly behind the intruder; and the next sound after that, the sound of a curt voice demanding that which he had found.

"Come across wit' it, see? Quick—pronto!"

When he heard that demand the Stoker opened his eyes. Above him stood the man Burnson, gangster and beer runner, who wore a copper nugget for a head.

IV

THE telephone bell rang. Donovan, his heels on his desk, exhaled a great cloud of smoke, then reached for the receiver.

"Donovan talking. . . . Oh, Corrigan! You're in a booth on Noble Street, you say? . . . Yes, I get that. . . . I knew you would. . . . He must have twisted around like a corkscrew. . . . No, it isn't necessary at all. . . . Do you know Wronski's cigar shop, on the avenue? Wait there for further word."

Hanging up the receiver, he set the instrument aside. The hour was after ten later than Donovan usually remained in his office, or O'Day either; much later than the owner of oil fields remained in his. The floors of the building above and below were flooded with light. Charwomen have to see what they are doing. But the Redelos floor remained dark. Except in Donovan's office, not a light was burning; and even here the curtains were drawn.

"The most disastrous eight hours in Redelos history," boomed O'Day, "yet there you sit as placid as a cow. How do you do it?"

"Why don't you smoke a pipe?" asked Donovan.

"And we haven't even notified the police!"

"But I think we shall before the night is over."

"What does your detective say now? Another alibi?"

"Hist!" said Donovan.

Again the telephone bell rang, and again the jewel expert reached for the receiver without changing his position.

"Donovan talking. . . . Yes, Nelson, shoot. . . . The girl's gone. Nobody here at all—nobody to speak of. . . . Have you, so? Good work! . . . How far out on the avenue? . . . No, I wouldn't do that. He'll stay put. . . . Do you know Wronski's cigar shop? Wait there for further word."

"That makes two," remarked Bender with growing buoyancy of spirit.

"There's still another," said Donovan. "He will make three."

The obviousness of the remark fell to the floor; O'Day was too nervous to warm to such humor.

"And here he is," said Donovan.

For the third time he reached for the telephone, and for the third time the others sat back and listened.

"Donovan talking. . . . Yes, Cooke, I can hear you. . . . Your man turned out to be an Evanston banker? Oh, drop him! Where are you now? . . . Evanston? I'd take the first train back to the city and let it go at that. See you tomorrow."

"Believe I'll say the same thing," remarked O'Day gloomily.

But Donovan seemed to have gained vitality from the message. "Just a moment, chief. . . . Delaware 10000. . . . Opal Cab? Send a taxi to the Nordic Building right away. This is Donovan, of Redelos Indemnity."

Pushing the instrument from him, he turned to a tray of papers, and for the first time that evening he broke into a pleased grin.

"You might O. K. this bill before we go, if you don't mind," he said, sailing the topmost sheet across the desk.

O'Day glanced at the bill, but missed the grin.

But Bender did not miss it. He sat up straighter and lighted another cigar.

"Two hundred pounds of ice? Billed to us, Donovan? What in time did we do with two hundred pounds of ice?"

"I ordered it," said Donovan.

"But, Donovan ——"

"It was really an accommodation. Mordani didn't like to let me have it. I had to beg like an organ grinder."

"I know! But ice ice!"

"For a janitor," said Donovan. "I'll pay the bill if you won't."

"But what did a janitor want with our ice?"

"He used it in recovering the Borikoff jewels."

"Used it in what?"

"In recovering the Borikoff jewels," Donovan repeated.

"In recovering them from where?"

"From in front of the building. I had him sweep them up."

"This afternoon?"

"Soon after two."

"The loss has affected your mind," said O'Day. "The sidewalks were crowded. It couldn't be done. Not by any man!"

"I didn't speak of any man. I spoke of a janitor."

"You're not jesting, Donovan?"

"Heaven forbid that I should ever make another joke after what you did to my last!"

"But how did you do it? I mean, how did he do it?"

"He mashed up our two hundred pounds of ice with a shovel to look like diamonds and spread it over the walk. Then he swept up ice, snow, slush, mud—everything that would sweep and stowed it away in empty ash cans. Those crowds in Madison Street didn't see a diamond, and the janitor didn't either."

"But a janitor would never do so unusual a thing as that!"

Again Donovan grinned, and again he reached for the tray.

"A janitor would—for ten dollars," he said. "Here's the memorandum of my bill. I paid him the ten."

"Then he boiled down the contents of the cans?"

"Didn't dare let him. I told him I wished to analyze the snow before it melted, and had him set the cans in a cool place until I got back from an errand."

Donovan opened a drawer of his desk, from which he took a pasteboard box that once had held rubber bands. This he opened by the simple expedient of lifting off the cover.

"I melted down the snow with a steam hose, all by myself. Messy job, but here they are—every stone Breitman took from the vault, as I believe, excepting only the Borikoff sapphire—and I think I have recovered that."

Plunging his hand into the box, he raised it slowly into view, allowing the stones to dribble back between his fingers. The difference between these gems and the paste diamonds he had shown to the lawyer was as great to the eye as to the touch.

"For the love of Pete!" cried O'Day.

"The very stones!" Bender exclaimed.

"That's why I had my dinner sent up to this room," said Donovan. "I didn't dare leave them. Now, if you don't mind, we'll place them in the vault while we run out and get our sapphire. Corrigan has it located."

"We'll place them in the vault together," said O'Day reverently, clapping the cover on the box.

"Together," Donovan agreed.

Before turning out the lights to take the taxi, he opened still another drawer in his desk. From it he took his black automatic pistol, on the plea, as he said, that he was an insurance man, and sometimes a pistol was insurance.

"I'll get mine," volunteered O'Day.

"Not necessary. We're picking up Corrigan and Nelson."

"I won't be in the way?" asked Bender.

"Oh, not at all. On the contrary."

They did not drive up to the Stoker's lodgings in the taxi, for no car could have made the twisting, narrow courts; but they arrived openly. The landlord came to the door. Donovan described the man they sought.

"That would be the Stoker," the man in the door replied, jingling his thirty cents. "Please show us to his room."

It was the landlord who knocked, and when his summons went unheeded it was he who tried the knob, then entered, with Corrigan at his heels.

"Police!" he cried. "Murder!"

"The man has been killed," said Corrigan, and showed his detective's badge. "We'll look at the room."

Donovan pressed through the door and made a swift mental inventory of that which was to be seen. Across the bed lay the crumpled figure of the Stoker, evidently felled by a blow upon the head. The bed itself had been stripped of its coverings. Here and there the mattress had been ripped open. Even the pillow had been unseamed and flung into a corner. Not a movable object in the room had been left in place.

"Nobody could have got in and me not know it," said the landlord.

"I know who killed him." Donovan's voice had a touch of horror in it. "The slayer is still in this building. Never mind about that now. He didn't find what he came for." His gaze rested idly upon one object, then another—upon the ripped mattress, the bare floor, the walls, the door, the window. "Now why was that?"

"In that case he'll be back," Bender suggested.

Donovan's face brightened. "How do you get out into your back yard?" he asked the landlord.

"Through my kitchen is the only way."

"Show me," said Donovan softly.

"What is there in it for me?"

"The price of a room. But you'll have to lend me your lamp and your shovel."

Had the sapphire been a small one, it would have been harder to find. Instead it was large and heavy. Donovan stumbled upon its burrow in a clean snow bank under the Stoker's sealed window. He himself followed it into the snow. The last two inches of its path had been melted away by the heat it had stored up from the Stoker's hot palm.

"How did you ever think of looking there?" asked Bender when they had returned into the house with the sapphire.

Donovan pointed to the paper pane in the window. At its center appeared a star-shaped break, hardly noticeable, but with its edges turned slightly outward, as if it had been burst through from within.

"I suppose this man he called the Stoker heard someone at the door and flung the stone through the paper."

"That proves he was sane," said O'Day thoughtfully; "but when Breitman threw it out of the window in the first place he was insane."

"That's about it. Breitman had had a nervous breakdown and was unbalanced emotionally. His act was the act of a madman, even though it sprang from his insane anger. But the Stoker's sanity cost him his life. I'm not sure he was so very sane either."

"My head is buzzing with questions," Bender remarked into the air, on the way back to the Loop.

The sapphire lay safe in Donovan's pocket. Its finder was dead. His murderer was under arrest—Corrigan and Nelson had taken charge of him.

"Shoot," said Donovan.

"How did you know that the crowds had not carried off those diamonds?"

"When I looked into the alley I saw the snow. I thought it might save us, but I could not be sure. So I bought a hatful of paste diamonds and threw them out of a lawyer's window. Not a man or woman noticed them, any more than if they had been hailstones or icicles from the cornice. After they struck the ground, the snow hid them."

"Simple enough. But this dead man—how did you get track of him and the sapphire?"

"The idea struck me that if a man were to find a very large stone he would try to find out its value from the shop windows. But I didn't know. So I tried the experiment of planting three glass sapphires. In each case the finder sought out a jeweler's window. When I learned that, I asked Paget to add to his display of sapphires and watched the window. This man spent a long time looking just at sapphires. So I had him followed."

"Gillette gave you that idea," said O'Day.

"Of course he did."

"One more question," continued Bender. "How did you know that the man they call Burnson was the murderer?"

"We saw him lurking across the street while the Stoker stood before those sapphires, and when the Stoker moved on we saw him cross to see what it was that had held the other's interest. So I had Nelson follow him. Burnson probably saw the stone picked up. Nelson trailed him to the Stoker's lodgings, then to his own; then he saw him come out carrying a suitcase, return to the Stoker's, ring and go in, obviously to take a room."

"But why did you choose Paget's to lie in wait for your man?" persisted the other.

"No reason. I chose it, I suppose, because I had just looked at Paget's window to please a friend. Any window would have done."

"One more last question: How did you know that the finder of the sapphire would seek Paget's window, or any, when you did not yet know that the sapphire was lost?"

"My rhinestones were not noticed by the crowd; but when I dropped a paste sapphire, which did not in any way resemble ice and was sharply visible against a snow background, it was carried off. I argued accordingly with respect to the genuine stones."

By this time they had reached the building of the one dark floor. The janitor took them up. Again they found themselves in Donovan's office. O'Day spoke of opening the vault. Donovan laid the glowing gem upon his desk. Even against that harsh background it burned like blue flame.

"The Borikoff sapphire!" he announced.

"I think I shall have to buy it, after all," said Bender.

The New York Times

One of the World's Greatest Newspapers using Rag Paper for Permanence

THE New York Times is now printing a number of copies of its regular edition on a 100% pure rag paper. These copies will be used for the bound files in libraries and other archives.

The return of rag paper in the printing of a newspaper, awakening as it does memories of Benjamin Franklin and the painstaking early Victorians, is sure to carry something of a sentimental appeal to those imbued with the spirit of the printing craft.

The superiority of rag or cotton paper, to wood paper for permanence is conveniently illustrated in the respective files of newspapers, old and new, to be seen at the New York Public Library. To see how rag paper endures, call for the London Times file, say, the year 1842. The pages will be found as fresh and sound, save for a mere edging of tan, as probably the day they came from the press.

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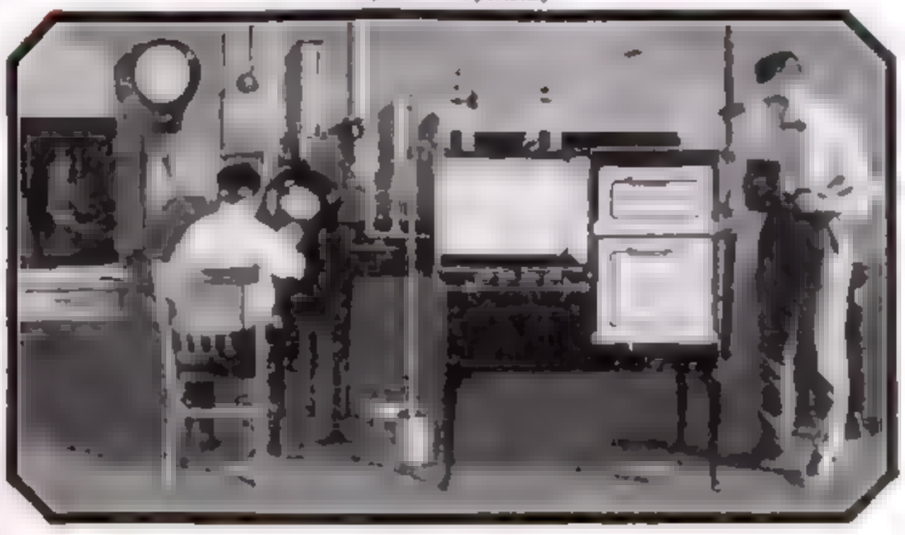
A corner of the Research Kitchen of American Stove Company. This department is in charge of Miss Dorothy E. Shank, formerly Instructor of Food Research, Household Arts Department, Teachers College, Columbia University, New York City.

One of the testing rooms in American Stove Company's Research Laboratory located at St. Louis, Mo. Picture shows experts making tests of the Lorain Oven Heat Regulator to prove its superiority



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Quicker Pick-Up

Added Running Power

Quick, Easy Starting

More Perfect Combustion

Reduces Drain on Battery

Hot, intensive spark for easy starting. Spark gap set cold at 15 thousandths of an inch.
Ordinary spark plug has no self-adjusting gap feature; its fixed gap is unvarying for starting and running.
Heat-responsive, bi-metal strip used exclusively on Moto Meter Spark Plugs opens spark gap instantly to 30 thousandths, proper running gap.

A new, improved ignition service —within the reach of every motorist

The Moto Meter Spark Plug, with its self-adjusting spark gap, represents the greatest advance in spark-plug design in 20 years.

The advantage of a small gap for starting and a wide gap for running, now available in this plug, is recognized and appreciated everywhere. The set, fixed gap of the ordinary spark plug must necessarily be a compromise, because it cannot vary its performance to treat two such dissimilar conditions as starting and running.

With the Moto Meter Self-adjusting Spark Plug, easy starting and smooth running are assured because the original gap of 15 thousandths of an inch increases to 30 thousandths the instant the engine starts. When the ignition is turned off, the gap adjusts itself to the original, small opening. Its performance is unfailing.

Being a Moto Meter product, the motoring public may safely assume that other features which contribute to its remarkable performance, such as its new process insulator, double-threaded terminal post, gap gauge, anti-rust shell, etc., reflect the high standard of quality that has been identified always with the famous Boyce Moto Meter.

The Moto Meter Self-adjusting Spark Plug offers a super-ignition service at a cost virtually that of ordinary plugs. Install a set in your own car; enjoy the thrill of improved motor performance; we know you will agree it is a real achievement.

THE MOTO METER COMPANY, Inc., Long Island City, N.Y.
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The name Moto Meter is the registered trade mark and exclusive property of this company

A proper size and type of Moto Meter Self-adjusting Spark Plug for every engine.
For Fords 75c. For other cars 90c. For Bus and Truck (Heavy Duty) $1.00.

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SELF-ADJUSTING

SPARK PLUG

Boyce Moto Meter — *Moto Meter Tire Tester*

IF IT'S A MOTO METER PRODUCT IT'S THE LEADER IN ITS LINE

When you press your foot on the starter—why do the lights go down?

Night or day, when you press your foot on the starter, a great amount of current is used to turn the engine; as a consequence, very little finds its way to the spark gap.

While starting, a battery may be only 60% efficient—a reduced voltage, just when maximum power is most needed; logically with such a condition a small spark gap is essential, to insure quick ignition and prevent drain on the battery.

CUBA LIBRE: NEW EDITION

Continued from Page 15)

cane itself was known in India as the honey-bearing reed ages before the Christian Era. The Bengalese are supposed to have been the pioneers in extracting sugar from cane in the fourth century after Christ. It is believed that sugar was introduced into Europe by the crusaders, who first tasted it when they went to the Holy Land. Be that as it may, sugar became an important article of commerce in the great days when Venice and Genoa ruled the trade of the world. Venice at one time was the chief sugar-distributing center of Europe.

Sugar cane was introduced into Cuba by the Spaniards late in the sixteenth century. They had previously found that it would grow in Brazil and Central America. In those days sugar was almost as precious as gold, silver and diamonds. The stately galleons that took the Spanish treasure from the New World to the Old carried the product of the cane in their holds as well. It followed that the pirates of the Spanish Main were as eager to get this sweet cargo as they were to lay hands on the glittering and more enduring baubles. Havana was sacked on various occasions by buccaneers for its sugar stores

Sugared Politics

No commodity has been fought over so persistently, legislatively and otherwise, as sugar. The sugar-beet-growing countries have protected their crops with bounties, and trade wars have resulted. There are no free markets for sugar. Every country has some kind of tariff protection and most nations pay bounties to the beet producers. The bounty practice became so widespread in 1903 that a congress was held at Brussels which abolished these subsidies and modified the tariffs. This agreement went to pot with the World War and has not been revived. In consequence, bounties are once more the order of the sugar day.

Sugar has been a live issue in American politics for years. In the course of a single decade more than eighty bills were introduced into our own Congress concerning the product in some way. There has always been rivalry between the beet and the cane growers.

People accepted sugar as a matter of course so long that when the World War began in 1914 and the sugar-beet areas of Europe became raging battlefields, with a consequent shortage of supply, they suddenly realized their acute dependence. Almost overnight sugar developed into an article more precious than jewels. In all the warring countries, and in some of the neutrals as well, sugar cards were issued. The ration of sugar lent itself to covetous desire and artful manipulation. A bride's dowry in Germany, for example, was more attractive if offered in terms of sugar crystals or cubes than if it were in the currency of the realm, and this was long before the mark went on the toboggan. Illicit trafficking in sugar cards was no infrequent occurrence.

Commercial sugar is obtained from the juice of the sugar beet and sugar cane. Cane is by far the older source, and the early romance of the product was associated with it. The extraction of sugar crystals from the beet did not begin until Marggraf, a Prussian chemist, completed the first successful experiment in 1747. Encouraged by royal bounty, his successors developed the process of refining until 1799, when the first beet-sugar factory was set up in Silesia. Since that time the Germans have been conspicuous in beet-sugar production and also in the extraction of sugar from this source. The beet-sugar industry received a great impetus in France from Napoleon, who established technical schools in 1811 and provided a national subsidy.

The principal sugar-beet countries of Europe are Germany, Austria, France, Czecho-Slovakia, Russia, Poland, Hungary, Holland, Italy and Belgium. Most countries with a temperate climate can and do produce beet sugar. It is grown in sixteen of the states of our Union, but 70 per cent of the crop comes from Utah, Idaho, Colorado, Nebraska, Montana and Wyoming. Nowhere can beets only be grown. They must figure in crop rotation and demand low-priced labor.

What concerns us mainly is cane sugar, because this is the Cuban variety. Cane sugar leads the beet variety in world production and contributes the major portion of the sweetening that reaches the American mouth. Furthermore, we not only have the extensive cane interests in Cuba that I have indicated but cane sugar is grown in Louisiana and Texas, and also on a large scale in Porto Rico, Hawaii and the Philippines.

The first outstanding fact concerning Cuban sugar is that the republic is the world's lowest-cost producer of sugar. The cane is a tropical product, which means that it can have very cheap black labor. Hence it is called a black man's crop. Whereas the sugar beet can be produced in rotation only, cane is continuous. It is technically known as a perennial grass.

Because of the lavish bounties, there was a time when 65 per cent of the world's output of sugar was derived from beets. The European end of the industry received such a setback during the World War that it has never fully recovered. Since that time the product of the cane has increased with each year, notably after the great boom of 1920, when the world went sugar mad.

Sugar cane is raised by planting cuttings from the top part of the cane stalk. Around each joint of the stalk are several shoots or stalks of cane. Unlike the sugar beet, it is not always necessary to replant the sugar cane each year, as several crops are often cut from one planting. The first crop is known as the plant crop, and the succeeding crop, which rises from the stubble of the first planting, is known as the ratoon crop. It may be followed by several ratoon crops. Some climatic and soil conditions make a highly scientific and intensive system of cultivation necessary, but there are other semitropical regions so bountifully endowed with natural advantages that only slight attention is required for successful cane culture. This is notably true of Cuba.

The Cuban cane crops are grown under two systems of agriculture. One is the administration plan, under which the planting, cultivation and harvesting are carried on by the sugar companies themselves. Only a small part of the Cuban crop is produced in this way. In Hawaii practically all is grown under the administrative system. The obvious advantage is that it makes for the most scientific and highly specialized cane culture.

The Feudal System

The other system, by which 80 per cent of the Cuban crop is grown, is called the *colono*. Under it the cane is planted and harvested by independent farmers, who are known as *colonos*. In turn, there are three types of *colono*. One is the independent grower who owns his own land. Another cultivates company lands, the use of which is given for purely nominal sums. A third type operates on land leased by outside interests.

The *colonos* who are really tenant farmers finance their own planting in part or entirely, or secure advances of cash from a sugar company or other sources. The *colonos* receive their compensation either in the form of raw sugar, based on the weight of the cane delivered, or the money equivalent.

Under the old Spanish rule the big sugar-cane planter was a sort of feudal lord. The small individual cane growers bore something of the same relation to him that our darkies bore to the big cotton planter in the South. The patrons conducted general stores, where the tenants bought their supplies and pledged their crops as credit. There were also scores of independent Spanish storekeepers through the island who followed the same procedure. Some were bankers as well as merchants, and loaned money to the agriculturists at ruinous rates. With the acquisition of so many large sugar properties by American banks, following the deflation of 1920, a new and more equitable system of storekeeping and financing was set up.

The evolution of sugar from cane to crystal is simple. The cane is conveyed in oxcarts to the nearest railway siding and transported to the mill—or central, as it is termed—usually on a private railway owned by one of the big companies. Once upon a time the ox-power mill and a simple kettle sufficed for the boiling job. Today the central is a huge industrial plant representing, with all accessories, a very large investment.

The cane is put through corrugated rolls which squeeze out the juice. This juice is purified, treated and boiled into the sirup which eventually becomes raw sugar. It is then packed in bags and sent on to the refineries. The standard weight of a bag of Cuban sugar is 325 pounds. Nearly all the Cuban raw is shipped to the United States for refining. Only one American concern—the Hershey Chocolate Company—refines the raw product in the country where it is produced. The United Fruit Company, which also grows sugar, has its own refinery, but it is located in the United States.

The Result of Overproduction

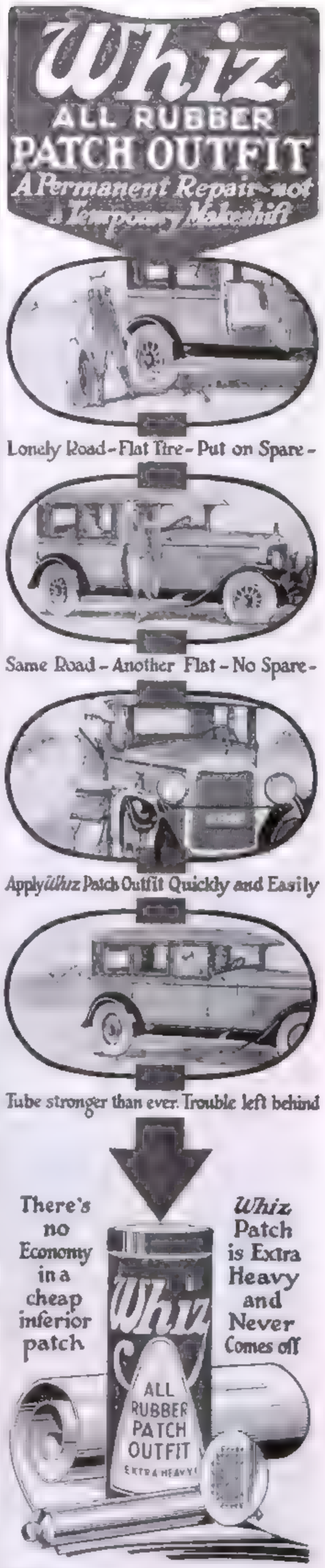
Cuban sugar enjoys a preferential tariff. Under the terms of the reciprocity treaty between the United States and Cuba, approved by Congress in December, 1903, tariff duties on imports of Cuban products into the United States are 20 per cent less than those imposed upon like products of other foreign countries. The treaty also provides for reciprocal reduction of 20 to 40 per cent on products of the United States imported into Cuba. Cuban sugar, therefore, has a 20 per cent tariff preference in the United States market as compared with other foreign sugars. The products of the United States have a similar preference in Cuban markets.

With all this more or less technical detail out of the way, we can proceed to the really vital phase of the sugar situation, which is crop and price. This is the aspect that interests the average man, because it determines the cost of the product in relation to his household budget.

The fundamental trouble for years, except during the war and the immediate postwar period, has been that sugar production exceeded consumption, which meant an unprofitable price for the grower. In order to understand what follows, you must now be told that the minimum price at which Cuban raw sugar can be set down in New York at a profit is 3.5 cents a pound. The average price during 1926 was 2.564 cents. The price for the two preceding years was also under par, so to speak.

Cuban sugar is peculiarly affected by the price decline, because it accounts for about 60 per cent of all the exported raw. Much of the sugar produced in British dominions—and the amount is considerable—is consumed within imperial confines. The same obtains to a large extent with the beet product of Europe. It has what might be called an interneighbor trade, which means that little of it now gets beyond the Continent. The new Cuban sugar control is the direct result of the overproduction condition. Before we can discuss control, however, two preliminaries must be explained.

The first is a line on world crops. In 1913–1914 the total world production of both beet and cane sugar was 18,346,478 tons. Of this, Cuba accounted for 2,597,732 tons. Her output for 1924–25 reached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5,125,970 tons. The world crop for 1925–26 was 24,366,442. To this Cuba contributed 4,887,461 tons. By this time control had begun to function. It is an interesting commentary on the expansion of the Cuban sugar production that within the lifetime of a man—that is, since 1867—her output of sugar has gone from 400,000 tons a year to more than 5,000,000 tons. Needless to say, her output leads the world.

With these facts in your mind, you can comprehend the diverting story of what is known in trade history as the great sugar crisis. The indirect aftermath is the Cuban control now being enforced.

Like so many other economic evils that have beset the universe these last years, its roots were laid in the World War. Prior to the outbreak of the great struggle which ultimately involved us, the average world output of sugar was about 18,000,000 tons. In this production, beet-growing countries like Russia, Germany, the old Austria-Hungary and Belgium figured in the export trade. France did not export, but was able to supply her own needs.

The war upset all this. As I have already pointed out, the beet fields hummed with big guns and the peasants who tilled them changed the overall for the army blue or gray. Sugar production in Europe was paralyzed. From 8,000,000 tons it went practically to zero. The need of sweets was fundamental and it had to be supplied. The ships that might have brought raw sugar from India and elsewhere were needed for more essential foodstuffs, such as wheat, as well as war supplies. The Allies then said to the Cubans "Give us sugar" and Cuba responded to the call. This was the real beginning of overproduction. In a year the Cuban output went up by more than 1,500,000 tons, and it kept growing.

With our entry into the war we established a sugar control which at once sterilized the cupidity of the would-be profiteer. The United States purchased the entire 1918–19 crop of Cuban sugar and the price was fixed at 7.28 cents a pound, duty paid, in New York.

With the dawn of peace, the trouble started. Control of sugar ended on December 31, 1919. Due to the war restrictions and necessities, stocks everywhere were curtailed. People throughout the world had been short on sweets so long that a sudden frenzy for sugar now developed. The price rose in proportion. During the last month of control the price increased from 7.28 cents to 12.79 cents a pound. The way was now paved for the famous runaway market of 1920.

The Dance of the Millions

Being the country of largest sugar consumption, the American demand led all the rest. Sugar began to pour into the United States. Every country that had any of the raw product dumped it on our shores. It was estimated that the product reached us from exactly fifty different nations. The price soared by leaps and bounds until it reached the unprecedented height of 23.57 cents a pound. This time there was no control, with the result that profiteering, hoarding and speculation were rampant. Thousands of people, especially in Cuba and the United States, caught the speculative fever. Planters became millionaires on paper and indulged in the wildest extravagances. The word "sugar" was synonymous with fortune. This period is often referred to as the dance of the millions.

Like all other gilded bubbles, this one burst with the deflation that leveled most other industries in 1920. Business depression stalked about, and sugar, in the vernacular, got hers with all the rest. That first voracious appetite for sweets which came with the ending of the war was satisfied for the moment. In addition, the average pocketbook had been flattened and sugar was verging into the luxury class again.

The inevitable consequence was a price collapse. By October, 1920, it had reached nine cents a pound and the worst was yet to come. Near ruin for the Cuban planters broke. During the skyrocket market they had borrowed extensively from American bankers. By October, 1920, their condition was so critical that the government declared a moratorium. At one time the price went as low as 1.84 cents a pound.

It was just about this time that the American banks obtained their control of the Cuban sugar industry. Practically all the planters were heavily in debt to our financial institutions. The logical procedure was to take over the plants and plantations. In this way American interests acquired a 65 per cent ownership of Cuban cane growing.

Control Without Monopoly

In 1921 the Cuban Government interested itself for the first time in some degree of stewardship of the sugar crop. The Cuban Sugar Finance Commission was created to control the sale and shipment of the 1920–21 crop. Prices, however, continued to sag and liquidation of stocks was slow. By the end of December the price had declined to 3.42 cents. The following year prices advanced. In 1923 the price of duty-paid Cuban sugar in New York had gone to 8 cents.

Until 1924 sugar was produced at a profit. This was largely because beet sugar in Europe did not recover immediately after the conclusion of peace. The moment the beet crop approached normal, prices again declined. It was a case of overproduction again.

This is evident from the fact that the average price during 1926 was 2.564 cents. The low was 2.197 cents, while the high was 3.375 cents. The beginning of this year witnessed a slight advance. The average for January and February was 3.199 cents.

In view of what I have written it is not surprising that Cuba should join the control club. The situation became so acute in 1925 that, at the instigation of President Machado, congress enacted a control law. It sets up what is technically known as a defense of sugar. It is not so drastic as the Stevenson Restriction Act which controls British rubber or so frankly monopolistic as the Brazilian scheme for the valorization of coffee. In the case of rubber and coffee arbitary and inelastic measures were enforced to segregate crops or curtail exports. Rubber and coffee control have tended to dislocate price. In the case of the former a sensational runaway market was precipitated.

Cuban sugar control permits the president to restrict the grinding of cane so as to reduce production 10 per cent. The first crop under supervision was that of 1925–26 and amounted to 4,887,461 tons. It did not quite register a complete 10 per cent reduction. The 1926–27 crop will show control in full operation, because it will be 4,500,000 tons. The slight rise in price this year is directly traceable to control operation.

A technical committee has been named by President Machado to assist him in all matters relating to sugar, and especially the control. It is composed of Rafael Sanchez Aballi, former Ambassador to Washington; Luis Marino Perez, commercial attaché in Washington; Viriato Gutierrez Valladon, secretary of the president; Eugenio Molinet and Miguel Varona Guerrero.

Sugar control was devised as an experiment to protect the crops of two years. It is extremely doubtful if it will be made permanent. Experience has proved that all controls are bad, even when conceived with the best intentions, and such is the case with sugar. In the end, nations, as well as individuals, discover that what might be called man-made tactics are futile against the inexorable operations of the law of demand and supply. Besides, they invariably beget ill will.

There is another reason. Britain could well undertake a control of rubber, because the empire produces by far the bulk of the product. The same is almost true of Brazil and coffee, although her valorization has stimulated coffee production in many quarters. Not so with sugar. Either the beet or cane variety can be produced in nearly every part of the world. Already there has been an increase in beet growing in European countries because of the Cuban control.

Diversifying Crops

Continued crop reduction in Cuba would bring an avalanche of new sugar into the market. Cuba can meet this exigency by cutting fresh cane, because there is always a considerable quantity standing. The inevitable result, however, would be decline in price, and this is precisely what Cuba wants to prevent. Cuba's position in the sugar world remains precarious in spite of her unexcelled natural conditions for cane growing.

That Cuba realizes the economic instability of control is shown by the fact that she is turning in another direction to escape from her almost complete dependence upon sugar. It lies in crop diversification. This is one of the pet projects of President Machado. The average man at this point wonders why Cuba does not lean more on tobacco, because the Cuban leaf is famous the world over. Though admirable in quality, it is not a big item in the trade turnover. The total value of Cuban tobacco exports is about $45,000,000, whereas sugar reaches nearly $375,000,000. What can replace sugar in Cuban production?

For the moment coffee seems to offer the best opportunity. In the colonial days the island exported large quantities of the product grown on the plantations at the eastern end, where French refugees had brought the bean from Haiti following their expulsion by the blacks. Most of the plantations disappeared during the civil wars between the Cuban patriots and the Spaniards. Since the birth of the republic nearly all the available capital and labor have gone into the all-engrossing business of sugar. At the present time Cuba imports half the coffee she consumes. The Cubans now plan not only to make themselves self-sufficient in coffee but to produce enough to export. The same is true of cacao.

Cuba's Provider

Another product which has lately been introduced is sisal, from which binder twine is made. The pioneer here is the International Harvester Company, which has set out numerous plantations in the Cárdenas area to try to break the sisal monopoly in Yucatan.

Cuba imports great quantities of foodstuffs that could easily be produced within the country. They include jerked beef from 1000 miles up the Paraguay River in the interior of Brazil, rice from Siam, beans from Mexico, and millions of dollars' worth of eggs from our own South.

The Cubans have come to the realization that all these imports can be eliminated. Cattle flourish on the grassy plains of Camagüey, rice grows in abundance in the lowlands of Santa Clara and beans are indigenous to every part of the island.

That Cuba is in earnest about this matter of crop rotation is evidenced by the fact that the government has engaged the services of Dr. W. L. Schurz as economic adviser, with special reference to the stimulation of diversified products. Doctor Schurz was formerly American commercial attaché at Rio de Janeiro, where he acquired an experience with tropical and semi-tropical industrial conditions which should prove highly valuable to the Cuban activities.

American economic supremacy in Cuba is not confined to sugar by any means. Our banks also lead. First among them comes the National City Bank of New York, with its twenty-six branches and a main office that would do credit to Wall Street. The Chase National and the First National of Boston also have thriving institutions on the island. The Cuban Company, with its subsidiaries, is the largest single enterprise in Cuba. It has assets of $160,000,000, owns 350,000 acres of sugar and other lands, and controls a network of railways and public utilities. The United Fruit Company, the West India Oil Company, which is a subsidiary of the Standard of New Jersey, the General Electric, and Portland Cement are significant factors for development. As in Spain, Mexico and Porto Rico, the International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation is revolutionizing telephone service.

Reënforcing these kindred activities is the American Chamber of Commerce of Cuba, which has done much to foster tourist and business relations between the two republics. The American Club in Havana is a distinct credit to the name it bears and compares favorably with similar clubs in Buenos Aires and Shanghai.

American exports to Cuba are more than two-thirds of the total that enter the country. In the matter of trade no other alien nation has a look-in. Foodstuffs, machinery, motor cars, clothing and gasoline lead. We are Cuba's universal provider.

It is not on the economic side that our present concern about Cuba lies. As elsewhere throughout this world, politics largely provides the provocation for the new complication. This is particularly true

(Continued on Page 163)

Hauling Sugar Cane

Two Years Ago!

When balloon tires were designed, Hoods were built with flat treads—just two years ahead of other makes.

Likewise they are ahead in satisfactory service—traction—long life—comfort. And they cost about the same to buy and cost less in the end.

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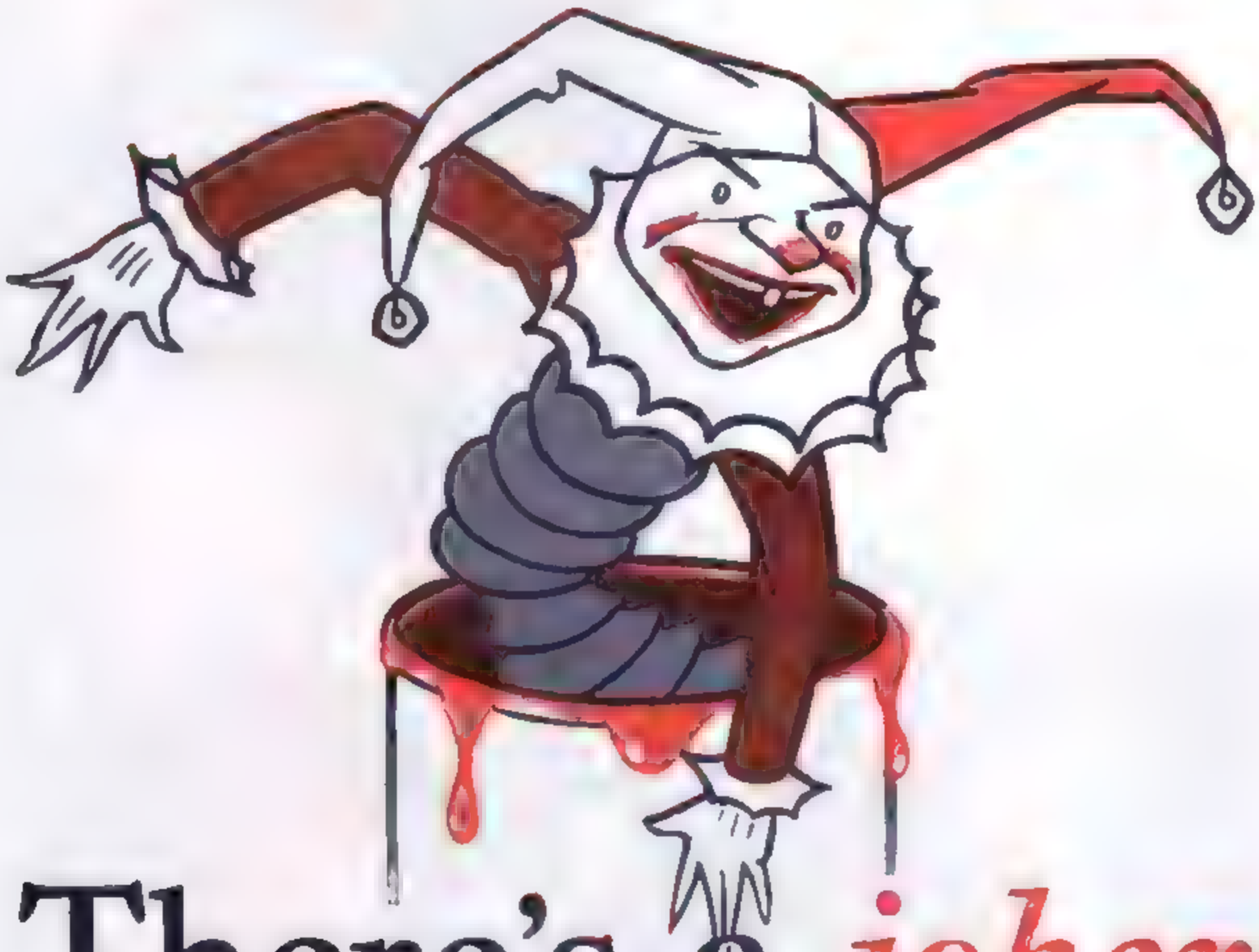
COVER THE EARTH



There's a *joker* in the *cheap* paint can!

WHEN you are tempted by a "low price" and alluring promises to use "cheap" paint on your house—*STOP!* There's a joker in every can. It may *look* like paint. It may *smell* like paint. But before you buy remember this:

If the Sherwin-Williams Company with its years of experience—its skilled paint experts—its great laboratories—its enormous volume—cannot produce *high grade* house paint to sell at less than SWP prices—*no one in the world can do it.*

So whenever you see a "low price" on house paint you can decide that it is made of inferior or skimpy materials. And a *poor paint* is the most *costly* paint you can put on your house.

Let the "formula" prove it

There is one way to prove that a "low price" house paint is merely an inferior paint. Insist upon seeing the formula, either on the can or in the literature Then compare it with the formula of fine old SWP which you will always find openly printed on every can. Note the big percentage of *White Lead Carbonate* and *White Lead Sulphate* used in SWP Outside Gloss White. White lead should be the *basic* ingredient of all white paint and light tints. It is to these paints exactly what flour is to bread.

See how much less of this basic ingredient is used in the average "cheap" white paint.

Zinc oxide, another costly pigment, is the next essential ingredient. A liberal percentage of zinc oxide combined with a large amount of white lead makes for a *balanced formula*—such as the formula of SWP Outside Gloss White House Paint. It assures a finish of superior wearing quality.

More than 90% of the pigment content of SWP Outside Gloss White is made up of these two important ingredients—white lead and zinc oxide.

In the majority of "cheap" white paints you will

THE FINEST HOUSE PAINT THAT MONEY CAN BUY

HOUSE PAINT

Prepared house paint—*at its best*

find only 50%, sometimes even *less*.

It is the liberal quantity of this expensive basic material in every can of SWP Outside Gloss White that gives this fine old paint its remarkable covering capacity.

In the darker colors like browns and greens, the "*balanced formula*" of SWP is even more important.

Naturally, these dark colors can contain little, if any, opaque white pigment such as white lead or zinc oxide.

Sherwin-Williams have the pick of the world's colors. Sherwin-Williams Dry Color Works produce practically everything except the natural earth and mineral colors

That is why beautiful SWP colors are so rich, so permanent and so true to character.

Greater durability of the paint film on your house is assured by SWP due to the use of a specially treated, pure linseed oil—made in Sherwin-Williams' own linseed oil plant.

Why SWP *costs you less*

One evidence of quality in a house paint is the way it *hides the surface* and in the *area it covers*.

A gallon of fine old SWP will properly cover 360 square feet (two coats).

A gallon of "cheap" paint will cover *only 250 square feet* (two coats)—110 square feet per gallon *less* than SWP, (two coats).

That is one side of the joker in the "cheap" paint can.

Where only seven gallons of SWP will finish the average house, *eleven* gallons of "low price" paint are needed.

SWP costs more per gallon. But it covers *44 per cent more area*. So it costs no more than *cheap* paint by the job.

Which would you rather use?

Outwears "cheap" paint

Being made of best quality materials, SWP dries to a tough, elastic, glossy finish. There is no chipping, cracking or peeling. It weathers slowly. Lasts usually for five years. When repainting *is* needed, you save paint, time and money *because the SWP surface is in proper condition*.

A "cheap" paint frequently chips, cracks, peels and fades in a year or so. It gives an inferior finish—and a much shorter life than good paint. Repainting is more frequent and costs more for paint and labor because the old paint has to be burnt or scraped off.

That is the *other side* of the *joker* in the "cheap" paint can.

SWP *beauty!*

With fine old SWP you always get a beautiful paint job. Your house looks like new. The colors are especially rich—with a sheen like fine old pottery. And they are weather-fast—slow to fade.

Even after several years of exposure, a washing with plain soap and water will bring out their beauty almost like new.

Contrast this with cheap colors that look dull and wishy-washy almost in no time.

Which would you rather have—when SWP is guaranteed to cost less per job and much less per year?

See "Paint Headquarters" and save money

These are facts which every property owner has a right to know about house paint. They are attested by a concern whose standing we do not believe any man would question. The simplest way to prove them is to make the comparison suggested.

SWP House Paint is sold the world over. Each Sherwin-Williams dealer is "Paint Headquarters" in his vicinity. See the one near you. Before you let any low price blind your better judgment, get his advice. Compare formulas. Don't be fooled. If you want literature, color cards, help on a color scheme or the famous Household Painting Guide, write us.

SWP

Guaranty of Satisfaction

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Largest Paint and Varnish Makers in the World
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This Kenwood Mark, attached to a product of wool, is your assurance that in the selection of the raw material, in design, in skilled craftsmanship and in control of manufacturing processes, the most highly developed, scientific methods known to the textile industry have been utilized.

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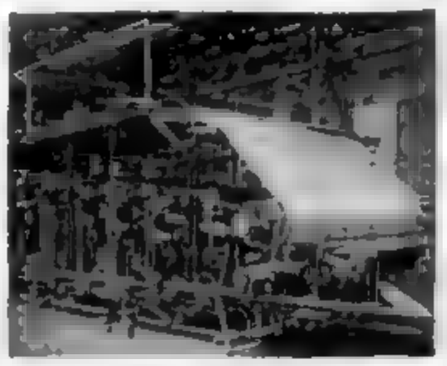
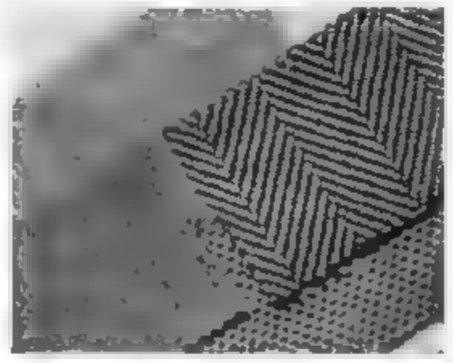


FELTS FOR PAPER MANUFACTURERS

For over half a century and on all types of papermaking machines, Kenwood Felts for Papermakers have proven most efficient and economical.



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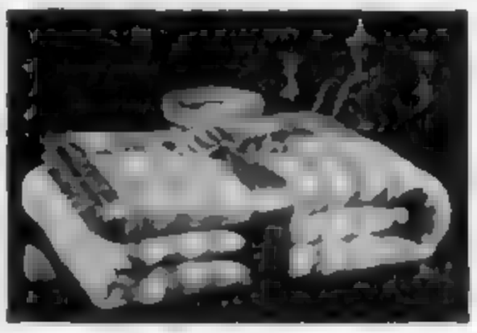
Wherever the comfort and distinctive smartness of the homespun type of woolens are desired, Kenwood Fabrics will be appreciated. The style and wearing qualities of these fabrics have won a place of high regard in the opinion of leading clothing Manufacturers and their customers



BLANKETS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE

Pure wool, unusual comfort features, serviceability, beauty and decorative value have made Kenwood Blankets and allied products pre-eminently desired by the women of America.

KENWOOD MILLS, Albany, N.Y.
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(Continued from Page 158)

of the growing agitation for the abrogation of the Platt Amendment.

Because so many momentous international events have occurred since 1901, it may be well to explain briefly just what the amendment does. When we were in military control of Cuba, following the close of the war with Spain, we asked Cuba to incorporate into her constitution provisions that she should not make any treaty impairing the independence of the island or contract any public debt in excess of the ordinary revenue.

In their first flush of freedom the Cubans refused to do this; whereupon what came to be known as the Platt Amendment—it was introduced by Senator Platt, of Connecticut—was adopted by Congress. The amendment has eight sections. The important features, however, are that the Government of Cuba shall not enter into any treaties with foreign powers which will disturb her independence, nor permit any foreign power or powers to obtain, by "colonization or for military or naval purposes," lodgment in or control over any portion of the island. Cuba is also restrained from contracting any public debts which are beyond the ordinary income of the government. The United States reserves the right to intervene "for the preservation of Cuban independence and the maintenance of a government adequate for the protection of life, liberty and property."

The Platt Amendment was adopted by the Cuban Congress, incorporated into the Cuban constitution, and was finally made the subject of a special treaty between the United States and Cuba. Thus it has a triple sanction.

An Ever-Ready Political Issue

From the start, the Cubans have been irked by the Platt Amendment. They have all along regarded it as an encroachment upon their sovereignty, quite disregarding its beneficent effects. The financial phase, for example, was devised solely by the United States Government to keep the Cuban Government from disaster through the financial abuses so common among young Latin-American governments. This control is purely protectory and in no sense arbitrary.

President Machado was elected on a platform pledging himself to work for the revocation of the Platt Amendment. Since his advent into power the movement has taken on new life and is now a vital national issue. It is aggravated by the attitude of other Latin-American republics, which sneeringly refer to Cuba's "vassalage" to the United States.

At a recent international conference held in Cuba various Central Americans took occasion to say publicly that their nations would not hereafter attend such meetings on Cuban soil so long as Cuba was "dominated through the Platt Amendment and is not an independent country." To show the extent to which the Cubans go, let me add that Cuba broke off diplomatic relationship with Uruguay and threatened prohibitive tariffs to shut out Uruguayan dried beef because the Uruguay delegate to the League of Nations made a sarcastic remark about Cuban "subserviency" to the nation that fought to free her.

The susceptibility of the individual Cuban to mortification on this score is kept keenly sensitive in various ways. The Spanish press harps on it. Any Cuban politician can always make an issue with an appeal for a great Cuba that will not be a "dependency." The Cuban population, so far as the white element goes, is a peaceable, hard-working, friendly lot, and prefers to go along under the protection of the American Government.

Probe into this incessant talk of independence and you find that the usual state of affairs exists. The Cuban business man, as a rule, wants no abrogation of the Platt Amendment. He knows, to use the commercial term, that it is the best equity behind the island. The principal agitators are the politicians, who seek to capitalize it.

What then is the substitute for the Platt Amendment? According to President Machado, as you shall presently see, it is an economic and political alliance with the United States which will enable the republic to take a place in the world. That Cuba is feeling her oats, so to speak, is shown by many activities. The itch for freedom and power is hers. It is Cuba Libre once more.

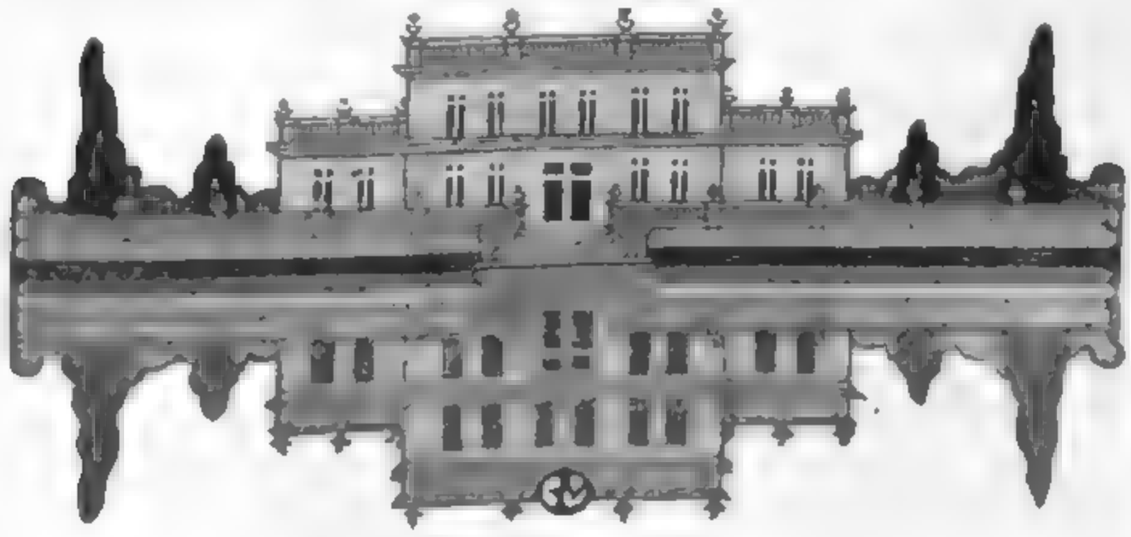
The Expansion Programs

Expansion is the order. Significant of the new idea is the great public-works program which will involve a total expenditure of $200,000,000. Its chief feature is a highway consisting of a central trunk road from the western end of the island to Santiago at the southeastern end, a distance of more than 700 miles, with laterals of the same length. Other features are 1000 new schoolhouses, aqueducts and sewerage systems, port dredging, a new government building at Havana and a comprehensive plan for beautifying the capital.

The economic phase—and this is where the United States comes into the picture—is more sensational. President Machado and a coterie of big political leaders have planned an ambitious program of industrial and commercial aggrandizement. Built in as parts of this scheme are a new protective tariff, stimulation of every natural production, nationalization of the sugar industry under an elaborate scheme of presidential management, and the formation of a world-wide system of trade promotion with special emphasis on the sale of sugar in Europe and the Far East, and the marketing of Cuban manufactures throughout the neighboring Latin-American countries.

The major part of this program will be under the direct supervision of President Machado and a strong group, which includes Dr. Rafael Martinez Ortiz, former Cuban Minister to France and now Secretary of State; and Dr. Hernandez Cartaya, Secretary of Finance. Unlike the group around Calles, they are men of the world and trained in all the arts of diplomacy. Ortiz is an advocate of prohibitive tariffs, and we may soon be up against a new and drastic customs scale in Cuba.

The plain truth of the matter—and I say it with the profoundest respect for the Cubans—is that our island friends have become a trifle cocky. Linked with their appeal for the abrogation of the Platt Amendment is an attitude that threatens. A concrete example is in the dispute over



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How Many Quarts Make a Gallon?

Judged by the ordinary oil standard there is an *Extra* Quart of lubricant to the Quaker State gallon. That's a large statement to make—but a true one.

The Extra Step in the Quaker State refining process removes the 25 to 30% of deleterious, injurious, non-lubricating elements found in ordinary oil.

Quaker State is 100% lubricant.... that means more miles per hour and per gallon—less carbon—lower repair bills, and longer engine life. Recognizing these qualities the engineers of the Franklin, Rolls-Royce and Wills Sainte Claire recommend its use.

It pays to insist on Quaker State.

Write Dept. 13 for a large chart which explains in detail why there's an EXTRA quart in every gallon of Quaker State Medium Motor Oil.

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RAYTHEON IS THE HEART OF RELIABLE RADIO POWER

RAYTHEON Removes B-Batteries and Improves Radio Reception

HERE is real radio enjoyment!

Think of connecting your radio to the same dependable power that supplies your lights! Imagine the thrill of the deep, rich, natural tones made possible by ample reserve power—the sense of security when your reception is no longer dependent upon failing B-batteries.

This marked advance in dependable radio power supply has been made possible largely by the Raytheon rectifier—a simple tube which makes ordinary house current do the work of fresh B-batteries—and more.

Already more than twenty of the leading manufacturers of radio power units are equipping them with Raytheon. More than half a million have been purchased. This very night, on thousands of sets such as yours, they will furnish the silent and unseen power for pleasing radio entertainment.

Never before has such a revolutionary development in radio received such immediate acceptance. Raytheon-equipped power units are everywhere recognized as the leaders in the field. Why? Because they supply the extra power needed for the highest quality reception. They maintain a uniformly high voltage so that your reception is *always* at its peak, night after night, and month after month.

Yet the upkeep is almost negligible. Even the largest radio set will consume only a few cents' worth of power per month and—the Raytheon tube is guaranteed for at least a year!

You will be proud to own this up-to-date electrical appliance which brings reliability and improved quality to radio. Go to your dealer and ask him to modernize your radio set with a Raytheon-equipped power unit.

These Better Radio Power Units are Raytheon-approved and Raytheon-equipped:

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BOSCH NOBATTRY	MAYOLIAN B SUPPLY
BREMER-TULLY B-POWER UNIT	MODERN "B" POWER
BURNS B-BATTERY ELIMINATOR	NATIONAL POWER SUPPLY
COMPO B-POWER	SPARTON RADIO B-POWER
CORNELL VOLTAGE SUPPLY	STERLING "B" POWER
CROSLEY A, B & C POWER	TIMMONS BLIM
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the parcel post, where, it must be admitted, we are somewhat at fault. Under an American tariff act of 1866 no small packages of cigars, cigarettes or tobacco may be sent by post from Cuba into the United States. It recently became possible for American manufacturers and merchants to send larger parcels than formerly into Cuba under a temporary convention. President Machado now demands the abrogation of the American act of 1866 under penalty of exclusion of all American parcel-post merchandise from the island.

The crux of the whole matter, however, lies in the Platt Amendment. This raises the question: Is Cuba able to go it alone? The state of her politics and the passion engendered by the various factions led the United States to intervene in 1906. Race riots made a third landing of troops necessary in 1912. Political conditions were responsible for the fourth intervention of 1917. The political leopard does not change its spots. Hence there may be a recurrence of events to menace the integrity of the government and we would again have to intervene to enforce stability.

Moreover, all sentimental obligation aside, the Cubans appear to forget that we are her meal ticket. Isolation from us would have its inevitable penalties. In the first place Cuba has no paper currency because the American bank note is legal tender. But this is only one detail. If Cuba puts through her plan for prohibitive tariff we can scrap the preferential duty on her sugar and she will find herself in a fiscal hole. Without the sponsorship of the United States she would find it difficult to negotiate foreign loans.

The Roosevelt of Cuba

What the Cubans do not realize is that any gesture in the direction of an abrogation of the Platt Amendment must come from us. It is a situation somewhat analogous to the European war-debt problem. Three steps are essential before revocation can even be officially discussed. They are the purging of the judiciary, the modernization of the municipalities and the funding of the large municipal debt.

When the proper time comes Uncle Sam can then say with pride that under his tutelage the island has reached the point where she can assert herself on her own. He will not, however, permit political expediency to force his hand.

Dominating the Cuban scene is President Gerardo Machado. The fifth to hold the highest office in the gift of the republic, he is perhaps the most virile and commanding of all the Latin-American chief executives. Calles has the same forceful energy, but culturally he is not in the same class. Machado has a big and constructive vision.

Machado's life has been packed with action. It began in his babyhood, when, with his mother, he was captured by the Spanish troops during the first organized struggle for independence. Both were confined in the Santa Clara Military Prison. His father was a conspicuous figure in this insurrection.

In some respects Machado's career parallels that of the late Theodore Roosevelt, in that he is a soldier risen to the presidency. He commanded a division of the Cuban army in the revolt against Captain General Weyler, then military governor of the island.

The president's advent into politics was as mayor of Santa Clara. Subsequently he served as Secretary of the Interior in the Gómez cabinet. Politics and arms, however, have been only incidental. He is a business man, with wide experience in sugar and tobacco. For a considerable period he was president of the Cuban subsidiary of the Electric Bond and Share Company of New York, which has been a factor in electric light and power development outside the capital. Machado was elected president on the Liberal ticket by an overwhelming vote, in November, 1924.

Machado has demonstrated his capacity and resource in various emergencies, notably in April, 1926, when the most spectacular bank panic in the history of Cuba occurred in Havana. It affected one of the strongest of the Cuban banks. A run was precipitated because of malicious rumors. The Havana branch of the Federal Reserve Bank of Atlanta was unable to meet the unprecedented demand for cash For the moment there was a currency famine, because the other banks were also having big withdrawals

At this juncture Machado offered the institution part of the national surplus that had accumulated in the treasury. But he did more than this. He personally mingled in the throng of frenzied depositors and took up his place in the crowded banking room, urging caution and confidence. Upon his suggestion the needed money was brought from Key West in a Cuban warship which made a record run. The money had previously been rushed to Florida on a special train from Atlanta. It is this kind of performance that has endeared the man to the people and given him a wide popularity.

I talked with the president in the imposing new marble palace, which is one of the show places of Havana. Ambassador Enoch Crowder accompanied me. We have been fortunate in our diplomatic envoys in many important countries, but nowhere is the choice happier than in Cuba. General Crowder had registered a distinguished career in the Army long before he became our first ambassador to the island republic. Few Americans know Cuba so well, because he served under the various interventions as Secretary of State and Justice, as Attorney-General, and was in charge of two general elections.

President Machado is big of bulk and radiates a dynamic energy. In personality and vigor of gesture he is strongly reminiscent of Roosevelt. His face is full and his eyes gleam behind tortoise-shell spectacles. The simplicity of his office is in contrast with the luxury of the palace in which he lives and works. On the wall hung portraits of two great Cuban patriots, Marti and Cespedes. Through the window I could see the gray walls of Morro Castle, with palm trees intervening. The president speaks only Spanish and I therefore had to converse with him through an interpreter.

I first asked the president to give me a message to the American people, whereupon he said:

"I shall never lose an opportunity like the one you give me to send to the American people, to my good friend President Calvin Coolidge and to his Government the expression of my sincere wishes for their welfare. Cuba will never forget the eternal gratitude due to the United States of America. She regards it an honor to hold a deep affection for her great neighbor."

We now got down to brass tacks, for I asked, "What is the Cuban economic situation and how can future coöperation with the United States be developed?"

Factors In Development

The president replied: "The Cuban economic problem must embrace three factors—namely, agricultural development, industrial activity and commercial power. At the outset I must emphasize the fertility of our soil. Proper advantage has not been taken of it either by private initiative or by the government. Our justly famous tobacco crop practically needs no culture. The tobacco industry should be developed in line with the new nationalistic spirit that so strongly espouses increased production as well as diversification along all agricultural lines. We need the same spirit in our industrial activities. There has been too much specialization in sugar in the eastern provinces and not sufficient expansion in other directions. Commercially Cuba is in a position to expand her foreign trade and this is an important part of my program.

"The United States can do much to assist us in this new program. The economic

relations between the two countries are so close and effective that a greater prosperity for Cuba can only be beneficial to the United States. The protection of our agriculture and industries to meet our own needs and for export purposes will prove detrimental to some American interests, but others will derive an advantage. What Cuba wants more than anything else is cooperation with all nations on a basis of reciprocal help which satisfies mutual aspiration."

My next query was: "What is Cuba's most pressing economic problem?"

Machado responded in this wise: "The eternal economic problem of Cuba is that which is brought about by sugar prices. As a result of complex causes they react on all phases of our national life and are equally reflected in our buying power in foreign commerce. The government is directing its energy toward a supervision of the crops so that speculation will be curbed and legitimate gain maintained and protected.

"In order to understand the restriction of the Cuban crop in relation to the well-being of the country, it is necessary to take certain salient features into account. In the first place, the prosperity of Cuba depends upon the exportation of sugar. No other country in the world is so dependent upon a single article of commerce. In consequence all elements in our economic structure react to changes in sugar prices.

"In the second place, overproduction during the past few years has resulted in exceedingly low levels of prices, which, if they had continued much longer, would have been disastrous to the nation. This overproduction has not been limited to Cuba, although frequently we are blamed for it. The plain truth is that the world has been producing more sugar than the markets could rapidly absorb. During the actual period of readjustment we have had to make many sacrifices.

"The law of crop restriction is an emergency measure, and as such does not necessarily represent a permanent policy of the government. As soon as the balance between production and consumption assures the industry a reasonable profit, we shall again leave the market to the free play of natural laws.

"Cuban crop restriction does not have as its aim a desire to raise the level of prices and to increase the cost to the consumer. Such a result would be contrary to the fundamental purpose of the act, for it would reduce consumption and at the same time increase output in all sections. What we look forward to, and anxiously desire, is the maintenance of prices which will give our highly efficient sugar industry a moderate compensation which will assure our people a just measure of prosperity in recompense for their work, their efforts and their invested capital."

Roads, Water and Schools

On the subject of the new protective tariff the president stated: "The government is on the eve of making various tariff changes under the extraordinary powers which congress has conferred. The new schedule will give the nation a regulatory instrument for economic compensation. The tariff now in operation has not met requirements, nor has it adapted itself to the circumstances imposed by commercial politics. We must have new revenues to meet deficiencies."

We now reached the delicate subject of the Platt Amendment, so I put the question point-blank:

"Do you favor an abrogation of the amendment?"

The president retorted: "The Platt Amendment has been interpreted as meaning subjection under dependency or a protectorate. Cuba cannot view with great satisfaction a pact which lends itself to these imputations.

"Hence the conviction exists in Cuba that because of our present political stability, which no one can deny, the stipulations of the Platt Amendment are unnecessary. It should be supplanted very soon by an economic and political pact of a different temper, which would solidify the bonds of sincere friendship and mutual relations between the two countries that are now linked by the amendment. Cuba aspires to be the best friend of the United States of America and desires that the United States be her best friend. I am convinced that this friendship will be more intense, more sincere and more fruitful when both nations come to the mutual realization that certain stipulations of the Platt Amendment are unnecessary and when a substitute is found for it."

"What is your idea of a greater Cuba?" was my next question.

At this the president's pale face lighted up, for we had reached one of his pet hobbies. With animation, he declared: "Being convinced there is no great government without a well-directed constructive policy, I chose Roads, Water and Schools as the motto of my government program in the electoral campaign. The Cuban Congress adopted it and we are now carrying it into effect under the law of July 15, 1926."

Three Thoughts for America

"By this law an ample program of public works is authorized, which embraces most of the needs of the Cuban public. The paving of towns and cities, the construction of aqueducts and tunnels, the erection of schools, hospitals, libraries and museums, and the paramount need, the building of a network of highways, including the great central route from one extreme of the island to the other, are embodied in the plan of the government over which I preside. All these works should be brought to a conclusion within a period of ten years at a cost of not less than $200,000,000. The funds will be obtained by extraordinary taxes, including a consumers' tax on gasoline, a traffic tax and a tax on all gross sales."

I said to the president that there was a growing impression that, because of the extraordinary powers vested in him, he was assuming the rôle of dictator. He smiled as he made this characteristic comment:

"As president of Cuba, I have no friends and no relatives. I believe in enforcement of the law regardless of where or whom it strikes. If congress grants amnesty to offenders, I shall be guided only by what I consider is the justice of the case. There are no special favors for anybody in Cuba today."

At the conclusion of the interview, and just before I bade him farewell, the president said earnestly: "I want to leave three things in your mind. The first is that the Cuban Government is honest. The second is that I am not a dictator. The third is that I am a genuine friend of the United States."

The spirit of Machado is the spirit of the new Cuba. No man can appraise the republic today without realizing that the government is keyed to expansion in a big way. Cuban development is of vital concern to us. We can therefore sympathize with her aspirations, even though they may possibly rub us the wrong way. The men in authority are not actuated by reprehensible motives.

There is no need of our becoming irritated over the agitation for the abrogation of the Platt Amendment. This problem will find its solution in the natural course of political events. Cuba can never engender raw anti-Americanism such as exists in Mexico, nor will she indulge in the manifestations of ill will that mark the present Chilean attitude toward us.

Deep down, the Cubans are reasonable, grateful and kindly. They have a high sense of patriotism, and with it courage and capability.

These qualities were amply demonstrated after the hurricane which swept the island last October, when a miracle of regeneration was achieved. It is up to us, therefore, to accord Cuba every measure of understanding and coöperation.

Proper hardware for white woodwork . . . *solid brass or bronze*

In the finest homes of the early Republic—at the very pinnacle of Colonial design—trim brass knobs were used on white paneled doors. Thus their use today has the best of precedents.

But even more important reasons recommend Sargent hardware to the modern home-builder. Brass and bronze are time-defying and rust-proof. Hardware of these metals will never rust-streak the snowiest woodwork—never have to be replaced. You will find Sargent hardware suitable for every need—closets, cupboards, windows and inner and outer doors. It will agree nicely with the architectural style you have selected. Its silent, uninterrupted operation and security will add immensely to the pleasure of your home. Discuss Sargent hardware with your architect. He will gladly help you to select appropriate pieces. Write for the interesting "Book of Designs." It is free. Sargent & Company, *Hardware Manufacturers*, 33 Water Street, New Haven, Conn.

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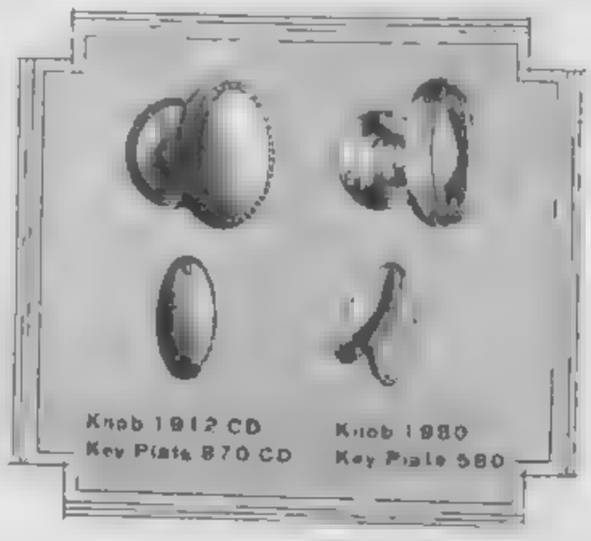
LOCKS AND HARDWARE



All the great Southwest claims Kansas City as its own

WHERE the broadening Missouri River bends eastward through the richest plain in the world stands the most distinctly American metropolis—Kansas City. Spreading over the confluence of two rivers, extending its metropolitan area into one of the greatest agricultural districts of America, this extraordinary city has become the focal point for a natural region that embraces five states.

Originally a trading station for the fur-hunters of the Northwest, it became the eastern terminus of the Southwest trade and an outfitting point for the stream of immigrants to California. Today it is one of the most important railroad centers in the world—with all the wealth of the Southwest pouring into it, all the riches of the plains of Kansas, Missouri, Oklahoma, Arkansas contributing to its extraordinary beauty and prosperity. Some factors that make it great are:

Location: A natural geographic and economic center for the fields of Oklahoma, Kansas, Texas, the tremendous agricultural resources of surrounding states and enormous quantities of livestock. An unusually beautiful countryside. The famous medicinal waters of Excelsior Springs.

Population: Almost half a million; 95% *native-born Americans*, singularly free from labor troubles. A united community, alert, happy, renowned for its public spirit. Builders of great art galleries, magnificent buildings, wonderful parks and boulevards.

Trade: Serves 19,000,000 people! Ranks first in distribution of agricultural implements and seeds. Largest primary wheat market; second largest livestock and meat packing center. Third largest grain market and distributor of butter, eggs and poultry.

Resources: Tremendous wealth of raw materials available from the West and Southwest. Vast beds of bituminous coal near at hand. Oil piped direct from the oil fields.

Transportation: Thirteen railroads serve Kansas City. A vast funnel of traffic from the South and West pours in. The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul forms an outlet for this funnel with its direct line to Chicago, the Twin Cities and all points north and east.

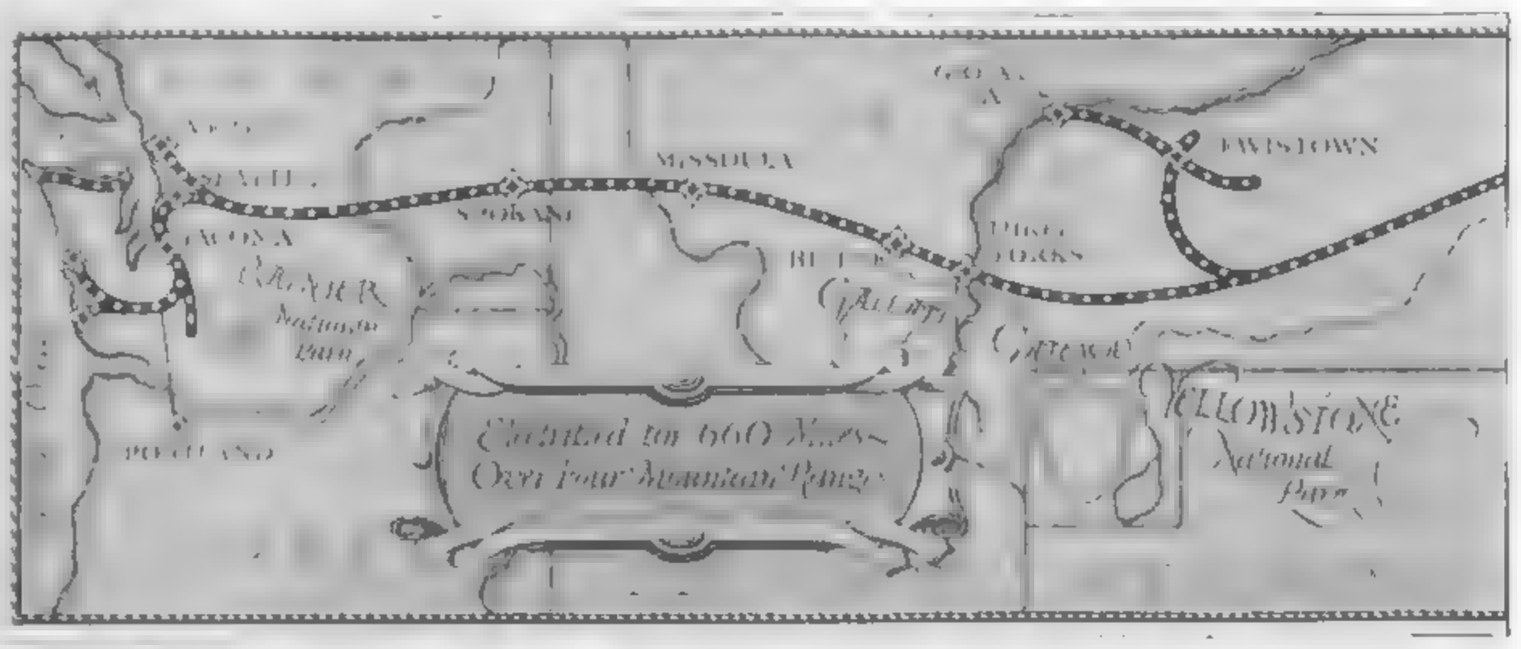
To Westerners, Kansas City is probably the best-known and best-loved city in the United States. It was the root from which colonization to the south and west drew sustenance and inspiration. And it is today not only the commercial and industrial metropolis of the Southwest, but a cultural center whose fame is world-wide. It has created for itself a striking individuality, and its destiny is limited only by the genius of the American people.

Like the fair fields of France

As Paris rises on rolling hills above the Seine and draws to itself the riches of the great plains of France, so Kansas City, spreading over hills equally beautiful, draws to itself the riches of a plain even broader than France—a plain broken by the delightful Ozarks to the south, and rising in tremendous green and golden waves to the snow-tipped Rockies in the west. Kansas City similarly possesses the invaluable advantage of central position on a sea-girt continent. *It is exactly in the heart of the United States.*

SHORTEST AND MOST MODERN ROUTE
TO THE
PACIFIC AND THE ORIENT

The



The recognized route between Chicago, Milwaukee and Twin Cities,

MILWAUKEE ROAD

The railroad serves a vast region

It is an overnight run from Kansas City to Chicago over the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. Splendid trains and the famous "Milwaukee" service make the trip between these dominating cities a pleasant interlude in business.

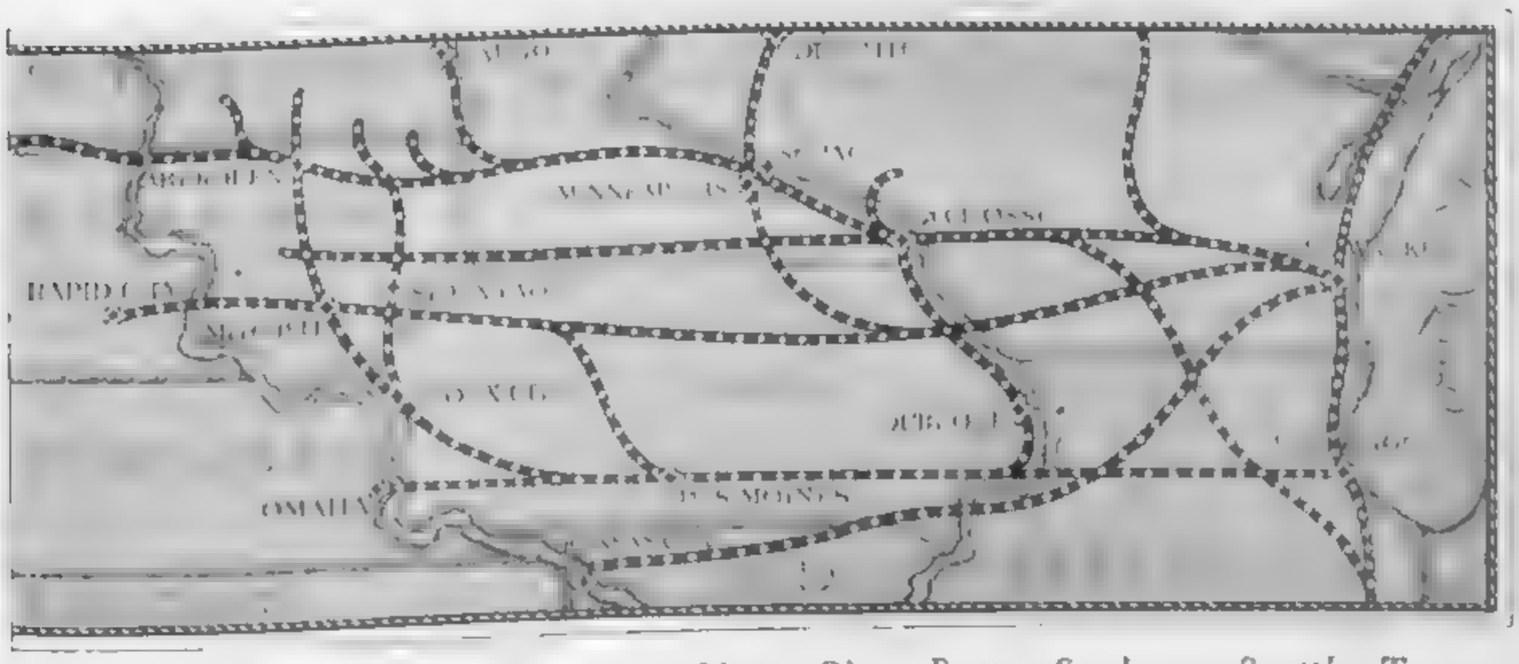
This railroad not only serves Kansas City with its line across golden Iowa, but it serves with equal facility the great gate to the west—Omaha. Its vast system, extending over 11,000 miles of track, operated by 60,000 employees, forms a network over all the Northwest from Kansas City to the Twin Cities and Duluth, from Chicago and Milwaukee to Puget Sound and the Pacific. It links up all important centers northwest of the lower Mississippi Valley; its spur lines and feeders tap vast resources of raw materials.

Farm implements, machinery, tools, seeds, pure-bred stock, and people in an endless stream pour through this artery, bringing energy and life to new regions. Pulsing back comes the flow of raw materials upon which the great industrial centers are fed. The railroad brings fresh life to the Northwest; the Northwest gives health and strength to the railroad!

The rapidly swelling population of the United States is constantly demanding new outlets. Far seeing industrial and commercial leaders are closely studying the trend of commerce towards Pacific outlets and the possibilities in the immensely rich hinterland. *The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul is the shortest link with the Pacific Northwest—electrified for 660 miles!*

Milwaukee passenger cars are now being equipped with *roller bearings*—a revolutionary improvement first adopted by this road.

When you are in Chicago, run down to Kansas City or Omaha and study at first hand the tremendous possibilities of the regions they serve. If you are going to the Coast, by all means go west on "The Olympian." You will see the most diversified scenery in America—golden plains lush dairy country—three of the greatest rivers in the world—four tremendous mountain ranges the glories of Puget Sound—a new empire bursting ripe with opportunities!



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MOONLIGHT AT THE CROSSROADS

(Continued from Page 7

garden over here. Now your first line, Zell dear."

They had never seen her more considerate. A little later poor old Harry Buckstone fumbled a line: he fumbled it again and again. Worried, Thatcher watched the star's expressive face. He looked for an explosion that would rock the boat. But Sibyl Clay was infinitely patient, amazingly sweet and kind. The actor who had been with her in London was at a loss to explain it—until his eye fell suddenly on Dan Maynard, intently watching in the background. They rehearsed until one o'clock and the man from Honolulu remained to the end.

After luncheon Norman Wayne sat in a chair outside his stateroom, a pile of books by his side. Maynard came along, stopped. "You look rather literary," he remarked.

Wayne laughed. "Reading up on the South Seas," he explained. "A part of the world that interests me hugely—always has—those lonely islands away down there at the jumping-off place."

Maynard dropped into a chair. "Not quite so romantic as the authors make them out to be," he suggested.

"You've seen them then?" Wayne asked.

"I've run down there occasionally."

"Lucky devil!" said Wayne. "I suppose they are touched up a bit in the stories. Still, environment has its effect, and there must be something in these tales, after all. A forgotten beach beneath the palms—a few white men in a land meant only for the brown—hot sun, hot blood, hate, greed, revenge. A violent landscape would naturally breed violent deeds."

"Oh, yes, of course. Strange things have happened in the South Seas." Maynard lighted a cigarette. "By the way, I was very much interested in your rehearsal. A charming woman, Miss Clay."

"Yes—charming."

"I recall seeing her act five years ago in London. Never dreamed I'd meet her some day."

"A great favorite in London," Wayne said; "for—for quite some years," he added, with meaning.

"And so sweet and unspoiled, despite her big success."

"Absolutely," agreed Wayne, who was a gentleman.

"Must be a great privilege to work with her," suggested Maynard.

"One learns constantly." Wayne thought of the lines missing from his part in Isabelle.

"Sorry you're not going to stop longer in Honolulu," Maynard went on.

"We all regret it," answered Wayne. "You were born there, I believe you said?"

"Oh, yes."

"In business there?"

"Well, in a way. Look after the interests my father left—a few sugar plantations, a trust company."

"Someone told me your name was quite well known in Hawaii."

"I guess it is. My grandfather came there as a missionary."

"You're not—you're not married, I take it?"

Maynard laughed. "No. Unlucky that way—or lucky, however you care to put it." He rose and tossed his cigarette over the side. "I live in bachelor comfort in a big house on the beach. Speaking of that, I'd be honored if you and Mr. Thatcher would dine with me tomorrow night. Let's make it early—6:30—since you're sailing at ten."

"Very kind of you, I'm sure."

"I hope to persuade Miss Clay to come too."

"I'm sure she will. Speaking for myself, I'll be delighted."

"Then that's fixed," said Maynard. "I'll leave you now to your lurid literature."

He went on down the deck. The afternoon drifted lazily by. At eight that night Wayne came upon Nellie Forteasque, seated beside Tom Mixell and the girl in the shadow of a lifeboat on the after deck.

"Come and join us," said the old lady. "It's night, and the moon is shining, and we're all in love. We're planning our future. It's wonderful. We're all going to be married in Sydney—at least, these children are. We're going to save our money and go back with full pockets and take London by storm. How does it sound to you?"

Wayne smiled ruefully. "Sounds beautiful—for the children. You come away now, Nellie. They want to be alone."

"Oh, no!" cried the girl. "Nellie, don't listen to him!"

But the old lady stood up. "Oh, he's quite right. I was just stealing a little of your happiness—you have so much, my dear." She and Wayne strolled down the deck.

"Beautiful—for the children," said Wayne. "But for me ——"

"Nonsense! You're a mere boy."

"I'm forty-five, Nellie."

"Think of me. I'm seventy-two seventy-two, and sailing off into the moonlight—the Hawaiian moonlight they say's so dangerous. Oh, well, I've had my fun. And now I'm safe—secure for another year at least. That's something at my age. Bless you, it's everything!"

"It's something, even at forty-five," Wayne agreed. They stopped by the starboard rail. Through a long silence they watched the waves moving restlessly in the white path of the moon. From the lounge came the sad, plaintive strains of a Hawaiian melody. Wayne looked at the woman beside him.

"I remember you, Nellie," he said gently. "I was just a youngster—you won't mind my saying it? I remember—at the old theater in York—how beautiful you were. Your Viola ——"

"Dear boy." Her voice broke. "Those were great days—great days for Nellie. If I'd only saved something for the future; but I thought youth lasted forever. These children think that too. I'm glad they do."

Another silence. "I think I'll go below," the woman said. "Tomorrow will be an exciting day. Good night—and thank you for remembering."

"Thank you for the memory," said Wayne.

Alone again, he moved aimlessly about the ship. On the upper deck, at a corner of the wireless operator's cabin, he heard low voices. One he recognized—a magic voice that had held thousands enraptured in the London stalls. He paused for a moment; he was a gentleman, but he lingered.

"Yes, it's quite true," Sibyl Clay was saying. "I've had everything I wanted out of life. Everyone has been so good to me. Fame, applause—the top of the heap, always."

"It must have been a great satisfaction to you," came Dan Maynard's voice.

"Oh, it has been. I've loved it—reveled in it. That's why I think it's so very strange ——"

"What is so strange?"

"There must be something in the air out this way—I don't know—I can't explain it. I only know that if you were to come to me tonight and tell me that this boat would never reach port, that my career was ended, that I'd just go sailing on through eternity over a sea like glass, I—I wouldn't mind, Dan. Not with you aboard."

Wayne lingered for Maynard's answer. When it came, the voice of the Honolulu man was calm, unmoved. "It's the tropics," he explained evenly. "You're just on the edge, but they've got you already. Wait until you see Waikiki. . . . By the way, I want you to come to dinner at my house tomorrow night."

"That will be thrilling—dinner with you."

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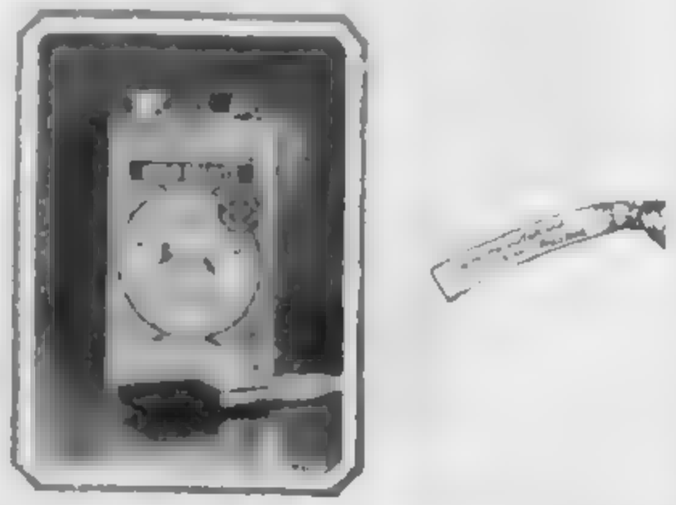

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"Wayne and Thatcher are coming too."

"But ——" There was disappointment in that magic voice.

"I've already asked them," Maynard went on. "And that reminds me, I promised Thatcher I'd join the two of them for bridge this evening. He said I must bring you—for a very charming fourth."

"But it's so much nicer on deck." Wayne could not see, but he knew that pout of her lips. "Can't we stay here?"

Maynard had risen. "A promise is a promise," he was saying.

Norman Wayne slipped away. When, a few moments later, he entered the smoking room, the three of them were already at a table. Thatcher was dealing the cards.

"I much preferred the deck," Sibyl Clay said. "This stuffy old room —— But men are all alike. They have no appreciation."

"On the contrary," said Wayne, "I'm thrilled to the depths. There's a drizzle in London, no doubt, and little pools of water in the dark alley that leads to the stage door. But tomorrow we shall stand in the Honolulu sunshine."

"At the crossroads of the Pacific," added Maynard.

"At the crossroads," repeated Wayne. He glanced at his hand. "I make it two hearts," he said.

III

AT NINE the next morning the boat from Los Angeles came to a stop in Honolulu harbor. The air was warm and moist and heavy, uncooled by any breeze. The little group of players gathered at the rail, and with that keen interest characteristic of British tourists the world over, stared at the unfamiliar scene. Beyond the water front, unromantic and commercial, they saw the white tops of buildings, like islands in a sea of brilliant green, and still beyond, blue peaks against a cloudless sky.

Nixon moved among them, worried as always. "You'll have to look after your own hand luggage," he admonished. "I'll have your trunks aboard the Princess Irene as soon as she comes in. Don't forget, we sail at ten sharp, and for God's sake, don't any of you miss the boat."

A gleaming limousine with a Japanese chauffeur was waiting for Dan Maynard, and at his invitation Miss Clay, Wayne and Thatcher rode with him to the Alexander Young Hotel. There the three players engaged rooms for the day.

"You'll be comfortable here," said Maynard. "I've just told the clerk to take special care of you. I'd like to have you at the house, but I've been away for months, and no doubt things are rather upset there. However, I'll have everything running on schedule by dinnertime. And if you don't mind, I'm going to call for you all at two o'clock and show you round a bit."

Sibyl Clay nodded. "You're too good," she said. There was a noticeable lack of enthusiasm in her tone.

For three hours that afternoon Maynard motored them about the island. His high spirits at being home again were contagious. He was no longer a boy, but his manner was boyish and charming, and Wayne found himself liking the man more and more the longer he knew him. No host could have been more gracious. They saw and they admired, and when the Honolulu man set them down at their hotel at five, he told them that his chauffeur would call for them in about an hour to carry them to his beach home.

Wayne dressed with care, then repacked his bags and rang for a bell boy. It was a bit after six when he descended to the lobby. He settled his account with the smiling little Chinese clerk and directed that his luggage be piled near the desk.

"I'll call for it later this evening," he explained.

"Yes, sir," agreed the clerk. "It will be very safe."

He went over and, lighting a cigarette, dropped into a wicker chair. Women tourists turned to stare at him, and no wonder. A leading man on the London stage for many years, he had in his day set many feminine hearts to beating faster.

Thatcher appeared, his face more crimson than ever above his white shirt front, the eternal monocle in his eye. His luggage, too, came with him, and when he had paid his bill, he strolled over to Wayne.

"Clay's late as usual, I see," he remarked

As he spoke, the great star stepped from the elevator. She had made good use of her brief time, Wayne thought as he looked at her. Well into the forties, he knew that, but marvelous are the possibilities of make-up when intelligently applied. And well she understood the virtue of the perfect costume. About her pale chiffon dinner gown she had wrapped a Spanish shawl, as flamboyantly colored as the Honolulu scene.

"I believe the car's outside," said Wayne, rising.

"I am ready," answered the star. He looked into her violet eyes and saw a great general going into battle.

Beautiful, yes, Wayne thought, but unkind of the setting sun to be so hideously bright in the limousine. Did she realize that she had passed the hilltop, that she was coasting down, that her days of fame were numbered? Of course she did. Hard lines on that lovely face, tired lines. At a candlelighted dinner table, however, they would not show, and under the Hawaiian moon —— Anything could happen under the Hawaiian moon.

They rolled along between rows of tall coconut palms, over the lowlands, past rice fields and taro patches, and came presently to Waikiki, with its huge hotels and its vast rambling houses. Through a gateway and along a drive that skirted a garden all crimson and gold, and so up to Dan Maynard's big front door.

Maynard was waiting in his living room, a great apartment furnished in expensive native woods, with greenery everywhere. One side of it was open, save for a protecting screen, to the white beach. About the whole establishment there was an air of wealth, security. To these gypsies of the theater it was a new environment, and their hearts stirred in a mild envy. What would it be like, to have a home, to stop all worry over money, engagements, to sit here by the murmuring surf and feel that disaster could never reach them?

Maynard was looking at Sibyl Clay with keen admiration. "You're wonderful," he said. "My poor house has never had such a visitor before. Hundreds of people here would have been thrilled to meet you, but I'm being very selfish."

"I'm glad you are," she smiled. "I shall enjoy the memory more. Just you and I—and Waikiki."

Wayne and Thatcher felt rather out of it, but cocktails restored them. The Japanese butler announced dinner and they all went in.

The quick tropic dusk was falling. Wayne's premonition came true—the table was candlelighted, and in that kindly glow the great Sibyl Clay was young again; young as Juliet, and as lovely. The silver of the Maynard family, famous for generations, sparkled no brighter than her violet eyes; the linen was no whiter than her slim, girlish shoulders. Again Wayne had the feeling of a general going into battle, fighting—for what? For security, perhaps; for peace and safety; for a new sort of happiness in this strange corner of the world.

Wayne found it difficult to take his eyes from her face, and seemingly Dan Maynard was in the same predicament. The Honolulu man saw, sitting across from him at his own table as though she belonged there, the most strikingly beautiful woman he had ever met. A sort of intoxication seemed to sweep over him; he talked faster and faster, stories of the islands, tales of his forbears' early adventures. Sibyl Clay had never been known as a good listener, but she listened now; she led him on, she smiled upon him. Intoxicated—he was all of that.

(Continued on Page 172

TWO FAITHFUL GUARDIANS OF BABY'S HEALTH

Two million babies are entering their second summer- will *yours* be protected?

THE really effective way to safeguard Baby against summer heat is to conserve his vitality in advance. Any physician will tell you that. There are disease germs everywhere—in food, in the air, and often tucked away inside of Baby. It takes a vigorous constitution to resist them.

Summer heat is a severe strain on babies. It saps their strength just as it saps the strength of older and bigger folks. It is a time to have all the vital force it is possible to muster. To have it, you must build it, with vital, life-giving food.

For a number of weeks and even months before July and August, Baby's milk should be absolutely fresh and pure. Never for a moment should it be permitted to deteriorate. It should be kept in a well iced refrigerator from the instant it is delivered by the milkman to the instant when it is poured out for Baby's use.

The instant milk is unprotected by ice, bacteria multiply fast. That not only deprives milk of its rich flavor and vital food value; it quickly makes milk unsafe for a young child to consume.

Why take such a chance when you can constantly keep Baby's milk fresh and pure at the cost of a few cents per day for ice. Cold numbs bacteria in milk—puts them to sleep as effectively as though they were drugged.

Remember, also, that a nickel's worth of ice saves a dollar's worth of food—for the whole family.

You do not save money by not taking ice until the heat of summer. Your food suffers. Meat, milk, butter, eggs, and other perishable foods lose that delicate flavor which only a fresh condition can preserve.

A good housewife takes ice regularly, spring and fall, as well as summer. That keeps her food in prime condition. In April and May, evenings may be cool, but many days are warm and even hot. Such changes are bad for food. In a good refrigerator, ice will keep a safe, even temperature. When you spend a dollar for food, why not add a nickel for ice to keep its flavor? Ice melts slowly in the spring months; its cost is but a trifle.

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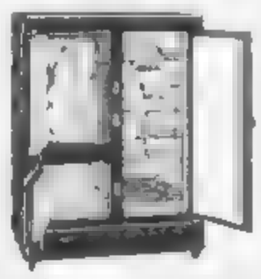
Little Talks About Refrigeration



Keep milk and butter immediately below the ice chamber where the circulating air comes pure and cold, direct from the ice.

THE well informed housewife takes ice the year 'round. She would not risk the dangers of an out-door window box or a cellar shelf. That exposes food to germ-laden air and to alternate warming and cooling—the worst condition for keeping food wholesome

Ice is more than a refrigerant It purifies food. Nearly all exposed food gathers impurities from handling and from the air. When such food is stored away in a refrigerator, it is surrounded by circulating air, due to the cold air sinking and the warmer air rising. These air currents carry the surface impurities back to the ice, which absorbs them, as all moisture does. Then they seep down the drain pipe and disappear. That purifies your food. It is another big advantage of using ice

Ice not only keeps food cold, it ventilates it. Put food in a refrigerator, or any other closed container, *without ice*, and you may keep it fairly cold in cold weather, but you will not keep it pure. Impurities develop and there is no air circulation to carry them off.

Of course, food out-doors or in a cellar does get air circulation, but it also gathers dirt—soot and dust. These tiny particles, when germ-laden, infect the food.

The safe way to keep food the year 'round is in a good refrigerator properly iced to chill the food and *keep it cold*

Get these scientific facts about baby's food

Contained in a valuable booklet, written in simple, informative style by Dr. M. E. Pennington, Home Refrigeration Expert. It gives dependable facts and suggestions about baby's food—tells how to use and care for milk, orange and tomato juice, broth, prunes, cod liver oil, etc

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Continued from Page 170

"Ah, but you're not the first, my boy," Wayne thought.

The perfect dinner ended at last, and they retired to the drawing-room for coffee. Wayne took his cup and strode to the screen. Beyond, in the scented night, he saw the white parade of the breakers, line after foamy line in a sea of molten silver.

"Always wanted to visit this spot," he remarked, coming back into the room. "The crossroads." He sat down. "I've been thinking tonight—each one of us stands at the crossroads at some time in his life. I stood there myself once, long ago twenty-five years ago. Yes, I was at the crossroads, and one word—one little word—decided my course forever after."

"How was that?" asked Thatcher, putting down his cup.

"Twenty-seven years ago, to be exact," Wayne went on. He glanced at his host and Sibyl Clay; they appeared to be interested. "I was a boy of eighteen at the time, born and reared in a strict household in the cathedral city of York—in the very shadow of the minster, in fact. My father was a stern, hard man; he dominated us all, my mother—all of us. His hardness had already driven my elder brother from home. And I, the second son, his last hope—I wanted to go on the stage.

"You can imagine his horror at that. The theater was the house of the devil, he said, and he meant it too. He ranted and stormed, but—well, a traveling troupe came our way; they were doing Gilbert and Sullivan in the provinces. There was an opening in the company and I ran away from home in the night."

He looked at Maynard. "My dear sir, you can never appreciate the life I got into. For a short time all went well; then the houses fell off. We didn't play to the gas. Our salaries stopped, our pitiful luggage was seized for hotel bills, we ate but rarely. Somehow, we struggled on. I had never dreamed such misery could exist in the world. We managed to reach Dublin, and there my resistance gave out. I wired a friend for money to go home.

"I got back to York on Sunday morning—they were ringing the minster bells. It seemed like heaven to me. I was sick and weary. I wanted no more of the theater; I had been cured of my madness. For a time I was afraid to go to the house, but along about noon my courage returned and I went.

"I entered the little drawing-room. My father and mother were sitting there, reading. For a long while I stood just inside the door. They never looked at me. Miserably unhappy, I went to my room, freshened up, came back downstairs. Again I stood there, a pitifully young boy, hungry for sympathy, for a kind word. Finally my father looked up. His eyes were stony and cold.

"'Well,' he said through his teeth, 'have you had enough of the theater?'

"'No!' I cried. Just one little word, sharp with anger and bitterness. Mind you, I had been at the point of forswearing the stage forever. I was at the crossroads. One kind word, one friendly look —— But at that tone in my father's voice, something broke inside me. 'No, no, no!' I fairly shouted, and went out of that house for all time. I borrowed money to get to London. More misery, more heartbreak—but there was no turning back now. I dropped our family name of Harkness. I became Norman Wayne, an actor, and—and here I am."

Maynard shook his head. "Poor little kid," he said pityingly. "It was cruel—cruel. Tell me, have you ever regretted —— "

Wayne smiled. "Sometimes," he said. "Sometimes I've wondered, if my poor mother had spoken —— Oh, well, what's the use? It's all over now."

Thatcher was thoughtfully swinging his monocle on its black ribbon. "By the way," he began, "you say your family name was Harkness?"

"Yes. Naturally, I dropped it. I wanted no more of my father, not even his name."

"Years ago," continued Thatcher slowly, "I knew a chap named Harkness. A Yorkshire man he was too. It was in the South Seas."

"In the South Seas?"

"Yes. I told you I'd been out there, you know, as a young chap. This Albert Harkness ——"

"Albert?"

"That was his name. I knew him rather well. We were alone for some months on the island of Apiang, in the Gilbert group. As a matter of fact, I was the last white man to see him alive."

Wayne got slowly to his feet. "You were the last white man to see old Bertie alive?" he repeated. His face had paled.

"Why, yes. You knew him?"

"He was my elder brother, the one my father had driven from home before I left."

"Not really?" Thatcher was silent for a moment. "Odd, isn't it? We've traveled all the way from London together—I never dreamed —— Of course, my name is a stage name too. If I'd mentioned sooner that I was Redfield ——"

"Redfield?" said Wayne. "Ah, yes, Henry Redfield. You were with my brother on Apiang?"

"Precisely. We were traders there."

"And he died—of a fever?" Something in the man's voice brought a brief, electric silence to that room.

"Of a fever—yes," said Thatcher. "I buried him myself. We were alone among the natives, save for a Chinese cook."

Wayne sat down. "Ah, yes," he said. "So you are Redfield. You knew old Bertie. We must have a talk about this, my friend—a long talk."

Sibyl Clay had risen; she stood tall and fair and shining. Dan Maynard felt a little catch in his throat as he looked at her. "All very interesting, I'm sure," she said. "But, Mr. Maynard, the time is going so quickly, and you have promised to show me Waikiki in the moonlight."

"Of course," cried Maynard, leaping up. "You fellows seem to have something to talk over, so if you don't mind ——"

"By all means," agreed Wayne, and Thatcher nodded.

Maynard held open the screen door and Sibyl Clay went out. The night was magic, and filled with the odors of exotic plants, flaming with the crimson blossoms of the poinciana trees. They heard the breakers whispering on the beach. Side by side, very close, they walked together down a shadowy path.

Maynard was dazed, bewitched. Thirty-five, rich, powerful, women had been near him before; they had tried to win him, but in vain.

Always he had guarded his freedom, his independence. But now—he was not so sure of himself now. Many women, yes, but never a woman like this before.

He led her to a bench under a hau tree, some thirty feet from the house. Out toward the reef twinkled the lights of Japanese fishing boats; just above the horizon hung the Southern Cross. A cool breeze swept in from the sea, and the hau tree dropped a yellow blossom in her lap.

"Is it what you expected?" Maynard asked.

"It's wonderful," she answered softly. "I know now—I understand—why people come and never want to go away. Life must be beautiful here—and old age always round the corner—the corner one never needs to turn."

"I was born in that house," he told her. "I learned to swim in these waters. It's home, and I love it."

"I love it, too," she told him. "I'm seeing it for the first time, and I adore it. How happy you must be here. But—you are alone. Surely nights like this —— How does it come that you live here in this paradise alone?"

"It may be," he answered, "because I've never met a woman I cared to ask to—to share it with me."

She was very close. "We must find that woman for you. Tell me, have you ever thought—what sort of woman ——"

The cool breeze touched his face. He hesitated, drew back a little. "Promise me," he began—"you'll be going home one of these days—promise me that on your way back you'll stop over for a longer stay."

She shook her head. "No, I shan't go home this way. It's all arranged. When the Australian tour is ended, we return to England by way of Suez. Around the world, you see."

"Then," he said, "this is your only night at Waikiki."

"Yes. Just once in a lifetime—at the crossroads"

"It's a wonderful night, for me at least," said Maynard. "I shall remember it always. But you, when you're back in London ——"

London! She shuddered inwardly. It was true, what they whispered about her—she knew it. She was through. The thought of London appalled her—new faces, new favorites, Sibyl Clay forgotten. But, of course, Dan Maynard must not suspect.

"Yes, London will be glorious," she said brightly. "They'll give me a marvelous welcome home; they were all so sorry to see me go. And Australia—there's a big triumph waiting there, I know. But even so——"

"Yes?"

"It's just as I told you last night on the boat. Something has happened to me, something very strange. I don't care about my career any more, Dan. I don't care about Australia, or even London."

"Sibyl," he cried—his voice trembled—"do you mean that? Because ——"

He stopped. From his drawing-room came the sharp crack of a revolver, followed by the crash of breaking glass.

IV

DAN MAYNARD leaped to his feet and ran along the path to the house, while Sibyl Clay followed more slowly at his heels. As they entered the drawing-room, the Japanese butler, badly frightened, appeared from the hall.

Maynard gasped in amazement as he looked about that usually quiet and peaceful room, for he saw the marks of a terrific struggle. Chairs were overturned, rugs were displaced. Indeed, the struggle was still going on. In the center of the room Wayne and Thatcher fought desperately for possession of a pistol held in Wayne's right hand. In another moment Wayne broke away; he raised the pistol and pointed it at his panting antagonist. But Maynard was too quick for him. He leaped forward, and after a moment of brief effort, wrenched the weapon away.

"For God's sake," he cried, "what does this mean?"

Wayne staggered back against a table. His face was deathly pale, his mouth twitched convulsively, his eyes were blazing. "I'll get you, Redfield," he muttered. "I missed that time, but I'll get you yet."

"What does this mean, I say?" repeated Maynard. He slipped the revolver into his pocket, and going over, laid a hand on Wayne's arm. "Pull yourself together, man. Tatu"—he turned to the butler—"whisky-and-soda, quick."

The butler went out. Wayne sank weakly into a chair.

"I—I'm sorry, Mr. Maynard," he said. "I broke your window. I'm afraid I'm a rotten bad shot. I owe you an explanation and an apology. In—in a moment, please." He buried his head in his arms.

Sibyl Clay came and stood before him. Her eyes were cold; hard lines had appeared about her mouth. "What is this silly melodrama?" she demanded. "Come, speak up!"

"Just a moment," Wayne repeated.

"Take your time," said Maynard. "And try and calm yourself, if you can."

A long silence. The butler appeared with a tray. Maynard himself poured a drink and offered it to Wayne. The actor's hand trembled as he reached for it; the glass tinkled against his teeth. At a safe distance, Thatcher, his face verging on the purple now, watched with a wary eye.

"Yes," said Wayne slowly, "I must explain. I told you I was interested in the South Seas, Mr. Maynard. I was interested because of my older brother, who ran away from home several years before I did. For a time he drifted about down there, and finally settled down as a trader on the lonely island of Apiang. His partner was a man named Redfield—this creature who calls himself Thatcher. The same man: he doesn't deny it. You heard him yourself."

"I do not deny it," said Thatcher. "We were together on that island, Bert Harkness and I."

"On that lonely island, the only two white men for miles around. Some sort of feud grew up between them ——"

"It's a lie!" cried Thatcher.

"Until finally this swine shot poor old Bertie in the back."

"A lie, I tell you!" Thatcher shouted.

"Shot him in the back, like the yellow coward he is, and then reported poor Bertie had died of a fever."

"Mr. Maynard, I appeal to you," said Thatcher. "The man is mad. What proof has he ——"

"Proof enough," cut in Wayne. "You thought you were safe, didn't you? You forgot that Chinese cook. You thought he didn't know, but he did, and two years after, he told the whole story to a missionary named McCandless. The missionary wrote it all to me."

"This happened a long time ago?" inquired Maynard.

"Over twenty years ago," Wayne told him. "When I heard the true story of Bertie's death, it was too late. Redfield had disappeared utterly. The earth had swallowed him up. But I've been waiting. That's why I took this engagement. I've been waiting, and now, as luck will have it, I meet Redfield in your drawing-room—and I'll never leave him again, not until I've paid him back, not until ——"

"Ridiculous!" said Sibyl Clay. "In all my life I've never heard anything so ridiculous. Mr. Thatcher, I'm sure Mr. Maynard will furnish you with a car. Go to the boat and wait for us."

Thatcher stood up. "Pardon me," he said, "I'll do nothing of the sort. This idiot has called me a coward, but I'm not, and I'll not run away like one. No, we'll have this out here and now."

"I'll get you, Redfield," muttered Wayne. "I'll get you, I promise you that."

"Try it!" sneered Thatcher. "I'm an older man than you, yet I'm not afraid. Try it, but look out I don't get you!"

"In the back," said Wayne. "A shot in the back—that's your specialty."

"You lie!" Thatcher cried.

"Just a moment," pleaded Maynard. "Wayne, I thought you were a sensible man. Suppose you do get him, as you say. Think of what it will mean."

"I've got to get him," said Wayne pitifully. "Poor old Bertie—we were more than brothers. The only member of my family I ever loved. Why, when we were boys ——"

"Rubbish!" cried Sibyl Clay. Her face was drawn, old. Maynard looked at her in wonder. He brought forward a chair.

"Sit down," he said.

"Why should I sit down?" she demanded.

"You seem rather tired, that's all," he answered gently. For a long moment their eyes met. Sibyl Clay was a great general, but she knew when her campaign was lost. She dropped into the chair.

"Now let's talk this over quietly," Maynard said. "I can understand how you feel, Wayne, old man. Naturally, in the moment of meeting this chap—of recognizing him, I mean—you lost your head. But you must calm down. I like you; you're a good fellow, and if you take the law into your own hands like this, you know the end. Your whole life wrecked, and what will you have accomplished?"

(Continued on Page 176)

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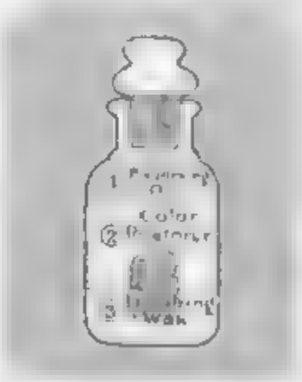

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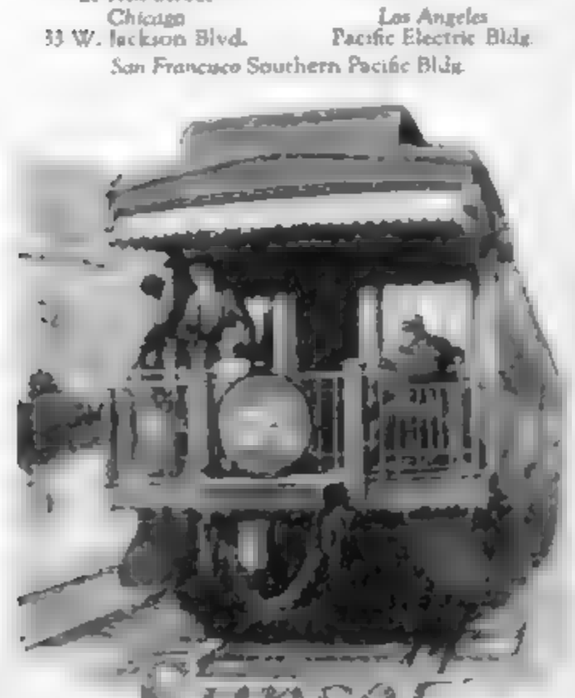

Sunset Route

SOUTHERN PACIFIC LINES

(Continued from Page 173

"An eye for an eye," muttered Wayne stubbornly.

"Nonsense! That's archaic. Besides, if you'll pardon my saying so, your evidence seems a bit flimsy."

"It's all of that," put in Thatcher. "I remember now. I had a row with that Chinaman about his wages after Harkness died. This absurd story of his is the Oriental idea of revenge."

"Precisely," said Maynard. "You hear, Wayne? That's quite likely ——"

"Chinese don't lie," objected Wayne. "We all know that."

"Do we?" said Maynard. "Most of them don't, that's true. The Chinese reputation for truthfulness is built upon a pretty solid foundation. But there are about half a billion of them, and there are black sheep in that race as in all others. I speak from experience. I haven't lived all my life in Hawaii without knowing the Chinese. Why, my dear fellow, I could give you examples ——"

"For instance," said Thatcher eagerly.

Maynard sat down. "A good many years ago," he began, "we had a house boy ——"

Sibyl Clay interrupted. "Now," she said bitterly, "I suppose we are to have your life story too."

Maynard regarded her coolly. "I am trying to avert a catastrophe," he said. "Kindly remember that." He turned to Wayne. "This boy of ours was very young—twenty, I think—a Cantonese and a splendid servant. He became obsessed with some fancied grievance and we let him go. He went away and spread the most fantastic lies about us. We had to drag him into court in the end. He broke down and confessed he had been trying to save his face." Wayne listened stubbornly. "What I'm trying to get at is, if one Chinese would do that, another would. How do you know that in this instance ——"

Wayne shook his head.

"You mean well, Maynard. But this man is guilty; he's guilty as the devil. Look at him!"

"I see no evidence of his guilt," protested Maynard. "On the contrary, I see several things that point to his innocence—and so would you, in a calmer mood. For example, he was under no compulsion to tell you he was Redfield."

"Precisely," cried Thatcher. "If I'd killed poor Bert, do you think I'd have revealed myself to his brother?"

"You thought you were safe," said Wayne. "You never dreamed that Chinaman knew what was going on at Apiang."

"Even so," persisted Maynard, "I think he would have remained silent. Wayne, will you take my advice?"

"I promise nothing," answered Wayne.

"That missionary is still alive?"

"He was a few years ago—living in Sydney."

"Sydney—your next stop. And the Chinaman?"

"He was in Sydney too."

"There you are. Remember, there are courts to settle this sort of thing. Let the matter rest for the present. Admit like a man that your evidence against this chap is none too good. When you get to Sydney, investigate; learn how that story has stood the test of time."

"A splendid idea," cried Thatcher. "Give me a chance. I'll help with your investigation. I'll prove your story is rot, and I'll prove other things. That brother of yours—you think he was a saint. Well, he was a dirty blackbirder."

Wayne leaped to his feet. "You liar!" he cried. "You contemptible liar! Shoot a man in the back, and then besmirch his name!"

Maynard got between them just in time. Sibyl Clay sighed wearily. "Will this never end?" she said.

"He'll apologize for that!" Wayne shouted.

"Yes, yes, of course he will," said Maynard. "Come on, Thatcher, you didn't mean it."

"Oh, didn't I?" Thatcher stood glaring through his monocle. Somewhere in the distance a bell tinkled. "I meant every word of it—a blackbirder! What's that beside the things he's accused me of here tonight?"

The butler entered. "Telephone ring for Miss Clay," he announced.

The woman followed the butler out. Maynard went to Thatcher and spoke in a low voice. Thatcher stepped toward Wayne.

"Very good," he said, "I apologize. I withdraw what I said."

Wayne nodded. "I've got a beastly temper," he murmured. "I inherited it. I'm sorry."

The actress returned, walking slowly. "That was Nixon," she remarked, in a dead, tired voice. "It's twenty-five minutes before ten, and he's frantic. He's picked up our luggage at the hotel. We—we had better go." She looked at Dan Maynard.

"Of course." Maynard went to the hall, and they followed. He gave the men their hats and sticks; he wrapped the Spanish shawl about Sibyl Clay. "The car is just outside." In the drive, he turned to them. "I'm taking you down myself. Wayne, get in front with me. Thatcher, you ride in the back with Miss Clay."

Kalakaua Avenue was deserted, an ideal speedway, and Dan Maynard's idea appeared to be speed. They tore on through the brilliant Hawaiian night. As they went, the Honolulu man talked in a low voice to Wayne. In the rear seat, Sibyl Clay sat haughty and aloof beside the erstwhile Sir James. She was thinking of London, despairingly.

Nixon was pacing the dim pier shed, a man distraught. "Well, you nearly missed it, didn't you?" he cried. "Everyone's on board but you. In heaven's name, get on!"

"Thatcher," said Maynard, "I've had a talk with Wayne. He's going to make an investigation down in Sydney. Until then, there's a truce between you."

"Thanks," said Thatcher. "That suits me perfectly. I'll help with the investigation, as I promised."

Maynard stood with Wayne's pistol in the palm of his hand. "Do you carry this about with you all the time?" he asked.

Wayne nodded. "For the past few weeks—yes," he said.

"I think I'd better keep it," Maynard suggested.

A Porcupine in a Cottonwood Tree, in the Harney National Forest, South Dakota

"I fancy you had," Wayne agreed. "Thank you for what you've done—and good-by." He followed Thatcher up the gangplank.

Maynard turned to Sibyl Clay. He felt a little pang of regret as he saw her white face. "Better reconsider," he said. "If you'll come back this way ——"

She shook her head. "No," she answered wearily. "There are some moments, Dan—they come once, and never again. This was my only stop in Honolulu." She held out her hand. "Good night."

"Good-by, and good luck," said Maynard gently.

The plank was drawn in as she reached the deck, and a few moments later the big ship crept from the pier. Slowly it drew away from the harbor lights, swung round and headed for Australia.

V

AN HOUR later Norman Wayne stood in a friendly shadow near the prow of the boat. A pipe was between his teeth, and he was staring at the dim shore line of Oahu.

A short, stocky man came creeping out of the dark, slowly, silently. For a moment he stood at Wayne's back, unperceived. Then he stepped to the rail at Wayne's side. They looked at each other. Neither spoke. The stout man took out his own pipe and began to fill it.

"You're a damned good actor, Wayne," he remarked softly. "I've always thought so, but I was never surer of it than I was back there tonight."

"Thanks," said Wayne. "I give every part my best. My one rule of life. We weren't a moment too soon with our bit of melodrama, old chap."

Thatcher nodded. "I know. I saw it in her face when they came in."

"I've been suffering a few moments of remorse," went on Wayne. "Are you quite sure we did the right thing?"

"Of course we did. It's just as I told you this noon. I know Sibyl Clay—selfish, utterly selfish. She'd have hooked that chap in another moment—married him tomorrow, probably. And what would have become of us? A lot she'd care. The tour would have ended before it began. She'd have thrown us all over, stranded us nine thousand miles from home, all our hopes smashed—poor old Nellie, Harry Buckstone, the two kids—oh, we did the right thing."

"I was thinking of Maynard."

"Ah, yes, Maynard. A fine chap. She'd have ruined his life, just as she's ruined others. Yes, young Maynard was very near to taking the wrong turn at the crossroads tonight. But we dragged him back. He'll be grateful to us in the morning."

Thatcher lighted his pipe. "We'd best be careful," said Wayne, glancing over his shoulder. "Mustn't act too chummy until I can pretend to dig up new evidence at Sydney and tell Sibyl Clay I was wrong."

"Of course." Thatcher started to move away. "You added a few details to the scenario we worked out at luncheon," he said.

"Naturally. The excitement of the moment, you know. Yes, I had several inspirations."

"There was one in particular I didn't much care for," Thatcher continued—"that about my shooting poor old Bertie in the back. I wouldn't shoot any man in the back. You know it."

"Nonsense!" said Wayne. "I've read more South Sea stories than you have. Men are always shot in the back down there. And if it comes to that, I didn't like what you said about Bertie—a dirty blackbirder."

Thatcher laughed. "You don't mean you've actually got a brother named Bertie?" he inquired.

"Certainly I have. He's a bookseller directly across from the Mitre, in Oxford." Wayne looked up at the star-strewn sky. "How he would enjoy a tour like this. Poor old Bertie has never been out of England in his life."

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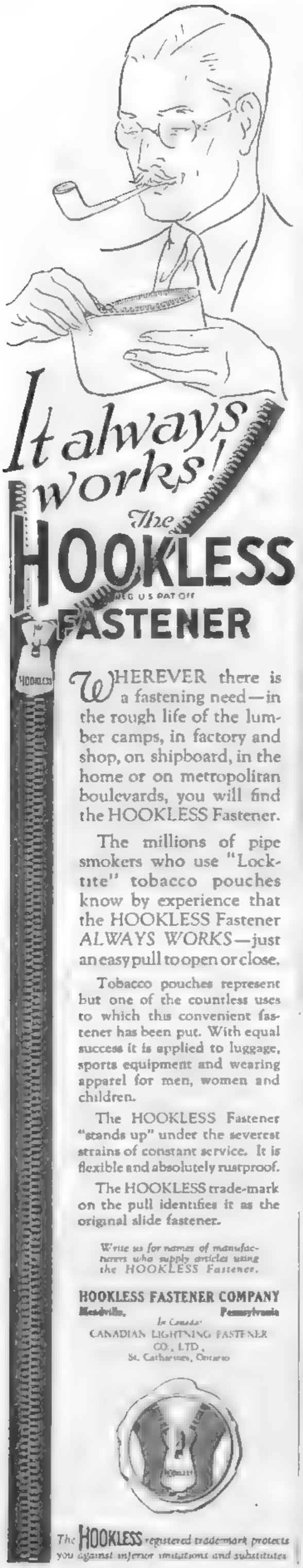
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THE MAD MASQUERADE

(Continued from Page 40)

Another long silence. Frank was tired too. Funny thing, thought Tybo, these twins went up and down together. Reluctantly he went to bed. The sound of his closing door opened that of Peter. She stole out, barefooted, in shimmering pajamas. She sat at her brother's feet, her head in his lap.

"Do you like her, Frank—a lot I mean?"

"Yes, but not enough. Don't worry about the Treaty of Luxembourg, old girl." He patted her head.

"I'm a pig," she sighed, "but—of course we were idiots. The treaty is dead."

No listener could know what these twins meant. Their minds ran so smoothly together that they half said everything. On their twenty-first birthday they had made a solemn compact in the Gardens of the Luxembourg. Neither should marry except at a double wedding. Their cryptic utterances now meant that Peter was in love and hoped that Frank was too. If he would marry Sara she was free to win Tybo.

She thrust up a pinched, eager face. "I'm sorry," she murmured; "yet I'm glad. . . . I hate red hair!" The last words were vehemently cried out. "I've gone mad, Frank. I'm crazy. That's the truth. I've fallen for him so hard I hate him. It hurts me so much to hate him that I love him more." She sprang to her feet. "Look at me," she commanded, lifting his chin. "Have you seen anything, heard anything, guessed anything? Is he in love with her?"

He looked startled, troubled. "Haven't you got any farther than that?" he asked. "And you've let yourself go like this. Peter, pull yourself together."

"Pull an earthquake, a tornado, together!" she cried in a shrill voice. "No, it's not a race. I don't know if anybody's running but me. But I've got to win—I've just got to win." She padded up and down the room in her bare feet, her hair tousled, her face distraught. "I know he's poor," she said. She snapped her fingers. "I know he doesn't care for the things we care for. No matter. But Paris—to give up Paris. I'd fight to the death for that."

"Look here, kid," her brother said, "you've got to fight for him first. Forget the rest."

"Shameful!" she cried. "They've used him, fooled him, to deceive a poor old blind woman—to commit a big fraud. I ——"

"Quiet, Peter, quiet. Be fair ——"

"Crooks! That's what they are. A pair of them—and they use him."

"Peter!" He was alarmed at her unbridled words, her vehemence. She stopped in front of him. Her half-closed eyes, her curled lip, changed the impish face into one of snarling menace.

"They had better look out, Frank. I'll stand just so much." She turned and scuttled into her room.

Her brother sat for a long time, staring into an empty grate. Peter's first trouble—thus far they had laughed through life—and jealousy had suddenly transformed her. He was very sorry for her. He feared that Sara had already won this stranger that they had with such light hearts picked up in Paris slums in the early morning hours. What more natural? The two had been living a fairy tale together. Misery then for Peter—the gay-hearted, kindly Peter, so changed already that she saw dark motives and sinister meanings in Sara's innocent acts. She threatened, too—Peter threatened. Frank unerringly read into her last words exactly what she meant. If she lost this Tybo to Sara she would expose the great Pontlottyn deception. She meant it too. Her brother doubted whether he could restrain her. Never a serious difference before, and now it had come, so swiftly, so sharply, that it threatened cleavage.

"Hang the fellow!" Frank cried. "Why did we drag him here?" He went to bed greatly disturbed.

Tybo played secretary the next day and dictated to a grand young lady, much decorated with imitation pearls. He expanded the curt indorsements on His Lordship's letters and the young lady typed in either language, as he wished. It seemed odd to him to talk English and see French emerge, and he wished that the capable, beautiful lady provided by the hotel would use less scent. One letter interested him. It offered to underwrite an issue for fifty-five thousand pounds. Afterward he asked Lord Llanthony about it.

"This London shipping company," said His Lordship, "is sound. It is going to the public for a large sum. It is popular, well-known. All the shares will be subscribed It is good plunder for me. I offer to underwrite the issue. That is, I guarantee to take all that the public does not take. If my offer is accepted, they will pay me this two hundred and sixty thousand dollars."

"For what?" asked the surprised Tybo. "You say the public will take it all."

"My boy, I'm doing it cheap. I'm insuring the company against war, against a panic, against the death of the King, against a terrific gale that would put investors off shipping for a whole week, against a revolution in one of the great nations—against anything and everything that might kill the issue. Fifty things might happen. I take the risk. It would strain my resources to do my part if anything did happen, but I could do it. I'd have to carry the shares till better times. And now do you think I'm overpaid?"

"It seems a lot of money."

"It is cheap, I tell you."

"When you have a lot," Tybo observed, "it seems easy to make more."

Lord Llanthony laughed. "The first million takes the trouble," he said. "After that, you sit still and think, and the flood pours in."

He talked at some length about politics—English politics. The pungent comments, the inside knowledge, interested the boy, who could not guess that he was acquiring a smattering so that his answer to a delegation from England should not be quite too foolish.

XI

BLUNT, jolly Jacqueline Finley was again at the door of the Oldport villa, but this time its mistress was at home.

"I'm damnably angry, Jennifer," she began immediately—"I may say Jennifer, mayn't I? I want to know exactly what you told that old corkscrew Baines, when you drove down with him?" Jennifer blanched and stepped back. "I thought so. What a disgusting thing to do. You come and visit us, and you think you're safe among friends, and you're seething with a secret—and, of course, you boil over. He makes you boil over. Oh, I don't blame you a lot. Where could you learn that the only safe friend is a dog? He'll never tell your secrets. The last man in all the world who ought to know it."

Jennifer burst into tears.

"He promised not to tell," she sobbed. "And the misery I've endured since—perfect agony—and if Ellis ever learns ——" She had no words for that. She sank, despairing, to a seat.

"Beastly hard lines, Jennifer. They're going to run Pontlottyn against your husband." Jennifer looked puzzled. "Oh, don't you see? The two cousins fighting. All the town knows about the family row. Your husband—well, let us say he's respected. You can't say he's popular. Tybo comes with his jolly manners. I tell you he'll win—win, do you understand? I want him to, of course. He's my party. But the candidacy shall not come as a surprise to you. They've done you dirt—a guest in my house. Tell your husband."

"Never—oh, oh!" Jennifer, in despair, was not pretty.

"Silly, he can't beat you."

"Oh, if that was all," wailed the unhappy bride.

"Oh, buck up! If you are as afraid of him as all that why don't you have a shot at stopping it."

"Stop what—the election?"

"Stupid! Only a revolution could do that. Poor old Gaylord is dead. The blinds were drawn when I passed. It'll take two weeks for the writs to come down from London. Can't you get Pontlottyn not to stand? He liked you. He wouldn't run, perhaps, if you wrote to him how the secret had been wheedled out of you."

A gleam of hope; Jennifer got pretty again.

"He hasn't accepted. He doesn't know." Jack Finley was a little curt. She hated sloppy women. "A delegation's going tomorrow afternoon to Paris to ask him. Baines wanted my dad to go, but his kennel man is ill and he can't leave his dogs. That's how I knew about it."

"I'm the Paris buyer of the company," Jennifer said reflectively.

Jack Finley jumped up in the air. "Would you—could you go?" she cried. "My Pinscher-Schnauzers are out of condition. I need some of the biscuits they're used to. I'll go with you like a shot."

"Ellis would never allow it."

"Nonsense! Can you work him better with me or without me?"

"Come," Jennifer said.

An astonished husband and a surprised father-in-law received the important Miss Finley of the Moat with impressive courtesy. She was called to Paris, she said; Jennifer was welcome to come with her if they approved.

"I don't want to go, Ellis, but we could save the late summer trade if I go now—and I could look about for autumn novelties. It's now or never, remember."

It was just that. Ellis absorbed in politics; the old man tied to the business; it was the only chance. The husband finally yielded. They needed every dollar they could earn. Jennifer received many cautions that afternoon, and was bound anew not to seek out her worldly connections by marriage.

The two political amateurs arrived in Paris at noon the next day, six hours ahead of the other party. One went buying dog biscuits and calling on Sara. The other went buying laces and lingerie. They met at two o'clock.

"He is in Tours," Jack Finley reported; "where they've bought a country house. He's staying overnight there. I've looked up trains. We can get a train if you hurry."

At seven, astonished Tybo, resting on the terrace, tired out, saw two women get out of a taxi in the road below. He uttered an exclamation of impatience. He had arranged to stay over to escape Peter. Then he was sure of bad news and went down to meet them.

"My sideburns!" he muttered. "Jennie!"

"Tybo!" she cried, flushing, looking mysterious, tumbling out incoherent words of explanation which explained nothing.

"Had dinner, Lord Ponty?" Jack Finley asked when Jennifer's breath failed. "Our tiffin was a biscuit and a glass of milk, and we are starving."

"My auto's just coming to take me to Tours for a square meal. Come with me. I'll send your taxi off."

"You save our lives," she said, looking up at the imposing façade looming high above in the early twilight. "I say, you are doing yourself well. I'd like a peep inside, but there's your car and I'm positively famished."

She was in radiant mood. She had come for a lark, and she was certainly having it. What luck! Catching him alone like this in this beautiful romantic Touraine. Bringing him news, too—news that must thrill him. She hoped he would accept. She had

(Continued on Page 180)

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Continued from Page 178

honorably done her part to prevent it. Perhaps he would put up at the Moat. How perfectly ripping!

"Our visit could be a secret, couldn't it?" she asked as she settled back in the luxurious automobile. "You see, I'm a traitor to my cause and Jennifer is a spy from the enemy's camp."

"Gee, gurgle it all out."

"Not a word till you've had something to eat. Jennifer wants a great favor -oh, an immense favor—and you must be in a good humor. I saw Miss Desmond in Paris and she just incidentally mentioned where you were. She does not know I'm seeing you. She does not know that Jennifer is with me. I was so glad to hear that Lady Llanthony is improving so fast."

"Fine, isn't it?"

Jennifer, appalled now by her temerity in coming at all, by the tremendous sacrifices she was about to ask, sat silent. Her thoughts whirled about everywhere, dwelling at moments on the secret which her father-in-law had refused to disclose. She had reflected on this every day. He had hinted that she need not worry her head about any chance of Ellis' ever being Lord Pontlottyn. She eyed her cousin sidewise. Was he married -secretly married—and did Daddy Evans mean that? She was annoyed that Miss Finley could be so light and airy when such immense issues were at stake. How could she postpone the important subject? Was he going to be married? Were this beautiful home and this splendid car meant for a bride? Daddy Evans couldn't have meant that—yet perhaps he had.

Of course he would marry some day. She knew she was silly, but when he did marry she would cry for a week. She was sure she couldn't help it. To be the wife of a member of Parliament; that was splendid. To be Lady Pontlottyn, and one day, Lady Llanthony; that was a gorgeous dream. And the same person stood between her and both ambitions. She liked him—oh, yes—but she wished he had never been born. Would he refuse to run for Parliament? Oh, he must. Why should he have everything? She eyed him again as he and Jack Finley talked. He seemed more decided, more serious, than she remembered him; not quite so American and a lot more what a lord ought to be. A little French too; he had given orders to his chauffeur in quite a lordly way. Jennifer never said a word during all the drive.

"A private dining room," suggested Jack Finley at the hotel. "Leave it to me." But even her perfect French could not get it. Every room was let to tourists and there was not a waiter to spare. She couldn't even secure a table next to French-speaking people; there was not such a party in the crowded dining room. "We must talk in whispers," she warned. It was not till the second course was served that the dumfounded Tybo learned that he would receive a delegation on the morrow which would request him to stand for a seat in Parliament. He looked from one to the other—no, they certainly had not come all this way to play a joke on him.

The two girls talked at once. He could not hear for the clatter and they did not wish to raise their voices lest they be overheard. He grasped the fact that the deputation wanted to see him before meeting Lord Llanthony, wanted to size him up, in fact, and would probably get his address without saying why it was wanted.

"I must go to Paris tonight," he said. "I must see Lord Llanthony. What if I drive you two back and you can put me wise on the way"

He was so panic-stricken that he wanted to start that minute. Not so Jacqueline. She made a leisurely meal and lingered over coffee, refusing to be depressed by the anxious Jennifer or the preoccupied lord. When at last they did get started she exclaimed on the dim quaintness of the town and the dusky loveliness of the country, and asked a hundred questions about the neighborhood.

"Plenty of time to talk on the Paris road, Jennifer," she said. "Let's enjoy ourselves now." So Tybo remained in ignorance of the great favor to be asked of him. He did not care, did not pause to wonder why these two had come. All he thought of was to get to Paris. There he would be hidden. Lord Llanthony could do what he pleased; come to Tours and receive the deputation if he would. Flight, instantly, and quick touch—that night, at any old hour—with His Lordship. Someone in this delegation - Tybo saw twenty men in it, at least - might know the real Tybo. Oh! A pretty scene. A crowd of important men coming hundreds of miles to find an impostor. A member of Parliament—him? In the States twenty men wanted to be members of Congress. Here twenty men came to find one. The office sought the man in England, sure. Funny country.

At the château Jacqueline insisted on a look at the inside. While he waked his English-speaking foreman and gave orders about the next day's work the visitors were shown the place by the housekeeper, who had been taken over with the château.

"What luck," murmured Jacqueline, delighted. Tybo, suitcase in hand, joined them in the grand salon upstairs.

"Oh, milord," protested the gray-haired lady as she took the suitcase and went down with it.

"One minute for the view—one only, remember," he said, as he unfastened the French window and stepped out on the balcony. A ringing voice hailed him from below. Jennifer and Jacqueline, staring at each other, became petrified as they listened.

"Y-e-s, I am Lord Pontlottyn."

"May we intrude for a minute—just a minute? We are asking an appointment with you tomorrow."

"Baines!" Jacqueline squeaked.

"Oh—oh!" wailed Jennifer, panic-stricken.

Tybo, wild-eyed, came running in. "The housekeeper is bringing them here."

"Pull yourself together," Jacqueline said, shaking with laughter.

"You must refuse—you must," Jennifer pleaded as she was hustled into the darkness of an adjoining room. She shut the door.

"No, we must hear this," Jacqueline whispered, and she softly turned the handle and peeped through the streak of light.

Baines came first, genial, confident. "A great pleasure, Lord Pontlottyn—a very great pleasure!" he cried heartily, as he held His Lordship's hand. "Baines - Baines of Oldport, old friend of your father. Probably you've heard my name. If you haven't, I'm Conservative agent for Oldport and several constituencies in the county. Let me present Sir Spicer Grandlyn of Wildhart Park—you know, master of the Wildhart hounds of course. Well, all I can say is that Sir Spicer is as good a Conservative as he is a sportsman. And Mr. Garstin of Garstin, Lord Pontlottyn, a leading light in our county and a strong supporter of our party principles. We meant to make sure of you tomorrow, that's all." He turned to the two men. "What say you, gentlemen? If Lord Pontlottyn can spare us half an hour now ——"

They nodded, eying Lord Pontlottyn with courteous curiosity.

"In that case," Baines resumed, "we will state our errand."

"Oh, please do," the victim stammered. "Sit down, gentlemen."

They sat, all but Baines. Tybo, pale, anxious, glanced at these emissaries come to lay a crown at his feet. He was reassured; it was clear that they had never seen the real Tybo. Sir Spicer, tall, slender, very correct, dressed with careful precision, eyed him through a monocle, not at all offensively, but obviously measuring his possibilities as a candidate. Mr. Garstin, white-haired, kindly, smiled encouragement.

The boy pulled himself together. He just had to get through this somehow—this dreadful ordeal, this stupendous, ridiculous result of pretending to be a lord.

Continued on Page 183

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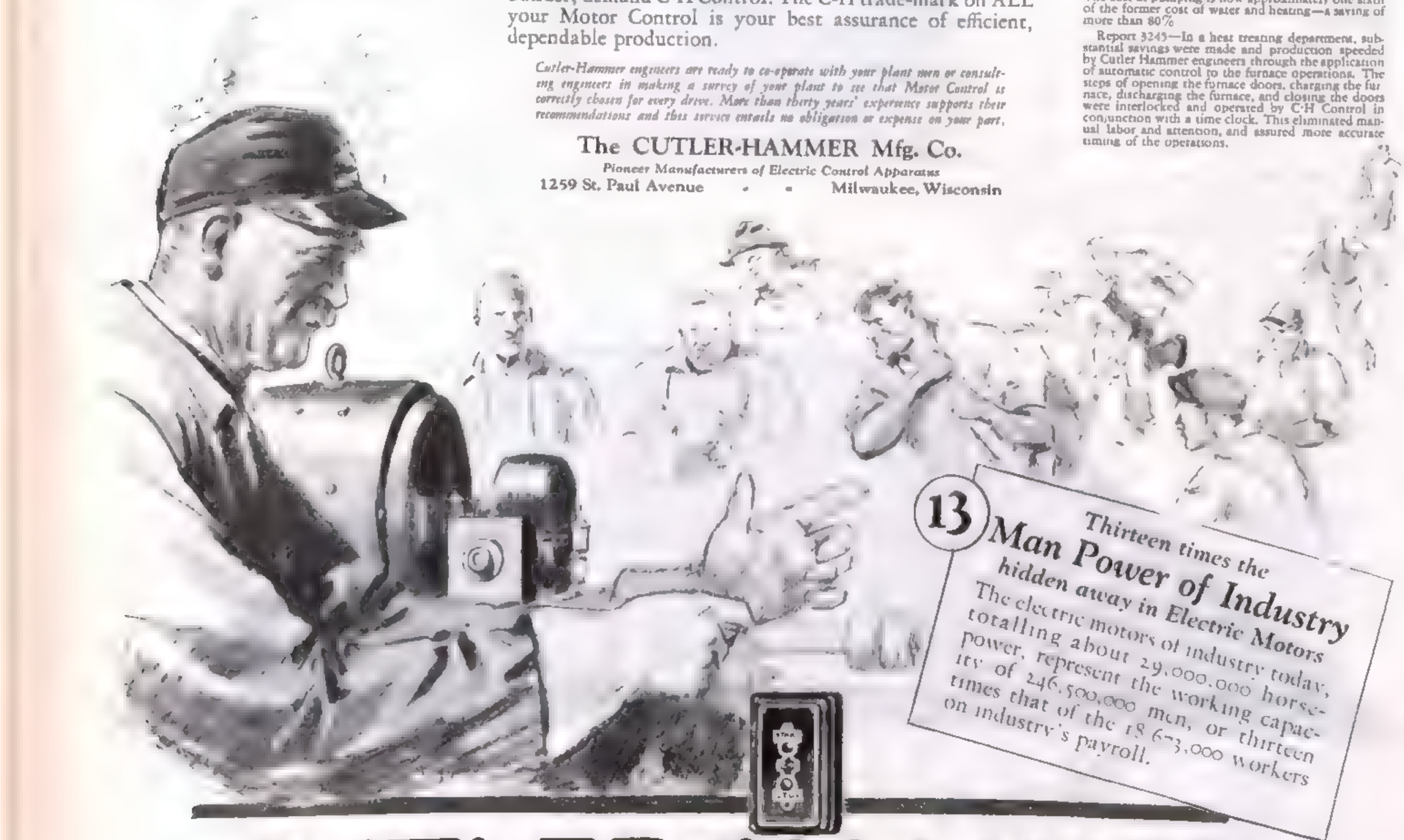

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(Continued from Page 130)

These important men, coming hundreds of miles on this fool's errand; humiliating for them—for this dear old man who radiated encouragement and good will. Oh, he must not fail. His troubled, wandering eyes lingered, fascinated, for an instant on an arm which popped through a door and waved up and down. He ducked his head lest his consternation be observed; then he saw that only he faced that way and that the impudent signal reached him alone. He heard Baines' voice, knew that the man had been talking all the time. He had not heard a word. He listened now.

"—— you have not," Baines was saying. "We know you've been abroad a lot and you are not expected to be in touch with politics. Youth has its own interests and none of us want old heads on young shoulders. Let me say, frankly, that this political career which we have come to offer is such, perhaps, as a young man in your position has a right to expect—but all the same we are offering it on a silver salver. I must make it clear to you that we offer a brilliant opening—an opening such as few young men in this age ever get. On the other hand, you are necessary to us. You are the one candidate who can save the seat to the party. It is your solemn duty, My Lord, to stand. The eyes of England, of Great Britain, will be focused on this contest. The Prime Minister will regard with special favor the young man who at the call of his country instantly and without hesitation flings himself into the breach and leads the forlorn hope to victory."

"Hear, hear," murmured Sir Spicer. Garstin smiled and nodded his silvered head encouragingly to the wild-eyed youth

"As I have said," Baines continued, "your opponent will be your cousin. I will not touch further on family matters than to say that neither Mr. Ellis Evans nor his father has hidden violent and unreasonable antagonism to your father and yourself."

"Hear, hear!" cried Mr. Garstin.

"Thank you for that support, Garstin. You speak with some feeling, and our young friend here may guess that you have special knowledge of this unhappy prejudice—entirely one-sided, I know personally. I have met the wife of your opponent and heard from her own lips how generous and forgiving is the attitude on your side of the house. There is an element of humor there. I first heard of you, beyond mere rumor, from this charming and somewhat garrulous lady"—distressed Tybo saw the door swing an inch in protest—"and it was her praises which first led us to think of the ideal opponent for her husband." Laughter from the three men. "It is against the best traditions of our public life to import personal matters into political contests."

"Hear, hear!" from Sir Spicer.

"But still, I must point out to you, Lord Pontlottyn, that the name which your father has lifted to such heights of dignity and honor has been ignominiously trailed in the dust by the other branch. In joining the Labor Party, in accepting socialistic, even communistic views, your cousin has chosen party before country, and for personal ambition has allied himself with the forces of anarchy and disruption. You—you only—can nip in the bud the aspirations which might flower into public menace. Mr. Ellis Evans has a certain gift of the gab, a deadly absence of humor, a fanaticism which holds the mob, and in my opinion, hides an unbridled and unscrupulous ambition. Lord Pontlottyn, duty calls you. We have come with the summons. I will ask Mr. Garstin to support my request."

Garstin rose and put his hand on Tybo's shoulder. "We want fresh blood, my boy," he said. "Mr. Baines has put it well and I needn't add a word. Don't worry about youth or inexperience. These are overcome too soon. We need you."

Sir Spicer Grandlyn added his appeal. "Have a shot at it, old chap," he said. "Er—er—these rotters think they have a walk-over, don't you know; and 'pon my word, I b'lieve they're right, unless you do your little bit. Er—er"—he fingered his tie "we're all behind you. We'll give 'em fits if you take it on. Er—er—oh, I say, I'm no damn good at speechifying, but chuck your hat in the ring." He stopped, more embarrassed than his listener.

Tybo, white, trembling, rose to his feet. He did not know that he was showing to the full the quality most attractive to older men in England—modesty. He little guessed that everything he did and tried to say was building him up with three men who had doubtfully sought a desperate remedy for a desperate position. His very appearance was a denial of the rumors of an ill-spent youth. His timidity charmed them. They knew that it would disarm any audience. He would soon learn, would soon gain confidence; they nodded approval because he could not say what he wanted to say. Baines drew himself up with a satisfied air; his political genius was again proved by this brilliant coup. But what was this? A refusal? Impossible. An intelligible sentence had at last come from stammering lips:

"I could not, gentlemen. The honor.... But how could I? . . . Lady Llanthony . . . every day. . . . I could not leave her. . . . Besides, I don't know anything about politics. I thank you for this great honor. I am sorry you have had this journey for nothing." Tybo plumped into a chair, trembling.

Baines, smiling, clapped him on the shoulder. "Very creditable, My Lord!" he cried. "Just what we expected—I may say, hoped. We should have done the more usual thing in approaching your father first, but we chose this path. That filial affection which dictates your refusal—and we all admire you for it—would of course dictate your acceptance."

"Hear, hear," from Sir Spicer.

"Yes, yes," from Mr. Garstin.

"So, gentlemen," he turned to his colleagues, "we will get to Paris straightaway. We sympathize profoundly with our young friend about the illness of his mother. We understand that she is improving fast. We will see Lord Llanthony. If he, if Lady Llanthony, give their full consent?"

He looked at the boy, who promptly nodded his head in assent, annoyed that he had not himself thought of this simple solution. Lord Llanthony would of course quash the matter.

Could he possibly run up to Paris with them? They had motored down. Their auto was at the door. His excuse that Lady Llanthony was to be moved on the Monday and that he must stay and hasten preparations was accepted as sound. He walked down the terrace with them. They parted from him as from their accepted candidate, and with a genuine cordiality and good will.

"You'll want," were the final words of Baines, "to see your mother comfortably installed, so we shan't expect you in Oldport until Wednesday or Thursday. In the meantime we'll start the ball rolling."

As the auto rolled along Garstin said enthusiastically, "Baines, you are a genius. The boy's all right."

"A clever lad," Sir Spicer commended, and he grinned. He had seen a woman's arm flash in a mirror and drew conclusions from that and the waiting auto. The boy had a girl there. He had not overdone his reform, but he had learned the great lesson—not to be found out.

Tybo rushed back, excited, triumphant He'd been a dustman at it, he reflected, but he had pulled it off. And they had seemed to like him too. Not such a hardship for them, after all, so long as they hadn't found him out: a jolly political junket. He was in no hurry now. No Paris for him until that crowd had got away. He sauntered into the salon, trying to look as though he received deputations every day. Jennifer stood in the middle of the room staring from mournful eyes. Jack Finley danced over, excited, bubbling.

"I say, Ponty," she cried, "you were top-hole, simply ripping. . . . Jennifer, I can't help it. I'm frightfully sorry, but I can't go back on my party. . . . Ponty, you've just got to stand. A man who could handle a deputation—and that deputation—we love Mr. Garstin, we kotow to Sir Spicer—well, you can win—you can win."

"What, another deputation?"

"I've never been called that, but I'm it if you'll stand."

"Here they stand, in the States they run—funny thing, language."

Sad Jennifer spoke: "Did you hear what he said about Ellis?" she said with a catch in her voice. "And me—he called me garrulous. And I was only trying to be interesting."

"Rot!" Miss Finley exclaimed. "It's only politics. A Labor member told my dad once he was the only dog in the Moat Kennels whose bark no man feared. We did laugh. Oh, you're going to hear something in this election—this is good training."

Jennifer grabbed the lapels of the candidate's coat. "We came," she implored, "to ask you not to stand. That beastly old spy dragged Ellis' secret from me and then thought of you because I told the truth about you." She burst into tears. "He thinks it's a joke. And I've ruined Ellis, and he'll hear about it of course. Oh, you won't accept, will you?"

"You must accept, Ponty!" Jacqueline cried earnestly. She turned to Jennifer. "It isn't what I came for, I know," she pleaded. "But I simply can't be the one to throw away a Conservative seat and ruin a career that starts like this. You know those men, Jennifer, top-hole—what they say, is done. They were frightfully pleased."

Jennifer sighed. "If I had a vote," she admitted as though the words were wrung from her, "I'd vote for you, Tybo." Jacqueline burst into ringing laughter. Tybo smiled. "But you mustn't accept, Tybo. Lord Llanthony will want it, of course. Even if he does ——" She looked very pretty and appealing as she checked, lest she sob.

Tybo stood, looking from the pleasing, animated face of the one girl into the pleading eyes of the other. This delegation, he thought, had the other beat to a frazzle.

"But, Miss Finley," he said, trying to speak with a profound gravity, "you can't defend the underhanded action of your party. You can't, for sure?"

"All's fair in love and politics," she announced with hardy confidence.

"Not," he declared, "when my cousin is the victim. No, Jennifer, whatever happens, I will not stand."

Jennifer flung her arms round his neck in a passion of gratitude. "Oh, you truly are a lord," she murmured. "Tybo, they say you are married. Is it true?"

He disengaged the plump arms with pleasing deliberation, thinking that there was some extraordinary quality in the Touraine air that upset girls. "No," he announced firmly, "I am not married; on my honor." And only then it occurred to him that for all he knew that extraordinary, real Tybo might be. He was about to add: "At least I don't think so," but he checked that in time. He looked at the pretty Jennifer, so happy that the tears were popping and rolling like little balls down her cheeks. "Anyway," he told her, "Ellis will be in one House or the other."

"Oh," she cried, "I hope that Lord Llanthony will live a long time and that you will live forever. I just like to pretend sometimes that Ellis is a lord." Tears stopped on that bright thought. He clasped her round the waist and danced her madly round the salon. Jacqueline, who had been playing See, the Conquering Hero Comes, on the piano, changed to a dance tune. Jennifer was so glad that she had taken secret lessons.

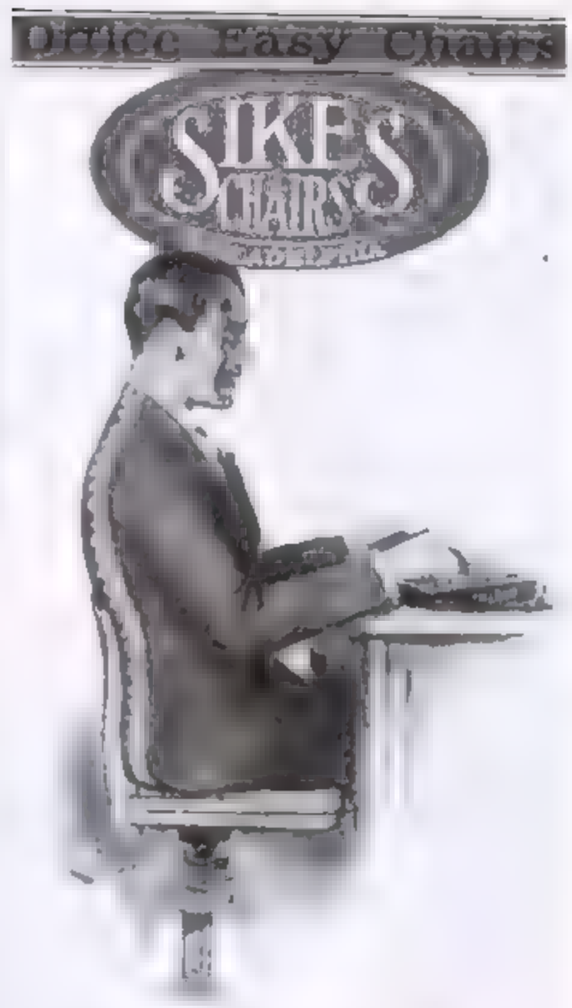
They stopped, panting. "If I go up, it will only be to turn back. No Paris for me while the delegation is around."

"To Paris tonight, alone?" Jennifer was terrified.

"Of course we don't mind!" cried Jacqueline. "We shouldn't think of letting you go all that way for nothing."

(Continued on Page 185)

Office Easy Chairs



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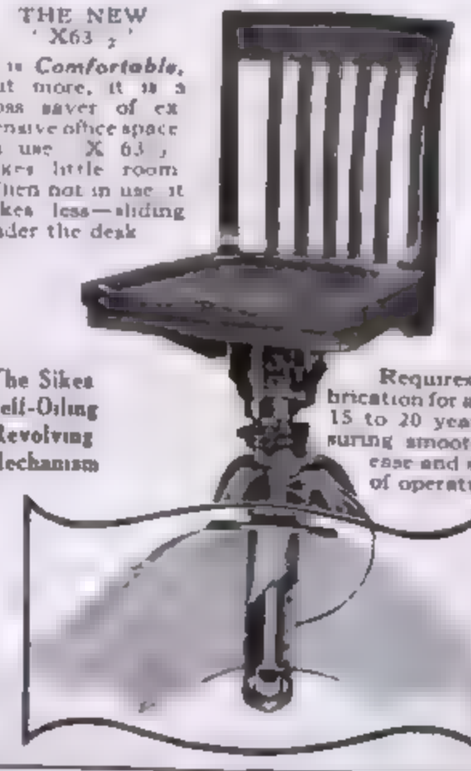

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BUILDING BLOCKS

(Continued from Page 183)

"It will be three o'clock when we get to our hotel. What will they think of us?"

"If they presume to think at all," Jacqueline consoled, "it will be how early we are. Come."

As they walked down to the automobile Jacqueline prettily extended an invitation. "The Moat," she said, "would make a jolly campaign headquarters—central, and all that. Do come straight to us. Mother would love it."

"But—but——" cried astonished Jennifer.

"Oh, this thing isn't ended," interrupted confident Jacqueline. "Your father will have something to say about it, Ponty."

A whisper in Jennifer's ear restored her happiness: "Whatever happens, I will not stand."

She thought him truly noble, but she had no words for such splendor of renunciation.

"If we're found out," were Jacqueline's last words, "remember, I came to ask you to stand."

He watched the auto lights disappear, then turned, laughing. "I'll call this a day," he thought, and went straight to bed.

In the morning drowsy Jennie opened reluctant eyes to thumps on her door. She sprang up to Jacqueline's call and hustled into her waterproof. Negligees were not in her life. She opened to a figure so attractive that she cried enviously, "Oh, if I could only wear my clothes like you do."

"If I only had your pretty face," said Jacqueline, pleased at the spontaneous compliment. "You could learn, you know. It's only a trick. I'll be back to tiffin at twelve. After that, I'm at your service. We'll buy all Paris, if you like."

"I'll wait then," said disappointed Jennifer. "I'll just have another nap."

Jacqueline went to Sara's hotel, sat down and waited. After half an hour she found she had guessed aright; the deputation had wasted no time. She stepped forward.

"Spicy!" she called.

"Hello, Jack, you over here? I didn't know."

She greeted the two others. "Yes; had to come. My Pinscher-Schnauzers out of condition and had to get the right rations. I know what you're here for. You asked daddy, you know, Mr. Baines. Everything all right?"

"Lord Pontlottyn is all you said, Jacqueline," Mr. Garstin commented with warm approval. "You've an eye for the young men, I see, as well as for dogs."

"Shy," said Sir Spicer. "A bit Yankee, just as you said."

"Both complaints easily cured," Baines remarked. "We'll get him all right."

"Undoubtedly," Garstin contributed. "Llanthony is enthusiastic. He will consult Lady Llanthony. We shall hear at lunchtime."

"So glad! Splendid!" cried Jacqueline. "I must be off."

She rushed in a taxi to the Salpêtrière, found that Lady Llanthony could see her, received an affectionate greeting.

"I can't see you and I am glad you can't see me," the patient said. "I don't know what my face will look like and perhaps I never shall know." But she smiled—actually smiled—as she put a thin trembling hand over the bandage which covered her eyes. "My looking-glass is the voice of my boy, Jack. You've seen him, he tells me."

The girl plunged right into her subject, but was not allowed to get far.

"What? My boy a member? But, Jack, how splendid. I could spare him for that. Ah, yes, for that. If I were only well enough to be there. You must keep your eye out for a place for us. In that lovely neighborhood, of course. We can settle down at last—at last. Jack, you don't know what it's been—his coming back at last. I always knew it. I was sure." The eager woman poured out the pent-up happiness, lavishing fond praise. When her husband came she proudly cried, "They know him already—know him as I do! Splendid, isn't it? Tybo, member of Parliament."

"Quiet, dear, quiet. You must not excite yourself like this." He stared at the intruder. She recalled herself to him, "Jack Finley," she said. He nodded and smiled, lifting a warning finger to his lips.

"I must go now," Jack said, sobered, rebuked.

"He shall go to you at the Moat!" Lady Llanthony cried. "My dearest love to your mother. Don't forget to look out for a place." They kissed affectionately. She called her visitor back. "I shall always love you, Jack, for bringing your lovely news."

"I'll give you a lift if you care to wait," Lord Llanthony said.

After an affectionate parting she sat in the crowded corridor, warm in admiration of the courage and brightness of Lady Llanthony. She had come to condole; she had stayed to congratulate. The mother lived only in her son. Lord Llanthony came, heavy-bodied, heavy-footed, but almost young in face and manner. He was charming to her, and listened with amused interest to her eager political talk.

"Where can I drop you?" he asked. She named her hotel, the same at which Ellis Evans and his bride had stayed. As the auto drew up she saw Jennifer coming out, saw the latter stop and stare.

"Don't get out, Lord Llanthony," she said, "and thank you very much." She shook hands with him through the window.

"I am very sorry," he said; "more disappointed than you can think. The doctor forbids it. He had told me before I went to the sick room. I had decided not to speak of it." Gentle reproach lay in his last words.

"I am so sorry," stammered Jacqueline as the auto drove on.

She wheeled to face Jennifer. "Was that Lord Llanthony?" asked the latter suspiciously. "I'm sure it was, and you've been ——"

"You win, Jennifer. And now let's go and buy the things *comme il faut* for the élite of Oldport."

At his hotel Lord Llanthony dismissed the regretful delegation. Baines took him aside and returned his check for expenses. "These chaps would pay their own, and my bit can come out of the petty cash," he explained.

"Keep it for the general fund," was the expected answer.

They left with genuine sympathy for a disappointed father and with praise for the boy.

"A decent lad," Sir Spicer said. "Forget his wild oats, Llanthony. Everybody else has."

"A promising youth," Garstin warmly commended.

"We'll have him yet," said Baines. "He's young—there's lots of time."

Lord Llanthony alone, reflected on the brilliant success of his daring coup. He had, as usual, seized a chance. He had risked all on the nerve and readiness of the boy, who had faced the ordeal with a splendid audacity. There were now three Englishmen of exceptional standing, of unquestioned probity, who could swear, who would always swear, that they had known the boy as an accepted son during the lifetime of the father. If the question of succession should be raised after his death, Lord Llanthony felt that he had provided decisive evidence. Two were younger than himself, would probably survive him; he was more than satisfied. He was proud of the boy.

XII

LORD LLANTHONY, starting very early the next morning, got out of his automobile and surveyed for the first time the château in which was to be founded a family. He smiled as he caught a glimpse of brilliant silk shimmering in the sunshine of the balcony outside the grand salon. One thing only could put that spot of color up there on that white façade—the fantastic dressing gown which he had carelessly added to the boy's kit on that memorable morning when they had gone shopping together. The boy had laughed at the idea of wearing this many-hued, hand-woven garment; but there he was at this moment, stretched out in a long chair, basking in the sunshine, enveloped in this peacocked, silken robe. Lord Llanthony could see a needle of smoke rising in the still air and could guess that the smoker was lying flat on his back lazily counting the clouds.

He mounted the terraces as silently as his heavy feet would permit. He wished to surprise and tacitly approve the youth, supposed to be so busy, who could lie about like this at half-past ten in the morning. He passed servants and workmen with a pleasant greeting, went up the grand stairway with increasing satisfaction in the house, tiptoed round the brocaded, curved furniture of the salon and stood, with a grin, looking down on the face of a sleeping youth. On a table lay the remains of a breakfast—a silver coffeepot, hand-painted plates, a tray of jade on which lay a long line of ashes, whence had risen the smoke which he had seen. He noted the firm neck exposed by the flaring silk shirt, the silk socks, the soft morocco slippers.

All this was more than he had hoped at this stage. Never had he seen a more striking picture of luxurious idleness. The vaccination had caught. He looked out indifferently on the beautiful view, but his eyes came always back to this handsome strong-limbed boy, so peacefully sleeping. He must find a valet immediately, and send him down; a chap who took to it like this must not have the exertion of dressing himself. Vaccinated, yes, against capacity to work, to struggle, to endure; inoculated, yes, with love of soft ease and exquisite comfort; perhaps already the time had come to unfold the great plan. Never, it seemed, would better chance arrive to spread splendors before dazzled eyes.

Lord Llanthony nodded his head. The offer would be magnificent, unimaginable, beyond dreams. What sacrifice in return? Nothing: there was only to sit still and enjoy. An obscure name; what was that? The boy's father had already been forgotten. In another generation no one would know that the father had ever lived. The bold gambler with destiny, as he gazed down, wondered whether there was family pride in the youth. He knew well that millions of utterly commonplace people in this world, descendants of utterly commonplace ancestors, cherished ridiculous notions of some special merit or quality in their strain; an excellent and useful illusion, he admitted, tending to aid self-respect and to keep his employes honest. He had none of it himself; he never had had.

No ancestor that he knew of had ever been worth a hang, but his descendants could justly look back on him with pride. He regretted, as he turned away, that he could not appear to some strutting great-great-grandson, proud in pedigree and possessions, and say to such a one: "I did more than amass your fortune, more than breed the son who carried on my line. Thousands of ancestors have done these things with the help of Nature and luck. But I—I defied Nature and law, and bought an heir, established him, made him your ancestor, though I am not."

The idea pleased him as he tiptoed away lest he wake this gorgeous sleeper from some dream of splendor. In his fine virility he had no fear of death and he speculated, with a grin, on adding a family ghost to all else he was creating. If only he could reappear at intervals! And if they flouted him he had only to drop a hint to his brother's descendants. Never had ghost such hold on his descendants. He smiled sardonically as he dropped for an instant onto a sofa so absurdly curved that he felt he could see two ways at once. Like other men of keen intellect, he sometimes gave his active brain a rest, and his lazy musings were apt to be bizarre, even macabre. All men who think their achievements important consider life too short, and eagerly wish to see what coping stones ultimately cap the structures they have raised.

Lord Llanthony, in this lovely sunlit room, fondled for five minutes this idea of

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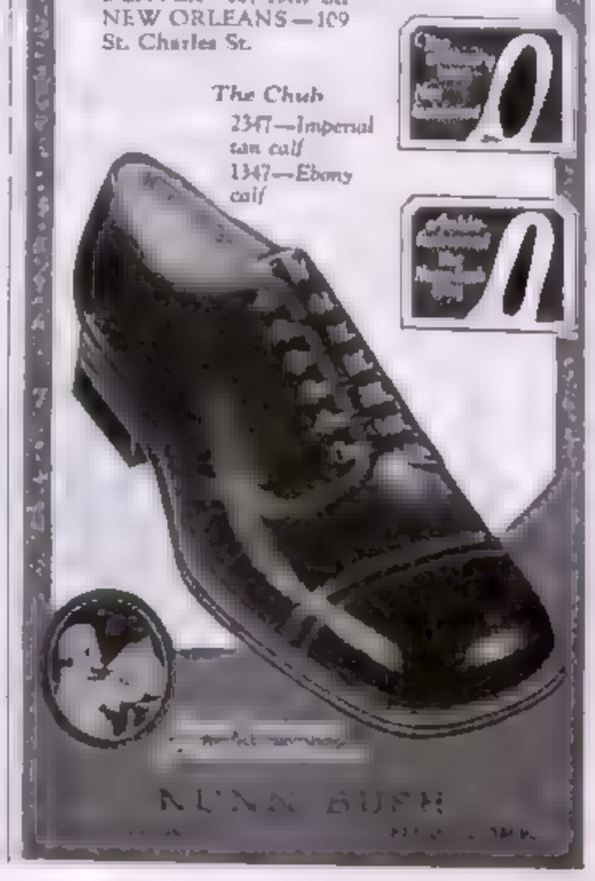

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a ghost with a strangle hold on his descendants—a hold only to be acquired by fraud. No statute of limitations runs against a fraud, and a man is either a peer of the realm or he is not. He was almost tempted to leave sealed papers to be opened a hundred years hence, that the world might know how clever he had been. He laughed and stopped his fooling. As he strolled about, more and more pleased, he learned to admire the efficiency of this gilded lordling, as he now called the sleeping youth. Her Ladyship's rooms would certainly be ready.

He introduced himself to the housekeeper, whose story made him doubt whether the vaccination had been as successful as he had thought. Milord had worked with his own hands—it was incredibly true, and up to one o'clock in the morning. He had begun again at the dawn and had only paused for bath and breakfast at half-past nine. Servants had arrived, and two truckloads of things. Yes, there was a pavilion in the garden behind in which an old man and his wife could be very comfortable. His Lordship was inspecting this pavilion when he was joined by Tybo.

"Splendid!" he cried after greetings. "You've done wonders. An old man and wife who need sunshine—pensioners of mine—will be turning up from England in a couple of days. The woman took care of Tybo until he was two years old. You must be prepared. Here's all you need to know."

He handed over a sheet of paper on which were typed such details of babyhood as this old couple would speak of.

"They have never seen you since," Lord Llanthony continued. For the first time, and apparently speaking without intent, he confused or rather fused the two Tybos. "They will accept you on sight, and old Mollie may be affectionate." He smiled. "Don't hurt her feelings." He turned quickly to another subject. "Sorry about the deputation," he apologized. "You can see what happened. If you didn't please them, they were not coming near me. Hence, I was not in the secret. You pleased them too well, my boy. I congratulate you. I owe you much for not letting me down. The news got to Lady Llanthony. She was keen on it. I have explained to her that it was impossible in her state of health. Tell her there is plenty of time. Remind her how young you are. Say that you must study a lot to do justice to the legislative halls."

"But—but ——"

"Tybo has started," Lord Llanthony interrupted. "Left New York yesterday for Plymouth."

"That's a relief," the boy cried so fervently that His Lordship was assured that he had acted wisely in postponing the great temptation. They had been strolling during this conversation and were now on the sunny terrace at the front.

"He can never come here," the boy said. "I am too well known."

"Of course not," was the surprising answer. "I never intended that. Sit down, Tybo." He put a hand on the boy's shoulder. "Let me make it short," he said. "I don't like talking about it, but you are entitled to know. My son remained in England for a couple of years after the Armistice. I had no control over him. He led his own life, coming sometimes for money, but secretly supported by his mother. His associates were of the race tracks and the stage doors, and finally he notoriously did a bolt for the United States. I followed. We had one meeting. He did not keep the second appointment. He could not be traced. Months after came a letter asking an allowance. He admitted that he was a drug addict, that he knew he could not alter his life, that he had no wish to do so. He was living under an assumed name, he wrote, and would promise never to reveal his own. Again I crossed the ocean. He evaded a meeting. I arranged through my Chicago agents to pay him an allowance. They do not know of any relationship."

His Lordship paused. Up to this point the story was true. The listener could no more than look his profound sympathy.

"My confidential New York agent," His Lordship resumed, "has found him. I am encouraged that he was willing to come. What I do not like is that he travels under his assumed name. Convenient for me and you that there should not be two Tybos in Europe at the same moment, but a bad sign. I fear my representative, who is with him, cabled that fact to forewarn me that he could not yet be a credit to his name."

"Then ——" began the startled boy; but he was stopped by a lifted hand.

"I had to find a place for Lady Llanthony at a moment's notice. I thought only of her. It seemed best—you will agree that I was right—that you should boldly take your place as my son. You have done fine work for her and for me here. You have assured her a few days more happiness in this lovely place. You could have achieved neither of these results, so necessary to her, if you had not come out in the open. This is her convalescent home, no more. She is making great strides, thanks to you. Within a month, two months, she will probably be able to travel in comfort. She can go where she will, settle where she may choose."

Tybo nodded, understanding now, full of a great pity for the sorrow that was coming to the unhappy woman.

"The boy shall come here quietly, under the rose, as fast as I can bring him," His Lordship went on. "His mother must be told, whatever his condition, however heavy the blow to her. She is strong enough now, perhaps, to bear it. He will certainly need care, building up. She will decide whether she shall be the one to do this. If so, we shall go far from here—perhaps to the South of England, or France, or to the United States. It may be that a nursing home is the place for him ——"

"Yes. It may be as bad as that." Tybo sat with bent head, reflecting.

"In any event, you must be freed. I ask only one thing more. If your mother—pardon, my boy, but I think of how she talks of you, of her pride in you—if Lady Llanthony should get a setback from the exertion of moving ——"

"Oh, never, Lord Llanthony. I should wait until she got stronger." He hesitated. "If he should be broken down, if a short time under proper care—oh, what is my time worth anyhow? Nobody is expecting me; nothing waits for me."

"Would you? Could you? I should not have asked, but if you offer—you see, it's this way, I fear: That he is willing to come, shows the will to fight, but he is probably a wreck, on a reduced allowance of drugs. A few weeks of care after supplies have ceased usually brings immense improvement."

"I'd stand for that, Lord Llanthony—for anything in reason that would make it easier for her. I can't deny I wouldn't like it for myself. I funk the parting, and that's the truth. It's meant a lot to me." He looked up, smiling a little. "Jacob never kicked, did he, because he got his father's blessing by fraud? The blessing seemed to work all right, too, didn't it? Well, so has mine. She has never said a word about the heartaches I am supposed to have given her. She never thinks of the past at all. She seems just happy, and she makes me—well, it's new to me, and mighty nice. Sometimes I forget and things seem just as if I wasn't pretending, and then I go away feeling sorry for myself because it's not all real."

The father of the young man who lay in a Chicago grave headed by a stone which bore a false name, was stirred to depths by the deep though guarded emotion of his adopted son. He was moved almost to the point of utter frankness, to an appeal. He paused on the brink of confession. He had not traded in his life on disinterested affection; he feared to ask for love alone that for which he could offer other such great rewards. His touch on the boy's shoulder was affectionate.

"Can you give me lunch?" he asked.

(Continued on Page 189)

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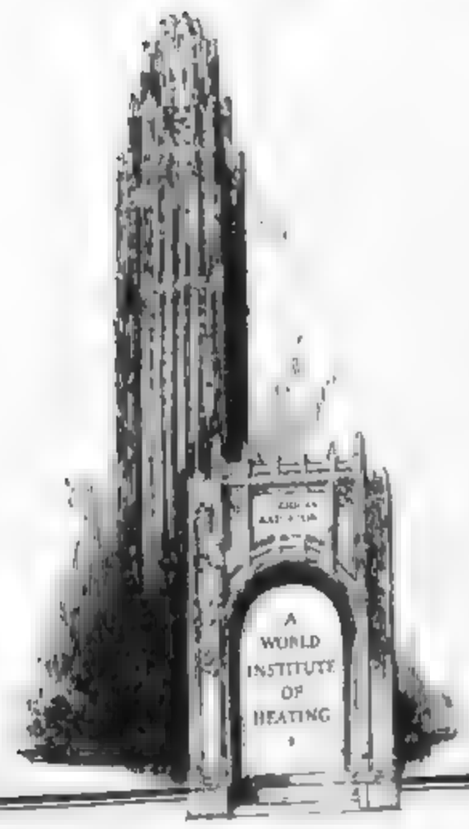

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AJAX RUBBER COMPANY, INCORPORATED

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AJAX HI-SPEED BALLOONS

(Continued from Page 186)

"Sara sent a gang of servants. I hope they have something to eat in the house."

"Your *petit déjeuner* seemed all right. I saw you asleep."

Tybo reddened. "I paralyzed 'em," he said. "When they came downstairs they found me taking measurements. Afterward I said I was going to have a bath and would have coffee on the balcony. In five minutes the butler came. He was two years at the Carlton in London and speaks English. 'Milord's bath is ready,' he says. I go to dress afterward. He had laid out the duds you caught me in. The melon; the coffee! Ah!" He laughed.

"That's what he's here for. Clap your hands and see how far away he is."

A footman came, almost running.

"*Déjeuner pour deux, à midi,*" Tybo ordered.

"*Oui*, milord," was the respectful answer.

"You're getting on," Lord Llanthony commented.

"I've got a phrase book," was the explanation. "I bought it to stall 'em off in case they insisted on putting me to bed."

"You'll soon get used to it," His Lordship encouraged. "You will learn that if you get somebody to do all the trifles, your brain is free for the big things."

The boy laughed. "If my friends in Ohio could see me!" He flung up his hands.

A telegram came. "From Frank Archer," Tybo read. He told the story of the murder. The case was coming up on the morrow. Lord Llanthony, secretly alarmed, argued against his going near the court. Publicity, probably snapshots, comments in the English papers. Why interfere in a foreign squabble which had nothing to do with him?

"Only in case they get the wrong man," Tybo said. "You would not ask me to stay away then?"

"A conspiracy," argued His Lordship, "obviously. The wrong man, as you call him, would certainly be in it somewhere. Anyway, plenty of time. The trial wouldn't come off for weeks. You would be free to come forward without complications."

Tybo shook his head.

"What you fear," His Lordship said, "is little likely to happen. If it should, you risk all our plans."

"Perhaps not, Lord Llanthony. Of course I should be a witness under my own name. I could not leave any man in prison overnight on a false charge of murder."

"I like your decision, all right." He did not like it at all, but he agreed without a sign of annoyance. He looked into the boy's eyes, which met his so firmly, at the resolute jaw, so strongly clenched. It was not going to be so easy as he had hoped, to bend this youth to his will. It must be done, of course. A scheme on which he had so deeply set his heart, on which he had expended so much time and trouble, must not be wrecked by the absurd scruples of a penniless and obscure boy.

He set himself to charm and interest, to excite compassion and sympathy for a father's disappointment in a son. He spoke only the truth and touched on painful matters without wincing. As he gave confidence, so he received it, and he listened with a profound interest to frank and open confessions of aims and ideals. That hour was memorable to Tybo. For the first time he felt that he had a genuine and disinterested friend in this stout old gentleman who understood so well, who opened his heart so freely. As the love of Lady Llanthony had taught him what he had lost in missing the tenderness of motherhood, so in far lesser degree did Lord Llanthony teach him what an affectionate father would have meant to him. When they went in to lunch His Lordship took his arm and leaned on it heavily. The sensation was pleasant.

The two men waited on them, without a sound, without a command, foreseeing every need, white-shirted, in faultless-fitting morning jackets. Tybo was not permitted even to remove the chicken livers from the silver skewers on which they were impaled.

"Delicious," Lord Llanthony commended; then laughing: "From your own fowls, I suppose?"

"We draw the line," was the answer. "We go some, but we're hardly likely to kill twelve chickens to feed two people."

"And why not, if you're fond of the livers? Brillat-Savarin had four turkeys cooked that he might get the eight oysters from their backs."

"I'm no sybarite."

"Why not be one? Enjoy while you can and bask while the sun shines."

Tybo nodded; his own thought, but now always clouded by thought of the coming parting from Lady Llanthony. He spoke of this as they sat on the balcony and sipped their coffee.

"Try and forget," His Lordship counseled. "What you must believe is that she will always be your friend, that she will be interested in you, that she will write to you."

"That can't be," the surprised boy denied. "She will hate me."

His Lordship shook his head, smiling confidently. "She will always love you," he said. "You will have no bitter parting. It will not be your task to tell her. You will be going to Paris or London. You will say good-by for a week. You will come back to us in six months or a year for a visit. You cannot deny her that. She will not be here, remember. Stanton Drew can come in his own name, and be the honored and welcome guest of a woman whose life he has saved and who has learned to love him."

Tybo had foreseen complete severance of all ties; that and that only. Judge of his delight then; but he could not believe that she would forgive.

"A cruel disillusionment at first, of course," Lord Llanthony admitted.

In making the prospective parting easier his idea was to leave the boy more free to absorb luxury, to revel without care, to drink pleasure to intoxication. Then should come the splendid offer and with it mother love and a father's affection. This hour had shown him that he held this additional powerful lure. He had not thought of it before; such motives are not useful in founding corporations. He sent the footman to the auto for a forgotten parcel. He handed over a thousand gold-tipped cigarettes, each marked with the Llanthony crest. He filled Tybo's gold case himself, then produced an amber holder.

"Don't think yourself a pampered youth," he said, smiling as he lighted a match. "You are only living as we do. The deputation—tell me about it." He watched the boy who was lolling back, puffing with luxurious satisfaction, and he heard, with laughter, the tale of the seekers after a candidate. It lost nothing in the telling, for the forecast of the future had lifted burdens and the narrator was light of heart.

Then Monsieur Despradailles, passing, dropped in. The two men had met in Paris at the purchase of the property and renewed the acquaintance with mutual pleasure. He carried them off to his château, overrun by hordes of tourists, taken in relays by guides over the place. He tried to avoid the crowds as he displayed his treasures, but some people clung to his little party. He listened with patience to the usual flippant comments and once, with a good-humored smile, refused a proffered tip.

"I'd like a snapshot of that man," the tourist said. "The only man in Europe who refused a tip."

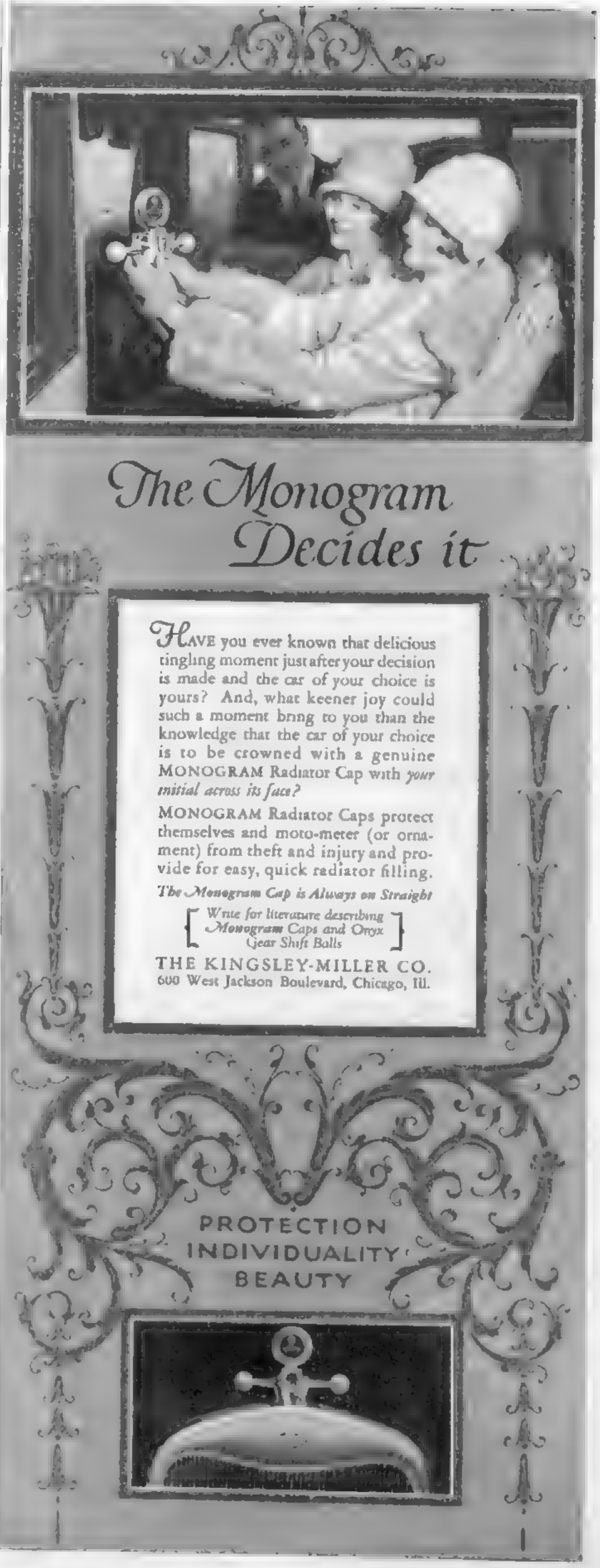
"Never you collect the rarities," said Monsieur Despradailles afterward. "You see what becomes the end of that."

"You are very patient, monsieur."

"I am a trustee for my nation, for the world. Some have the true knowledge and the enjoyment genuine. That consoles me. You will come another day when the château is closed."

Lord Llanthony motored back to Paris that afternoon more than satisfied.

In the final battle, if battle there was to be, the happiness of the mother might be


The Monogram Decides it
HAVE you ever known that delicious tingling moment just after your decision is made and the car of your choice is yours? And, what keener joy could such a moment bring to you than the knowledge that the car of your choice is to be crowned with a genuine MONOGRAM Radiator Cap with *your initial across its face?*
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the winning factor. That evening he dined alone with Sara. To amuse her he painted a picture of a gilded youth, sleeping on a sunny balcony at ten in the morning, of an epicure daintily feasting on chicken livers, of a Sybarite, lolling back, exhaling rings of smoke from gilded cigarettes, of a cosmopolitan exquisite, beautifully got up, languidly admiring art treasures in the salons of Monsieur Despradailles. He was unaware that his picture displeased her. His recital produced precisely the effect which Tybo had from the first been sensitively careful not to bring about. Sara had unconsciously feared that a young man, poor, inexperienced, might lose his head and strut a little in his borrowed finery. This made him ridiculous, and youth is impatient with the absurd. The impression was confirmed the next morning by an incident as trifling as Lord Llanthony had meant his narrative to be.

Sara had made an appointment to go with Sam Tibbetts to the Sainte-Chapelle. He had wished, he said, to catch the extraordinary lights of this beautiful chapel on her face and hair. Sacrilege, she had demurred. He had answered that beauty is never sacrilege and that he wanted the sun's rays on her through the lovely glass that he might solve a problem in his painting of her face.

The same great, grilled entrance leads alike to the Palais de Justice and to the Sainte-Chapelle, and as the two got out of their taxi, Tibbetts drew Sara behind a kiosk on the edge of the sidewalk.

"Look!" he cried.

About thirty feet away Frank Archer and Tybo stood by the side of the latter's shiny auto. My Lord's gloved right hand rested on the door, the other clasped a decorated cigarette holder. His fedora was carefully dented, his coat was perfectly molded to his figure, his varnished-leather shoes were topped by white spats. He was languidly bending over giving an order to the chauffeur. As he straightened and turned they saw that in one eye was thrust a monocle. Sam Tibbetts drew a deep, fierce breath and his fists involuntarily clenched. He said nothing, for this foppish lordling was Sara's cousin. This man, he thought, wears an American frat pin—a pin secured in the frank, breezy West, where men were men, and monocles and white spats brought swift and deserved punishment. The two followed the haughty youth at a distance, noted the jaunty swing of his cane, saw him gravely nod with condescension in assent to some comment from his companion. In solemn silence the two observers went round the side entrance to the chapel, while the two others mounted the grand stairway to the law courts and entered the Salle des Pas-Perdus.

"Now," said Frank Archer, "you amble about this hall and look at the statuary. Down that gallery is the main entrance to the Sainte-Chapelle. It is not always open, but if it is—there's your chance. If it is not I'll take you there afterward, by the lower chapel. I'll be back in half an hour." He hurried back to the criminal courts with a description of a murderer in his brain.

Tybo wandered about trying to be interested in the sculpture, but nervously impatient to hear that they had captured the right man. He was startled into consciousness by a sudden vision of what seemed to him a giant's jewel case—a miracle of tempered brilliance, where fairylike arches sprung and mellow sunshine filtered through gemmed windows on to gilded walls. He stood entranced; then he saw Sara, transfigured, absorbed, gazing up at the rose window. He saw Sam Tibbetts gazing at Sara. He backed away and retraced his steps.

Frank Archer came, hilarious, with the good news that they had captured the right man. Tybo nodded absently. They crossed to the café in front of which he had sat on his previous visit to the courts. The confidence man of that day passed, saw them and sat down. He was reintroduced to Tybo, who greeted him as does one whose mind is far away. The two friends talked for a few minutes, then Bill Wallace silently handed over five dollars, lifted his hat to My Lord, and went his way.

Archer, with a grin, put a dollar into Tybo's hand. "You've won!" he cried. "Come to lunch down on the Boul' Mich'. I've got four dollars to spend."

They walked in silence, Archer watching Tybo curiously.

"You've won, I tell you!" he cried. "The play's over."

"What kind of a fellow is that Tibbetts?" Tybo demanded.

"Oh, hang Tibbetts. He's all right. What's got you?"

"He doesn't go far with me," was the morose answer, so emphatically uttered that the eyeglass dropped to the end of its cord. Archer grabbed it rudely, wrenched the string apart, and shattered the glass on the sidewalk. This violence drew only a surprised glance from the victim.

"I say you've won—the play's over. What's the matter?"

My Lord looked about him, puzzled. "I'm awfully sorry," he stammered. "I say, what about the case?"

"The case—what case?" Archer stopped still and looked alarmed. "Plumb loony!" he cried. "Didn't you get it? I told you your friend was gathered in."

"I'm sorry. I was—yes, I must have been thinking of something else."

Frank Archer muttered something about an ambulance and a mental hospital. Tybo opened his hand and stared at a dollar which he had been clenching tightly. He thrust it into his pocket. "So everything's all right," he said.

"Ah, coming out of your trance, are you?"

"Sainte-Chapelle—its beauty stunned me. Sorry."

"I didn't know you were as sensitive to beauty as all that," was the suspicious answer.

"Nor I—but there it is."

At the lunch the four dollars were triumphantly flourished and Tybo excited to curiosity.

"Talking about you one day," blandly explained the incorrigible Archer, "Bill Wallace said you were very American, very carelessly dressed, and absolutely without the dignity of an English lord. I later told him you always suited your manners and your dress to the place, that you had a weird idea that you were slumming when you came over to the Left Bank, that you were naturally very stand-offish and always dressed for Bond Street ——"

"So that's why?" Tybo frowned.

"Exactly. You fell for it beautifully."

Archer had written that his friend must put on his best togs, that it would make a lot of difference if he had to appear in court, that great respect was always paid to real swells. At the morning meeting he had expressed high approval of the swank get-up, had insidiously produced a monocle, had led Tybo into a bet that the latter could not wear it and live up to the spats a whole morning through.

"Mr. Bill Wallace," Frank continued, "wouldn't believe that you really were a howling swell and I bet him five dollars you were. We arranged the same old meeting place, and I led you there and you overdid your part so magnificently that you won me five dollars and made an enemy for life. You weren't even decently polite."

"I am very sorry. I—I was thinking."

"That Sainte-Chapelle," was the satirical answer; "don't go there again. It recalled to you the beauty of Sam Tibbetts."

"Why do you say that?" Tybo flushed red.

"Oh, you compared them in your trance. But he's crude Gothic, not gilded."

After lunch Archer suggested a visit to his flat. He wanted to exhibit his friend and explain the joke.

"In these clothes?" Tybo exclaimed. "Not me. And say, not a word about it—not a word." He spoke angrily. "You've made a fool of me quite enough for one day." He parted stuffy from his astonished friend. (Continued on Page 193)

Bad Luck?

HERE'S bad luck in earnest! Not the crack in the mirror, which superstition says is bad luck—but the crack in the wall which could have been prevented so easily and which permanently disfigures the room!

Make sure that the home you build will be safeguarded against wall and ceiling cracks. Build with Herringbone Doublemesh Metal Lath. It protects all plastered surfaces, makes their beauty permanent, strengthens the whole construction of your home and serves as a constant barrier against fire. And it costs you so little to get all of these advantages.

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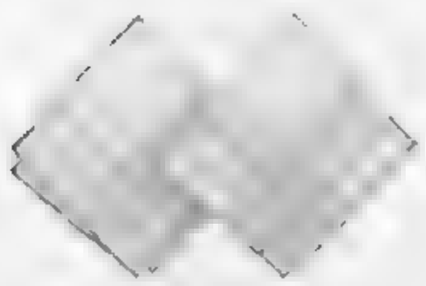
At Brown University, Mr. Noel M. Field received the high compliment of being "the man most likely to succeed" of his entire graduating class. He was the Editor-in-chief of the Brown "Daily Herald," a member of the Honorary Senior Society, the Cammarian Club, is a Phi Beta Kappa man, and made the "Varsity" wrestling team

Mr. Noel M. Field . . . member of the class of 1926 Brown University

The Linen under Cap and Gown at Brown



A fine fabric in self-pattern, as pictured, was the choice of Ide linen handkerchiefs at Brown

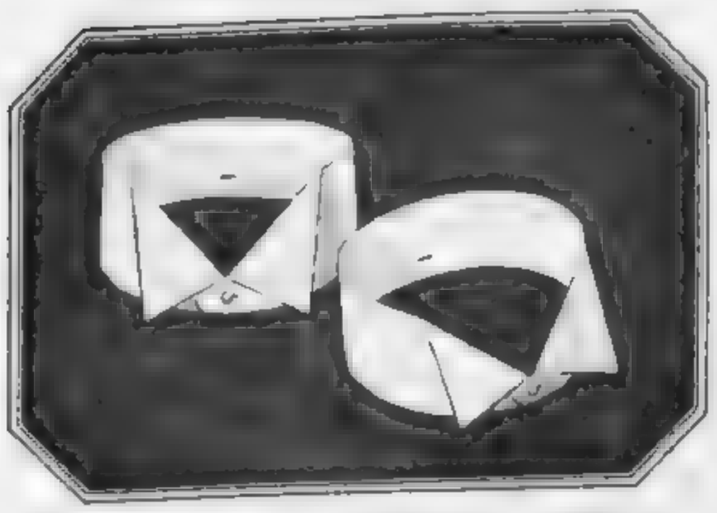
DESIGNATED by the class of '26 at Brown as the man "most likely to succeed," Noel M. Field has this to say of the importance of being well-dressed:

"A good appearance and a good impression can be made by attention to simple details. Fine personal linen does not fail to lend distinction, yet it never makes a man conspicuous."

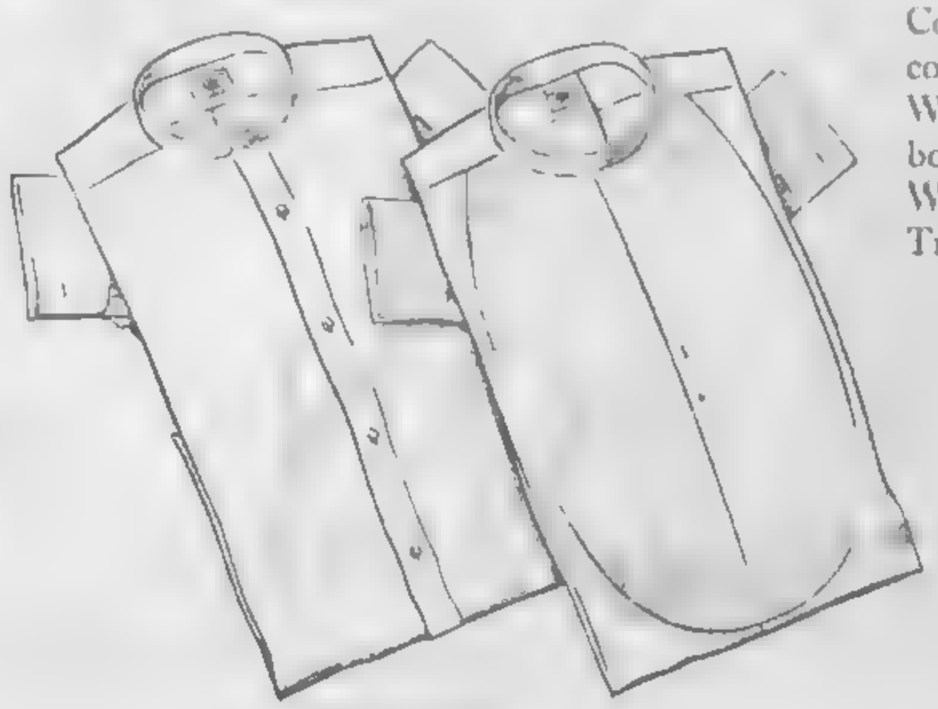
Mr. Field has selected from Ide furnishings the shirts, collars and handkerchiefs illustrated on this page as examples of what would be considered good taste by the men of leading Universities.

"The quiet correctness of Ide shirts and collars appeals to Brown men—in fact, to men everywhere who value a well-groomed appearance. Ide linen, because of its good taste in patterns and fabrics, is an asset to the man who plans ahead for success."

Mr. Field and other college men have pointed out their choice of Ide haberdashery in booklet form. Men from ten Universities are represented, including Princeton, Yale, Columbia, Cornell, Pittsburgh, Wisconsin, Chicago, Dartmouth, and Williams. This interesting illustrated booklet will be sent you on request. Write to Geo. P. Ide & Co., Inc., Troy, New York.

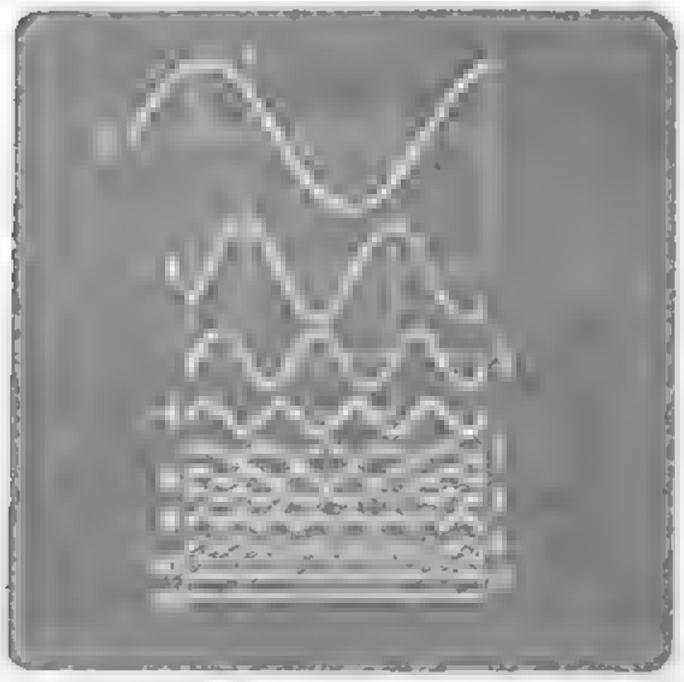


The Ideport was personally selected by this typical Brown graduate as best suited for men of medium physical type He also favored, for less formal evening wear, the Idetux



As an asset in dressing for success, starched collars are considered smarter, and the Etonstreet neckband shirts were indicated as first choice And for evening dress, this Brown man's taste leans toward Ide's Monocourt 500

And now Thomas A. Edison answers another questionnaire . . . . . .



In the photographic diagram above, wave No. 1 is that of the fundamental tone of an organ-pipe. The numerous waves beneath it are that organ-pipe's overtones. They are as elusive as a ray of sunlight, yet their capture and preservation on a phonograph record is utterly essential to full, perfect Re-Creation of an artist's performance. It is obvious that they cannot be preserved if their microscopic strength is dissipated in any way—moving machinery, for example. But let ***Thomas A. Edison*** *give you his views on the subject.*

QUES. What is musical sound?

Ans. When anything such as a tightly stretched string connected to a sounding board is caused to vibrate rapidly and regularly back and forth it sets the air around it in rapid vibration which in turn vibrates our ear drums back and forth. Through the mechanism of the ear these vibrations are transmitted to our brains and we "hear" a musical sound. Physicists call such vibrations sound waves.

Ques. Sometimes music is rich, mellow and beautiful. Sometimes it is harsh, sharp and unpleasant. Why is this?

Ans. The presence or absence of overtones controls the beauty and quality of a musical sound. The more overtones there are, the richer and more beautiful the quality becomes. The difference between the metallic tinkle of a child's piano and the mellow resonance of a concert grand is due to overtones.

Ques. What are overtones?

Ans. When we set the string I mentioned vibrating it sends out a powerful or fundamental wave. It also sends out many other related waves. These secondary waves are called overtones.

A simple illustration of this: Drop a large pebble into a pool of quiet water; wave rings are formed that go out in all directions in smooth and regular procession over the surface of the water.

"I don't use delicate overtones to move machinery."

Now try dropping the large pebble again, but at the same time drop several very small ones along with it. The wave rings caused by the large pebble will be there as before, but, in addition, there will be many little waves or ripples criss-crossing each other and the appearance of the principal waves will be quite different from what they were in the first experiment.

The big waves may be compared to the fundamental sound wave, and the little ripples that are superimposed on them to the overtones.

Another illustration might be an automobile crossing a series of mountain ridges. The mountains and valleys correspond to the principal or fundamental sound waves and the "thank-you-ma'ams" to the overtones—only in the case of music the "thank-you-ma'ams" are enjoyable.

Ques. What, in effect, do overtones accomplish?

Ans. I've already answered this in Question No. 2. To put it in another way, however, one artist with a few simple lines paints a picture; another paints the same picture, but fills out his canvas with backgrounds of light and shade and with subtle color effects. It might be said that the second artist has added overtones to the sharp fundamentals of the first artist's work. The greater the skill in handling the overtones, the greater the master and the more permanently pleasing the effect. This is also true in music.

Ques. Can overtones be recorded on phonograph records?

Ans. Years ago I recognized the fact that only through capturing the delicate and elusive overtones as *well* as the fundamental wave, and faithfully recording them on a record, could phonograph music earn its right to a permanent place in the musical esteem of mankind. I have worked always with this goal in view. Nature has been reluctant, but one by one she has given up her secrets. The present Edison Phonograph is very close to my ideal.

Ques. How have you captured these delicate overtones?

Ans. In many ways. For example, I made a thicker record of greater solidity which would not shake and vibrate as a whole when played. I developed an extremely hard and smooth surface for the record so that the sound waves—the minute ones which are overtones—would not be flattened out when the diamond point passed over them. By adopting a permanent diamond point I got away from making the sound grooves "grind in" steel needles. By mechanically feeding the so-called tone arm across the record I eliminated having the delicate sound grooves *drag* the arm across. In other words, I don't use delicate overtones to move machinery. Countless experiments in recording have taught *us* many vastly important tricks and processes. No one thing has captured the overtones for us. I have mentioned a few, but there are many others. A combination of many details working together has achieved present results. ★

Nothing can be better than the BEST

A phonograph serves one purpose and one only—to reproduce voice or instrument *as it sounded originally*. When a phonograph has accomplished this, nothing more can be asked.

Five thousand tests, in which living artists sang or played side by side with the New Edison before critical audiences in such musical centers as Carnegie Hall in New York and Symphony Hall in Boston, have proved that there is no difference between the original performance and the New Edison's Re-Creation of it. Eminent musical critics who attended these tests were unable to distinguish between the living voices or instrumental performances and the New Edison's rendition of them, and have put themselves on record to that effect. (Send for free booklet, "What the Critics say.")

The nearest Edison dealer will be glad to demonstrate the New Edison Phonograph to you. Ask him also to play an Edison 40-minute record—the inventor's latest achievement—a record of ordinary size which allows you to hear a complete concert without interruption, and at a marked reduction from the usual cost of phonograph music.

The New Edison Phonograph is mechanically and technically correct. It is put together in a laboratory by skilled craftsmen. It is not a talking machine or a toy. In combination with the Edison Record, it forms *the ideal method of sound reproduction, without distortion or tonal blemish.* Try it for a few days in your home and you will realize what this means. Any Edison dealer will be glad to allow you to make this trial—particularly if you can obtain some other make of machine with which you can compare the New Edison.

THOMAS A. EDISON, Inc., Orange, N. J.

The NEW
EDISON
PHONOGRAPH

OK Thos A Edison

★ WATCH FOR OTHER QUESTIONNAIRES BY MR. EDISON

(Continued from Page 190)

Thus it was that in the same hour Tybo knew that he was in love with Sara, she decided definitely that she did not want him.

Sara and Peter Archer met by appointment that afternoon. A great lot of purchases for the new house were to be made and Peter knew where to go for everything, knew hidden stores in grimy Left Bank streets where beautiful things were to be had at half the cost of the shops *de luxe*. They had not been together five minutes before some unspoken message was mysteriously conveyed. A thin film vanished; Peter became her bright irresponsible self. They made a jolly excursion of their efficient shopping.

"I think Tybo would like that shade," Sara would say.

"Much he knows about it," the answer would come.

Another shopper was enjoying triumphs. Mrs. Ellis Evans had won the confidence and respect of her father-in-law by the daring judgment she had shown in her eventful journey to Paris. She had proved again that she had a natural flair as a buyer and a head for business. She had seen Paris wives and daughters helping fathers and husbands, virtual partners, working like beavers. She explained to her friends that their views were narrow and that she was going to do as they did in the great world outside Oldport. So she went to the store every day and began to take over the work of her husband, now absorbed in his campaign. She was thus brought into intimate daily association with the old man, who gave her more and more of his confidence.

"Ellis will win," he said, sipping tea in his daughter-in-law's sitting room. "But he is so deeply in earnest about it that he is neglecting his business."

"I am in it now, Daddy Evans."

"Aye, and good at it. But his strong words will cost us all our best customers."

"No, daddy, not our best customers; our best class of customers. For every one of those lost, we gain three of the others. That's where our money lies."

He nodded, staring a little resentfully from beneath his shaggy eyebrows. "The place of a woman is the home," he said solemnly. "Ellis objects very much to you working."

"He needs money. So do you. I help to make it. Let him talk, daddy." She smiled. "Oh, he can talk all right. They cheered him so madly last night that I cried. Yes, the tears rolled down. I cry awfully easily, daddy—useful sometimes." She had grown so fast since she had visited Paris as a bride that she could now laugh at her own tears. "Ellis, member of Parliament, you alderman, one day, mayor—we're getting on, daddy. Yes, we must turn our capital over faster."

"Guard against worldly temptations, Jennie."

"I know; I'll be careful. That was a splendid sermon about pride, Sunday morning, wasn't it? When I'm acting as mayoress for you, I'll remember it. When I'm at the King's garden party," her voice thrilled with exultation, "I'll think of it. The King commands all members' wives to Buckingham Palace every year, you know."

She looked so pretty in her excited anticipation that her father-in-law preached a little sermon about earthly vanities, and she listened with demure interest.

"I will try," she cried earnestly, "not to get worldly." She poured out more tea for him. "Ellis takes everything so hard, daddy. He wears himself out. Everybody knows he can't help but win. He might be home one night in the week."

"He has his message to deliver, daughter. It is not mine. He goes too far, but always in the right way. He denounces well the levity of our age, the greed of our capitalists, the vainglory of our so-called upper classes."

Jennifer nodded, eying the old gentleman. Was this the moment to draw from him the meaning of his checked and guarded utterance about Lord Pontlottyn. She seized the opening. "The upper classes," she repeated the words reflectively. "What would Ellis do, daddy, if one day he belonged to that class himself?"

The old man frowned. "Do you cherish always that vain thought?" he reproved. "I have told you it can never be." He shut his stern mouth with a snap.

Jennifer, feeling that she was flinging herself to the wolves, bent her head and faltered out that she could not help cherishing the hope, that she thought of it every day, that it might be worldly to dream of being Lady Llanthony, but she just loved it, and it was not so wild a dream after all—only one life stood between—so there!

"No; two lives. That shameless youth is married and has a son."

Jennifer lifted her head and stared with wide eyes, her mouth open, globules of tears rolling down to her lips, where she mechanically flipped them away with the tip of her tongue.

"The damned liar!"

The slow-uttered words struck the old man as would a bullet. His head dropped forward, his backbone crumpled, his eyes seemed to glaze.

"His honor—he gave me his word of honor."

Her husband came rushing in. "They've put up MacGarren!" he cried. "A party hack. They've sent him down from London. To keep their party together, they say. I've got a walk-over. There's a rumor that they tried to get the snip we met in Paris, Jennifer. Yes—Pontlottyn! If he had run they say I might have had a real fight on ——"

"Ellis," his wife rose and faced him, "I have just said that your cousin, Lord Pontlottyn, is a damned liar."

The husband stared. The old man groaned. She wheeled on the latter. "Where is this wife and son?" she demanded sharply.

"In Chipping Campden, a Cotswold village."

"And why isn't she with him?"

"He deserted her. She has pride."

Jennifer burst out with the story of her visit to the château at Tours. They listened, too astonished to interrupt.

"Yes," she shrilled, "I kept him from standing! I saved you, Ellis. And he swore he was not married!" At the door she turned. "Husband and wife should be together!" she cried.

The slam of her bedroom door shook the house. The two men looked at each other in consternation.

"It's the Finley girl," quavered the old man. "They say hunting women swear."

"It's the modern woman," said the husband. "They all swear."

"Could we—could we pray for her?"

"I—I must do more than that, father."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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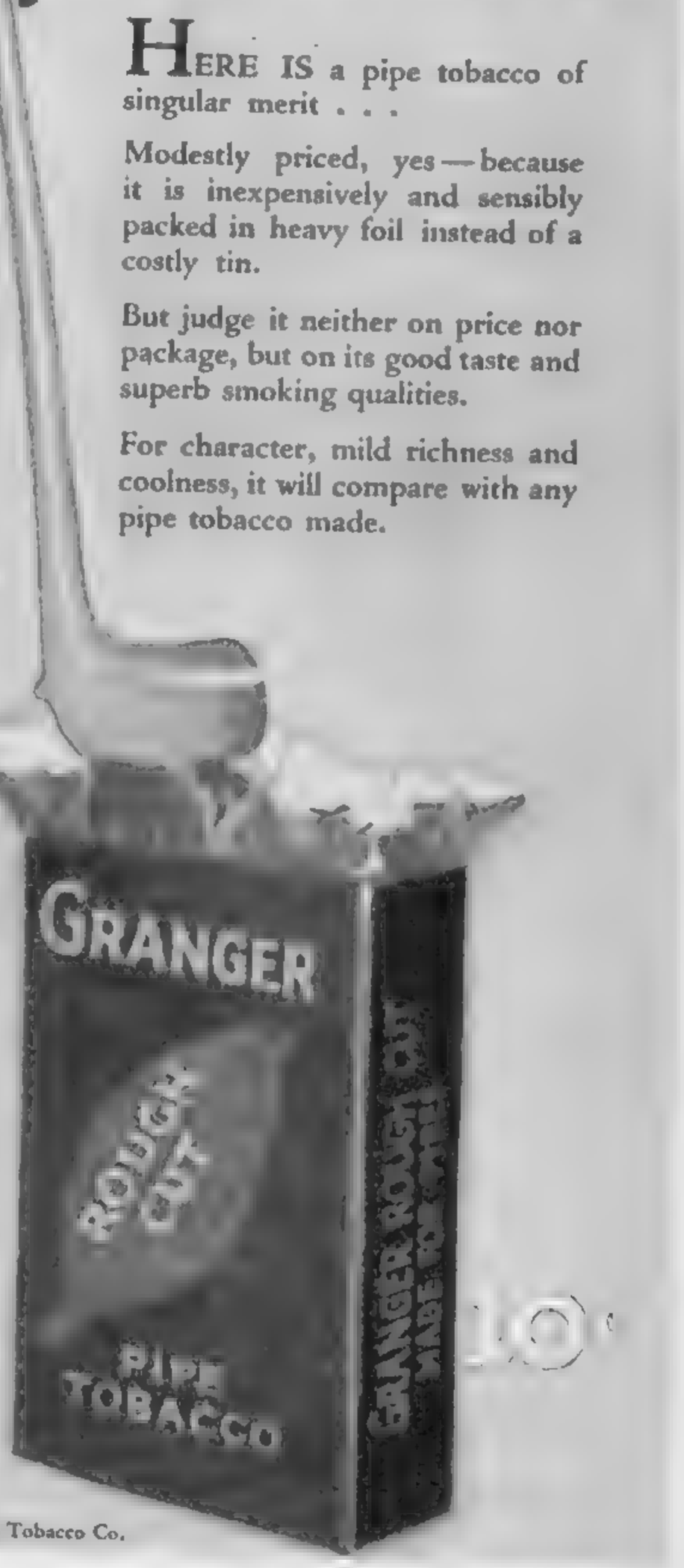

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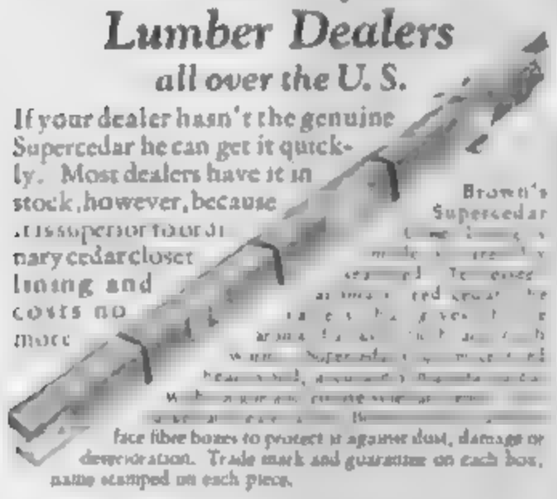

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A. E. F.

(Continued from Page 5)

the immediate status of the drive on Passchendaele Ridge was freely discussed and orders framed for the next day's work. The high hopes of shaking the German loose from his U-boat bases, with which the drive had opened, already were certain of disappointment, but no one of the corps commanders or the staff let it appear for an instant that operations were not proceeding as successfully as reasonable men might expect. The splendid optimism of these officers was reflected in the ranks. The dogged cheerfulness of the British soldier was the most heartening symptom of the Allied cause that I saw in France in 1917. It is so in war; the atmosphere at headquarters, when it is as it should be, is the bulwark of army morale. Let headquarters shake its head in the morning and the whole army droops before night.

In acknowledging receipt of a copy of my book, Commanding an American Army, Field Marshal Sir William R. Robertson wrote me on June 22, 1925, in part: "I am gratified to see that you pronounce the British to have been optimists. It is difficult sometimes now to be one, but in course of time the world may shake down."

It was a delightful and an invaluable experience to meet these fine men and hear each report on what had happened that day on the front of his command, and to suggest what was quite certain to happen tomorrow. The meeting wound up with a general discussion of how much time the United States would need in preparation and when we might expect to take our place on the Western Front in force. We then left for our destination, the headquarters of General Fielding's Guards Division near Elverdinge, where we met the division staff and were assigned to billets.

With characteristic freakishness, the weather changed abruptly at dusk, the skies cleared and it became much colder. At mess, our British hosts told us that we were in for excitement before morning, as the enemy's night bombers always were out in force when the sky was clear. The promise was kept. The distinctive drone of German motors was heard at midnight, and from then until dawn we had a concentrated dose of the newer war.

To Bathe or Not to Bathe?

There was an important munitions dump immediately back of our billets and at the terminus of a narrow-gauge railroad. The enemy had located it by day presumably and now returned by night to destroy it. Each boche plane carried four bombs to a trip. Four violent explosions, a pause, then another series of four. More than 100 bombs were dropped and all missed. All the while a little narrow-gauge engine continued to fuss up and down the track, shunting cars. As each quartet of bombs went off it drew an answering salute from the engine; four blasts of high explosive, four ridiculous peeps from the peanut-roaster-like whistle of the toy engine. In the language of the A. E. F., he was giving the boche the birdy. The spirit of the British Army and an Irish sense of humor both were in that engineer, and I was glad they did not hit him and his fussy little teapot. By pure accident, one set of bombs blew up a picket line of fine horses.

A soldier soon grows used to shelling, but I never adjusted myself to night bombing. A shell arrives, hits or misses, before you know it, but there is too long an interval of suspense between the threat of a bombing plane and the dumping of its load. At breakfast I discovered that our messmates took the night's show as a matter of course, but they were furious over the killing of so many fine horses by chance, for the enemy could not have known that the picket line was there.

With the dawn had come the batman who ministers to the comfort of the British officer. Your batman always is an old soldier and an efficient one. Ours was, I thought, too efficient, for on this freezing morning he left a tub of ice water, soap and towels beside my bed. I had a tremendous cold, and no overweening fondness for ice baths when in the best of health. Whether to forfeit the respect of the batman or to risk double pneumonia was the question. Had he remained close by, I should have had no choice, but he left to attend to my chief of staff—to prepare, I hoped, a similar tub for him. In his absence I splashed the water about until I had made a good showing, used a bit of it on my face and hands, crumpled up the towels and took care to leave the soap wet.

Something—perhaps a guilty conscience—told me that I did not deceive the batman. As he removed the débris a shadow of reproach crossed his sternly disciplined face. Presently my chief of staff appeared rubbing his hands briskly in imitation of a man fresh from an exhilarating toilet and inquired most solicitously about sleep and bath. Had I enjoyed both? Then he remarked that in this war frankness and honesty were greatly to be desired and that he knew very well that there had been neither sleep nor bath for either of us.

We went to breakfast with a renewed faith in an army that began each day with such a voluntary ordeal.

A Military Fundamentalist

When we had paid our visits to corps and division commanders we enrolled as students and went at the job of learning all we could. On November third, after we had left the Front, the British finally took the village and ridge of Passchendaele. They paid more for it than they could afford, more than it was worth in itself, but they had no choice. They had to dingdong away, for Italy was all but out of the fighting and the French were just returning to it.

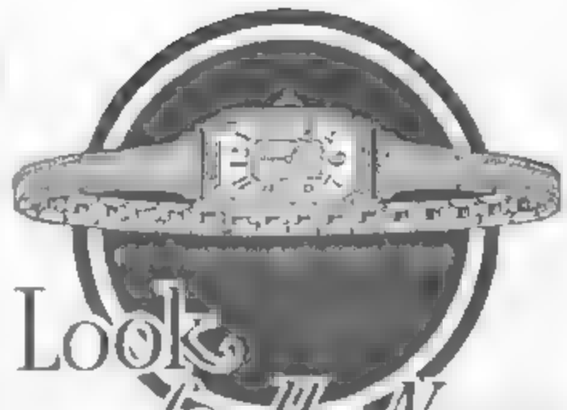
Five months later, in March, this British Fifth Army, still commanded by Gough, was all but destroyed by the opening German offensive of 1918, through no fault of its own. That is admitted, but were the facts not so well known, I still should know that they did not fail. I knew them pretty well before I left them.

The first thing I determined to my own satisfaction at the Front was that a general officer has nothing to learn in the front line. He should know every inch of his ground and know it well, but in modern war on the scale that it was fought in France, the nearer one gets to the first line, the less one sees. The perspective is smothered in the close-up.

The fundamentals of warfare remain the same, but the application changes constantly, and under the forced pressure of three years of desperate fighting, human ingenuity had devised many new aids to killing and perfected old ones, a great deal of it known to the American Army only by hearsay. All of them, however, were and are dependent for real effect upon the closest association with infantry and artillery. Many were of enormous assistance to the infantryman, but none or all could replace him.

The British had come to France with one machine gun to 500 infantrymen, but by now there was one to twenty infantrymen. At the War College I remember a debate as to whether infantry regiments should be equipped with four or with six machine guns. I felt and said that the more the better, but the machine gun of the time was imperfect. It overheated quickly and had a habit of jamming when it was needed most, hence the limited faith in it. The American Army used the Hotchkiss, bought from the French, until our Brownings arrived. The Browning was the most dependable and foolproof of all, French, German or British.

(Continued on Page 197)



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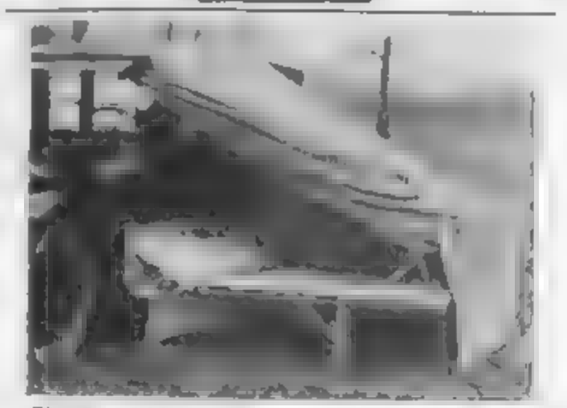

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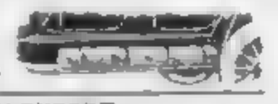

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6-ply HEAVY DUTY

(Continued from Page 194)

Under the stimulus of war, European aviation had left our own remotely behind. The newest in air tactics and equipment was apt to be obsolete in six months. When we came in, aerial warfare had not long emerged from the knight-errant stage in which the rival pilots flew over one another's lines and challenged to single combat. They had a code of their own and fought a gallant war, but one with little relation to the operations beneath them. It was the more practical but less knightly German who taught the Allies, by example, to fly in formation both for their own protection and for the opportunity it presented of ganging lone crusaders. At this stage the airplane had almost no offensive value beyond chasing away enemy observation planes and balloons and protecting our own, but already it was the eye of the army; yet a layman might fly over the enemy all day and have nothing worth telling to report when he returned.

Like most American soldiers, I knew next to nothing of the new art of camouflage. There was a camouflage school attached to General Holland's First Corps. One afternoon a sniping instructor took me to his practice field, a flat pasture of several acres, with an occasional rock or tuft of grass higher than the general level of vegetation. Leading me to the center of the field, he asked me to look about carefully and tell him if I saw anything that did not appear to belong there.

"I think I do," I said, after a long glance. "I suspect that stump really is a sniper in camouflage."

"Right," he confirmed. "Do you see any more!"

I have good eyes, and they were better in 1917 than they are now, but I looked long and hard and saw nothing except Nature's handiwork. When I gave up, the instructor made a signal and twenty men leaped up from all about me. Their neutral-color clothing blended with the dead grass of autumn, and headdresses of grass and other foliage did the rest. The Germans were equally skillful, and death was the penalty of carelessness in the front lines even on quiet days. The entry of the airplane had made it equally necessary to conceal battery positions, and the skill with which guns and caissons were camouflaged was such that I could not see them until I was upon them.

Two Lines of Training

From the British I went to General Messimy's division of the French First Army to the north in front of Houthoulst Forest. Messimy had been a French Minister of War and had asked for a command in 1914, saying that any able-bodied politician who remained in Paris deserved to be shot. In this position between the British and the Belgians, operations had ceased for the year except for periodical trench raids and daily airplane strafing. His were seasoned troops, brought up from the south to protect the British left flank in the drive on Passchendaele, and if disaffection had touched them, it was not apparent to me. The French is and always has been a democratic army, but at no sacrifice to discipline.

Though the British had permitted defensive trench tactics to overshadow open war offense, as we saw it, in their training, they still were proceeding on the theory that the rifle is the primary arm of infantry, and I found them bearing down hard on both marksmanship and bayonet fighting. They told us that the commonly accepted report that the boche had no stomach for cold steel was correct. In contrast, the French seemed to be in grave danger of forgetting that they had rifles and bayonets and that trench warfare would not go on forever. I found them giving every minute to hand grenades, rifle grenades, the Chauchat automatic rifle—which our men called the Shoo-shoo—and the Stokes mortar, all developments of trench warfare. I spent some time at a large French training school, where they were attaining a wicked accuracy with all.

The technic of the hand grenade was simple; pull the pin, count 1-2-3, throw with a free arm swing and at 5 the grenade exploded in or immediately over the enemy trench if aim was good. The American soldier expected to excel with the hand grenade by virtue of his baseball prowess, but we had to unlearn the baseball throw first of all. The grenade was not a baseball and the enemy trenches were not home plates. The rifle grenade was merely a heavier bomb, fired mortar-like from the regulation rifle by a cartridge. At ranges of 200 to 300 yards the French were deadly with it. The Stokes portable mortar served a like purpose at ranges of 200 to 500 yards with a heavier missile. A shotgun charge propelled the three or four pound shells and the French learned to load and fire with such machinelike rapidity that one mortar would keep a string of shells in the air.

The First Army Corps

The Chauchat rifle was a cross between the army rifle and a machine gun, fired from the hip. Unfortunately, the French excellences in these seemed to be at the expense of the rifle. I was told that the enemy was beginning to show himself with impunity at rifle ranges opposite the French, who quite often were supplied only with grenades and mortar ammunition.

Nothing impressed me more than the excellence of the British transport. I knew their splendid care of and skill with horses, and I was prepared for the extent to which the motortruck was used, but their light railroads opened my eyes. Using a track gauge, locomotives and light steel such as we see on construction jobs in America, they laid them quickly over all but the most difficult terrain, carried them almost to the front lines and took an enormous burden off the highways.

I returned to Chaumont in early November, stopping in Paris long enough to be measured for a change of clothes, and went into the staff departments to learn what I could there, and to study the areas assigned to the American divisions soon to come, particularly that of my own, and to watch the training of the four divisions now in France—the First, Second, Twenty-sixth and Forty-second. Early in December all the touring generals were ordered home to bring over their commands. At Bordeaux the morning I was to sail, a wire from Chaumont called me back, saying that my division was about to sail.

With six divisions in France on January fifteenth, orders were issued for the forming of the First American Army Corps, of which I was given command. Accordingly I moved to Neufchâteau in the Vosges Mountains, began organizing the First Corps staff and took over administrative command of the First, Second, Twenty-sixth and Forty-second, which were to be the line divisions of the corps. My own Forty-first was to be the base and training division and the Thirty-second—Wisconsin and Michigan National Guard—the replacement division. These, with corps troops, headquarters and staff, would total about 200,000 men.

But almost immediately we adopted the French system of corps command under which an army corps consists of its staff, certain technical troops, the corps artillery and such divisions as happen to be on the lines at the point to which the corps is assigned—a more mobile and adaptable organization than our own. My men of the Forty-first were distributed among six divisions, the bulk of them, 12,000 each, going into the First and Second, in the gallant battle records of which they were to share.

The First now was in the line north of Toul, the Second was preparing to enter the line south of Verdun, the Twenty-sixth was training at Neufchâteau and assigned to the Chemin des Dames, the Forty-second was scheduled for the Lunéville-Baccarat sector shortly, and the Thirty-second, which had been changed from a

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replacement to a combat division, would appear later in the Belfort region, ad quiet sectors and all under French tactical command, to learn the feel of the front line, how to man the trenches, how to relieve, the business of bringing up supplies, assignment to billets, intelligence, signal corps and liaison work, and all the complex business of trench warfare. Though they were not yet ready to take care of themselves, they were beginning to permit the release of French divisions to Foch's reserves.

Their French instructors did not regard them as being adequate as yet to trench raiding, nor did the French care to stir up the boche with such irritations. On both sides, the lines had been garrisoned by tired troops from active sectors, and there was an implied agreement to avoid harassing one another beyond a few shells thrown over at the same time each afternoon just to show that the war still was on.

Our advance guard insisted, however, to the mild annoyance of the French and the greater objection of the Germans, on hostile excursions into the enemy lines in which we lost a man or two and brought back an occasional prisoner.

The German Plan

In Alsace, where I went later to inspect the Thirty-second around Belfort, I found the villages still intact, a tacit understanding not to shell one another with high explosive having existed since early in the war. Shrapnel only was in use, and that reserved for such irresistible targets as an occasional motor car of staff officers. In that long stretch from the eastern edge of the St.-Mihiel salient to the Swiss border, where the war had been static since 1914, there were many places where civil traffic went on as usual, children played between the lines and German and French sentries walked their posts within pistol shot of each other.

Already the First, Second, Thirty-second and Forty-second had good serviceable staffs. The Twenty-sixth's headquarters was not so well off. A number of its original staff had been promoted to other duties and a reorganization was in progress.

Col. Malin Craig, who had come with me as chief of staff of the Forty-first, now became my chief of staff of the First Corps, to my great good fortune. He had been an old associate of mine in the War College faculty and had asked to be assigned to me as soon as he learned I was to have a division. I could not have asked for a better; and knowing his ability, I gave him a free hand and charged him with full responsibility in selecting his section chiefs and otherwise building the machine. An army-corps staff is divided into three sections—G-1, in charge of administration and personnel; G-2, in charge of military intelligence; and G-3, having to do with operations and training. We also had a G-4, which functions with the Service of Supplies. This properly is a field-army staff division and was transferred to the First Army when it was organized. There also is another staff, purely administrative, composed of an adjutant general, chief signal officer, chief air officer, chief medical officer and chief engineering officer, each with as many assistants as needed.

As I had given my chief of staff a free hand in selecting his section chiefs, he gave them like freedom in choosing their assistants and held them to a like responsibility. I demanded of all not only ability and loyalty but harmony, and let it be known that the first trouble-maker would go. I also demanded that they relieve me of all detail, the first function of a staff, permitting me to concentrate entirely on my job as commander. Once or twice it was necessary to confer with chiefs of section on minor matters, but I was able to give virtually all my time to watching the training, equipment and supply of the men in line with the French, looking to their comfort and morale, and to studying the ground from the Argonne Forest to the Vosges. From first to last, the First Corps staff was a harmonious family and I always shall believe that there never was a better. That opinion draws support from the fact that it was transferred to the Third Army as staff of that unit when it marched into Germany.

We come down now to the opening of the great German attack of 1918. The Russians were out and Italy was marking time after Caporetto. Two new German armies were created, one under Otto von Below from Italy, the other under Hutier from the Eastern Front, and most of the other army commanders were newcomers from the east. Great captures of guns on the Italian, Russian and Rumanian fronts, and German cannon released there, gave the enemy an equality with the Allied artillery.

In February, the Reichstag indorsed the German plan, explained to it in secret session by Ludendorff and Hindenburg. Whatever the Americans might or might not be able to do eventually, the Reichstag was told, they could not reach France in force for six months at least. Before then, probably in four months, Germany would have destroyed the British Army or forced it back across the Channel, then beaten France to its knees, and American intervention would be too late. This might cost as high as 1,500,000 casualties, but victory was certain if nothing was spared. All Germany was convinced and enthusiastic.

Ludendorff had no geographical objective; he was not aiming for the Channel or for Paris. What he intended to do was first to break the British right center, separating the British from the French, hem in the disorganized British Army between the Somme and the Channel and hold it there with relatively few troops, then turn on Pétain and destroy him with a series of hammer blows in quick succession. The general strategic plan allowed a wide latitude of particular objectives to be governed by conditions as they arose, but it demanded time-table dispatch and no breathing spell for the Allies.

A Selected Army

I say Ludendorff, rather than Hindenburg. The latter was the army's chief, the former his executive officer, but Ludendorff was the younger man, the greater organizer, more brilliant strategist, more resourceful mind; he was the greater in every respect but one—character. Hindenburg had character, which explains why he is president of the German Reich today, while Ludendorff is lost in obscurity. Military character, like all character, is best tested by adversity. When defeat was certain, Ludendorff resigned and, like his imperial master, left the country. Hindenburg was made of sterner stuff. He stayed at his post, held the army together as a unit until the last, and probably saved his country from a moral disaster as great as was its military failure.

The new German tactics of infiltration, first used with great success against the Russians by Hutier and later tested and proved by Von Marwitz and Otto von Below at Cambrai and Caporetto, were to be employed. This German innovation called for troops to disregard their flanks and go ahead, letting support divisions take care of that detail. Objectives were unlimited and support troops were to follow closely, leapfrogging the leading elements when the latter became winded. There was to be only a short, intense artillery preparation, followed by a rain of gas on the enemy's rear areas, and the field artillery was to keep on the infantry's heels.

Instead of the old German mass attack, selected troops, with an unprecedented armament of machine guns, portable mortars and flame throwers, were to advance in loose order in successive waves. The best of Germany's army had been painstakingly combed out in early winter and removed to the rear for rest and training in the new tactics. These shock divisions were brought up by forced night marches at the last moment in great secrecy.

(Continued on Page 201)

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WESTINGHOUSE UNION BATTERY Co.

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

(Continued from Page 198)

During the winter France had broken up 100 battalions. In March, Haig had 180,000 fewer infantrymen than he had had in March, 1917. Labor battalions drawn from the colonies and from the British Isles themselves were more plentiful than ever, but he was so short of fighting men that he had to reduce all his divisions from thirteen to ten battalions in January and February and fill up the remaining ten with the demobilized three.

Since the previous summer France's demand that the British take over a greater share of the line and relieve France's dwindling army had grown in insistence. In January the British had to agree, and my old friends of General Gough's Fifth Army relieved the French on a front of forty miles.

The British now held 125 miles of line with about the same force with which they had accounted for eighty miles of it two years earlier. They continued to keep a large force at home to resist an invasion that always had been improbable, and since the naval battle of Jutland, grotesque. They had other armies in Palestine and Greece.

Haig understood his peril thoroughly and pleaded for reënforcements from home and from the various British side shows. Political considerations prevented him from getting them, so, from January on, the Fifth Army held a front north of the Oise River just twice as long as its numbers warranted, and the best the French could promise was to extend their left to aid the Fifth if the attack came there, which the French were convinced it would not.

Gough had eleven divisions in line and five—two cavalry—in reserve to protect a front of 72,000 yards. On his extreme right, three divisions in line and a cavalry division in reserve were given the task of holding 30,000 yards, this region being protected in theory by the Oise and its marshes. But the season had been dry after the unusual rains of 1917 and the marshes were much less formidable than usual. The British worked frantically through the late winter, attempting to offset this and other weaknesses with a deep and elaborate series of defenses heavily wired and bristling with redoubts, but the battle broke before they had prepared the final defensive zone.

The Allies knew the blow was coming and in great force, of course, but not when or where, and the enemy took pains to keep them in doubt. One of the first advantages of the offensive over the defensive is this element of surprise. Ludendorff feinted heavily both at Ypres and at Rheims and completely deceived the French, who still were bracing themselves for the shock in the Champagne when the British Front already was broken.

Americans Into the Breach

The German attack was soundly conceived and skillfully executed, the most adroitly handled movement of heavy forces yet seen on the Western Front. As General Pershing said in his final report, "It cannot be said that German hopes of final victory were extravagant, either as viewed at that time or as viewed in the light of history."

Early March had been dry and sunny in Flanders. There was a heavy fog on the morning of March twentieth. The fog settled down again at night and at 4:45 o'clock of the morning of the twenty-first the German let go with every gun he could crowd into a front of forty-seven miles. The gas shelling reached twenty miles behind the British lines. Then at eight o'clock he struck with three armies from Croisilles to Vendeuil. Of some 190 divisions now in the west, sixty-two—and all but ten of these specially trained shock troops—had been set aside for this offensive, known, from its code name, as the Michael. Some thirty-five moved forward in the first wave under the cover of a perfect fog screen. The fog was heavier than ever the morning of the twenty-second and the Germans drove on.

By that night the thinly held lines of the Fifth Army had buckled and broken, the enemy was through the final zone and Gough was retreating on the Somme, to be forced across that river the following day. By Sunday the twenty-fourth, the day the Germans opened fire on Paris with their long-range gun, what was left of Gough's army was battling on soil untouched until now by the war, and a motley force of American and Canadian engineers, labor battalions, school personnel, stragglers, auxiliary troops and every loose and whole man that could be found in the rear areas was thrown frantically into the breach under the command of an artillery general returning from leave at home. The autumn before, the Eleventh American Engineers had been drawn into the battle of Cambrai, so the engineers have a double claim to the title of first of the American Army to fight.

The German attack had everything, even the weather, in its favor. I thought at the time, and still think, that under the conditions there were no troops in the world who could have stood to their work more gallantly than did this desperately outnumbered and outfated army of Gough's. They retreated with their faces to the enemy and with such stubbornness for four days that French reënforcements got up just in time to stop the enemy short of Amiens.

Their Backs to the Wall

By a margin of eight miles, Germany had missed splitting the French and the British. Why the gallant and able Gough ever was blamed I do not yet understand. He was not so blamed by his chief, but by the civil authorities, who kept an army in England to repel a mythical invasion and other armies in the Near East for political reasons. Had Haig been given the reënforcements he pleaded for, Gough would have parried the German blow as Byng parried it, and the first of an ominous series of Allied crises would have been avoided.

A happy result of this crisis, and perhaps the only one, was the meeting of Clemenceau, Poincairé, Foch, Pétain, Loucheur, the French Minister of Munitions; Lord Milner, Haig and Sir Henry Wilson, the British chief of staff, in the backwash of the retreat in the village of Doullens on March twenty-sixth and their agreement on Foch as Allied generalissimo.

For three years the Allies had opposed German unity with disunion, and only a disaster of the first magnitude had overcome mutual prides and jealousies and political fears.

As Grant said of the Union Armies before he took command, they had acted "without concert, like a balky team, no two ever pulling together." Even now the Allies withheld the title of generalissimo from Foch until April fourteenth, when the overwhelming approval of the decision was everywhere apparent.

There had been no time to secure General Pershing's attendance, but our commanding general immediately—March twenty-eighth—offered Foch the American Army to the last man.

The Government of the United States, in fact, had urged such a move from the first, and when the Allied Premiers met at Rapallo on the Italian frontier in November, 1917, and created the Supreme War Council, usually known as the Versailles Council, Washington had proposed that the council be given executive authority. The French had been willing, but Lloyd George held back.

The German had lengthened his line by twenty-five miles by the wedge he had driven into the British Front. He had lost heavily, but had inflicted greater losses, and he could much better afford it. The aroused British Government hurried 350,000 troops across the Channel to Haig between March twenty-first and April twenty-first and recalled others from the Near East. On April tenth the British Commons raised the conscription age to fifty, extended it to Ireland and tightened exemptions.

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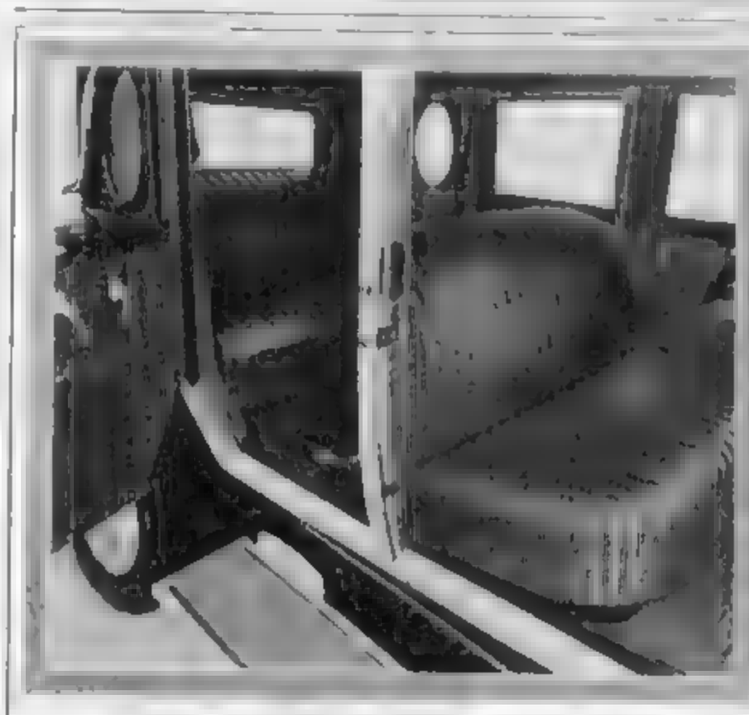

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For all this, when the Germans attacked the British-Portuguese Front along the Lys on April eleventh, intended by Ludendorff only as a subsidiary operation with a limited objective, the Portuguese division was destroyed and the British broke badly. With a great bulge effected, threatening the two vital British centers of Hazebrouck and Béthune, the agreeably surprised German threw in his reserves and drove for the Channel ports. He was deviating from his prepared plan, but that was small comfort to the British.

Their straits may best be indicated by the order of the day issued by Sir Douglas Haig on April eleventh:

> There is no other course open to us but to fight it out. Every position must be held to the last man; there must be no retirement. With our backs to the wall and believing in the justice of our cause, each one of us must fight on to the end. The safety of our homes and the freedom of mankind alike depend on the conduct of each one of us at this critical moment.

In his order of the day, Lieutenant General Sir Arthur Currie was saying:

> Looking back with pride on the unbroken record of your glorious achievements, asking you to realize that today the fate of the British Empire hangs in the balance, I place my trust in the Canadian Corps, knowing that where Canadians are engaged there can be no giving away. Under the orders of your devoted officers in the coming battle, you will advance or fall where you stand, facing the enemy. To those who fall, I say, "You will not die, but will step into immortality. Your mothers will not lament your fate, but will be proud to have borne such sons. Your names will be revered forever and ever by your grateful country, and God will take you unto himself."

These are portentous words, and neither Haig nor Currie was given to rhetoric or to crying, "Wolf! Wolf!" The British never fought more desperately, and with the aid of the Belgians and more than twenty French divisions, six of them cavalry, that Foch had rushed to Flanders, the enemy was kept from the Channel. The battle ended April twenty-ninth, when the French counterattacked and drove the Germans back a mile.

The British Army was exhausted and reeling from losses of close to 500,000 men in two months. On April seventeenth Haig had evacuated Passchendaele Ridge, which he had been from July to November in winning. In coming to the aid of the British, Foch had been forced to use the mass of maneuver he thriftily had been accumulating to throw into the next breach Germany was riding high, but Ludendorff stopped to re-form. He had brought up five more fresh divisions from Russia in the midst of the battle, but he, too, had lost 500,000 men. It was no more than he bargained for, but it led to a lull through most of May, a surcease for the weary Allies that had not been contemplated in the German plan. Second guesses are easy, yet any soldier must wonder what the result would have been had Ludendorff struck again at Amiens without this pause.

But what of the American Army?

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by General Liggett and Mr. Stout. The second will appear in an early issue.

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 36)

That very night, indeed, when they were discovered by Olof and Illgyl planting a timed firecracker under the chair which awaited Papa Alloff Vladivitch, the mettle of the two cousins asserted itself.

"Splendid!" said Olof.

"Admirable!" applauded Illgyl. "Then you, too, Cousins Hans and Fritz, are believers in the fallacy of the family as well as in the inevitability of the social revolution?"

"Vot?" howled Hans.

"Vot iss?" blurted Fritz.

Cousin Olof meantime removed the firecracker from under Papa's chair and started upstairs.

"I shall be down in a minute," he reassured the Ratzies. "Fortunately, I have just finished an infernal machine for this very purpose, and if you would not mind the more efficacious substitute ——"

Next morning, just before the onion soup of Grandma Vladivitch was sent up to her room from the kitchen, little Hans joyously spiced the broth with a spoonful of Cayenne pepper, while frolicsome Fritz inserted a *soupçon* of ipecac. Again the two grave Russian boys, politely bringing up at the rear, applauded the Ratzenjammers' intention.

"But," interposed Olof, "as a more emphatic protest against authority, and to show to the utmost our faith in the forceful survival of youth over old age—don't you think that a spoonful of ground glass might be better for grandma? Brother Olof here carries a small supply in his pocket, which I am sure ——"

"Vot?" cried Hans, going pale.

"Vot iss?" stammered Fritz.

Again at nightfall, after Hans and Fritz had kidnaped the youngest of the thirteen Vladivitches from the nursery to drop it into a near-by well, who should heave into view but the constant and inevitable cousins, Olof Vladimir Vladivitch and Illgyl Gogo Vladivitch?

"Splendid!" enthused Olof when he had peeked over their shoulders into the well. "But can't you manage to keep its head under?"

"This is a good thing," said Illgyl, laying an affectionate hand on Fritz's arm. "I have long been contemplating this very deed myself, but you of America do while we of Russia are yet thinking. You have, I take it, read Malthus on population?"

It was from that night on that the Ratzenjammers, reduced to a Slavic absurdity, began to grow up and reform.

The next morning, therefore, they called solemnly for their luggage, started back full speed for America, begun at once to grow long and pious whiskers, and are today become the respected trustees of a reform school for incorrigible children.

—*Cyril B. Egan.*

The Ground Hog

THE ground hog is a beast as queer
As any can be reckoned;
He chooses to begin his year
On February second.

He is a most peculiar one,
It cannot be gainsaid;
For if, that day, he sees the sun,
He goes right back to bed.

But if there's snow upon the ground
And he casts no reflection,
This animal is honor bound
To leave his hole's protection.

Now, what a silly thing to do!
I cannot grasp his point of view,

For if the day was warm and fair,
I certainly would leave my lair;
But if I noticed any snow
I'd sleep another month or so.

But, then, it's only fair to say
I'm not a ground hog anyway.

—*Norman R. Jaffray.*

Condescension

ONCE I was seventeen.
How did it feel?
I can't remember how—
Once I was seventeen—
Oh, callow seventeen!
I'm eighteen now.

Mary Carolyn Davies.

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DOES SOCIETY MOCK AT MARRIAGE?

(Continued from Page 46)

never pass there now without remembering my early experience. Today such an occurrence would be unheard of; and should it happen, the rebellious young perpetrator would merely be asked to leave the party, after apologizing for his offense.

Personally I believe the war, more than any other single cause, changed the methods used in the education of the younger set. Lack of supervision, excitement, sorrow, the swiftly moving melodrama of life as we lived it in those stirring days seemed to upset the entire order of things. The audacious became the commonplace, because we might never come back any more. We younger men and women aged more in a year than did most of our elders in a decade. We lived life very fast. Most of us took our fun where we found it, believing each opportunity for pleasure that came to us might be our last. We sought our place in the looseness of living, seemingly forgetting all sense of proportion. We magnified little things; big things distorted our imaginations. We lived first one place, then another; met new people, learned new customs, exchanged ideas and theories. Many of us liked this new order of life better. There were no longer restrictions of any kind. We never even had to let our consciences be our guides; perhaps we no longer had consciences.

And then, as though a scythe had come and cut a path right through the midst of us, came the aftermath of the war; the gathering up of the threads of life, the reapportionment of the race, the readjustment of society. With it, a new way of living, of trying to get along, of solving our own problems as they presented themselves to us. A new horizon was unfolding itself before us; a new world was coming into being. Our elders had enough to do themselves, without bothering about our fate. And we youngsters grew up, oblivious of chaperons, tutors, guards or detectives, with the knowledge, only, that the way in which we were doing things was the way in which they should be done.

A Volunteer Censor

A few months after the war—I was twenty years old at the time—I was at a party at a house overlooking the bay at Newport. It was during suppertime, and I went out into the somber courtyard alone to find some place to sit down and rest. All around me there were couples spooning, far from the ballroom lights. Finally, in desperation, I wandered out into the garden, where the Japanese lanterns cast faint rays upon other couples nestled in one another's arms. I sat down near the gatepost. Curious throngs had assembled beyond the walls to get a peep at the evening's affair. An old man on the other side of the wall stood beside me and engaged me in conversation.

"Say, young fellow," he said, as well as I can remember, "how many of them youngsters in there are doing anything for their country? Can you tell me that?"

"I'm sure I don't know," I said. "But I think most of them joined up, and a great many of them got to France."

"Ah, but that's not it. What are they doing now to uphold the honor and integrity of this nation and to set an example for the rest of the world?" he went on. "Just see them lolling all over the place in there. Do you think for a moment that such a display would be allowed at any public function in this town? I should say not. The authorities would step in and break up the party at once. It's against the rules of common decency to be allowing young people such utter freedom."

That old man's words have often come back, when at present-day parties I note the indiscriminate petting, the hip flasks, eccentricities, and the seeming neglect on the part of husbands and wives to realize that the things they themselves are doing are merely setting the example for their children and the children of their friends to emulate.

Before the war, society's night life was at least limited to the home; nowadays, probably partly because of lack of space in homes, most of the fashionable night life takes place in the night clubs and after-supper speak-easies, which flourish in most of the great cities in our land. Here not only supposedly safely married couples but the younger generations as well gather; so that mother and father meet son and daughter on common ground and exchange greetings through the liquor-scented and tobacco-laden air, each knowing enough about the night life of the other to make it impossible for any one of the actors in this queer life drama as much as to dare to criticize the affairs of the other.

The Girl and the Gigolo

To those outside the social sphere the doings of those inside of it are still a mystery. No ordinary man or woman can understand why society people, especially the recently married younger set, could have any interest in anyone else. If they did, then why, they reason, did they get married to the wrong person. Would it not have been better to wait a bit? But to society people such ideas are merely elementary. Frequently their honeymoon literally ends their married life. After that it is for each of them to acquire some other friend as constant partner in their life's escapade; for what have many wealthy couples got in common save birth or religion? They are drawn together and married, often not because they love each other, but because the uniting of their families will help prolong the social set to which they belong. Often, too, families who have just entered the social realm and who have great potential reserves, find it becoming to add to their list of assets the backing of a well-known name. There are others who have the wherewithal, but could use to good advantage a title or two. Daughters of such families are often brought up in foreign cities or sent to finishing schools abroad, where pecuniarily embarrassed young gentlemen of once-reigning nobility find it to their fiscal advantage to remain in prominent view. Much jealousy prevails among rival parents in the social marriage market; and often, just because the daughter of a friend has succeeded in capturing a well-known name, their own daughter is practically sold to the highest titular bidder.

Last summer, at a Paris supper club in the Montmartre section, I noticed the two daughters of two well-known Western families dancing most of the time with the restaurant's paid *gigolos*, even though they were part of a large group of young people. Later in the evening quite a rumpus took place at their table, part of which I chanced to overhear.

"You owe me twelve hundred francs"—equivalent to about thirty dollars—the *gigolo* was saying.

"Like fun I do," said a certain young man. "If my partner desires to dance with you, you should be honored; her father is one of the best-known men in the West."

"That's not the question," said the *gigolo*. "My father was a Russian prince before the revolution, but I am poor; and I dance here for a stipend, not because I want to dance with every girl who comes along, but because I have to."

"Well, why doesn't the restaurant pay you?" said the American youth.

"Because it's not the custom," replied the *gigolo*. "I get paid by the escorts of the women I dance with; so much a dance or so much an hour."

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R. D. Morton of Oregon works seven days a week, and says it's usually 9 or 10 o'clock at night before he gets any time for himself. But Morton wanted more money. How did he get it? He first sent in a coupon like the one below.

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Shortly after writing us Morton received authority to act in his locality for the Subscription Agency Division of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. He told his friends, his neighbors, and chance acquaintances, of opportunity offered, about his new connection. And in a single month his profits from the renewal and new business which he forwarded, amounted to exactly $73.50!

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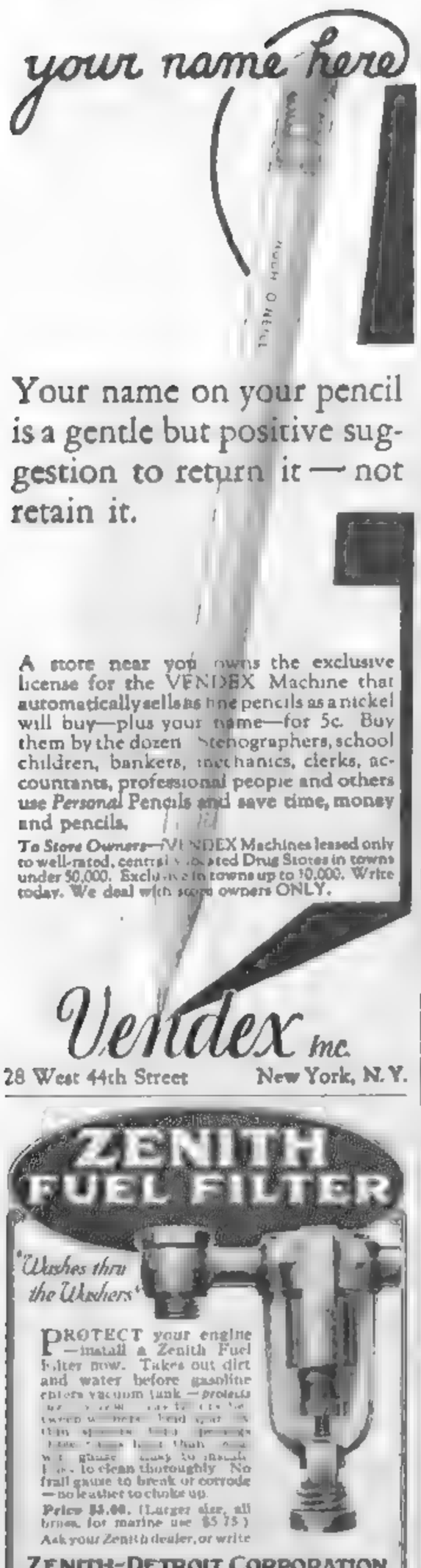

Your name on your pencil is a gentle but positive suggestion to return it — not retain it.

A store near you owns the exclusive license for the VENDEX Machine that automatically sells as fine pencils as a nickel will buy—plus your name—for 5c. Buy them by the dozen. Stenographers, school children, bankers, mechanics, clerks, accountants, professional people and others use *Personal* Pencils and save time, money and pencils.

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PROTECT your engine—install a Zenith Fuel Filter now. Takes out dirt and water before gasoline enters vacuum tank—protects [illegible] to clean thoroughly. No frail gauze to break or corrode—no leaflet to choke up.

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FOR GOOD HEALTH

Buy Good Quality Under This EMBLEM

It is used only by members of this Association and insures the quality of Sauerkraut endorsed by it. Send for free booklet "Sauerkraut as a Health Food."

THE NATIONAL KRAUT PACKERS' ASSOCIATION Dept. P-11, Clyde, Ohio

And sure enough before the party left the *gigolos* received their due, though the young women probably omit this when they tell their friends how they happened to vamp a former Russian grandee.

Burke once said that "Responsibility prevents crimes"; to this could well be added, nowadays, that "responsibility is the very basis of a happy married life." The less-prosperous man's wife is an integral part of their possible success or failure. His problems intimately concern her, because they mean food and clothes and the gradual solution of their entire life.

The wealthier man's wife, imbued with the social bug, has no problems, no responsibilities, except, perhaps, those having to do with her social prestige, her servants, her entertaining. That is probably the reason why relaxation for the elder society man comes more often in his office or among the bright lights. The man of average circumstances has less opportunity to think of another woman. Once in a great while he may attend the convention of his lodge at Atlantic City, and as a great spree, may be enticed to flirt out of the corner of his eye with some bathing beauty. But this little adventure is soon forgotten, especially when once he thinks of the wife and children at home. In the office or the factory he is too busy with his daily occupation, supervised by many other men, to think twice about any woman working there. At all costs he must keep his job; and the record he makes counts for him in his advancement and increases his pay in the years to come. He must think of illness, too; he must take care to insure his life. He cannot always count on fair weather and has to be ready for a storm whenever it arises. All his early life he is trained for the responsibility he will assume when he takes the woman of his choice to be his bride.

But the society man makes his money faster and easier. It is not a question of surviving or of necessity with him, but rather of some additional luxury. He buys his wife an ermine wrap, a diamond clasp, another motor car, whatever it may be, not to amuse, interest or intrigue her, but in order that she may be able to keep in style, to show herself to better advantage among the other women of the set in which she moves.

The basic principle of a prosperous man's married life is casualness. He is accustomed to dealing in millions. The fact that the second nurse may have whispered to the first nurse, who has whispered to the housekeeper, who in turn whispered to the lady of the house, who casually phoned her husband, that the baby of the household was about to have tonsillitis, is too petty for the husband to worry his head about. He has been schooled in the handling of momentous problems of business. His wife has been tutored along similar lines, but having more to do with society.

A Wealthy Man's Day

Neither of them seems to know much about the baby, the very interest which draws and keeps together the less-well-to-do household. Children, to the prosperous, are often a nuisance until they become old enough to be used to decorate the household; and then many of them are more of a nuisance than ever, for one can never tell what the modern child, when sufficiently grown-up, is going to do. He or she invariably does the very thing the parents least expected or hoped for.

Let us, for a moment, follow through the ordinary day of the ordinary wealthy man—an old friend of mine, by the way, who thinks me quite deplorable since I do not choose to lead my life as he does his. His morning begins early; at four o'clock or thereabouts, when he is returning from some night club where he has been dragged by his magnetic wife. They kiss each other good night and retire to their respective apartments. Their paths are now divergent until the following evening. Arising around 9:30 he bathes, breakfasts in bed, and so on. An hour later, Mr. Affluent, let us call him, is motored to his office, where he spends a few hours dealing in tremendous problems involving the lives of millions of people in one way or another, so that money has become a game to him, rather than a symbol of accomplishment. He lunches at an exclusive downtown roof-garden club, viewing the stately skyscrapers which adorn the sky line and watching majestic vessels and tiny tugs in their battle with the elements. Later he probably spends some time in more business conferences or meetings of directorates; maybe he visits an uptown club. We then lose track of him, until about seven o'clock, when he is picked up by his chauffeur at the corner of Fifty-ninth Street and Fifth Avenue, and is whisked home, where his wife informs him over the house telephone that they are having some people to dinner and are going to the opera and a night club. Of course he dare not sit in any proximity to his wife during dinner, and they have had little or no conversation together since they kissed each other good night sixteen hours before.

No Common Problems

At the opera he must of necessity and by social usage cast his well-groomed personality far into the resplendent shadows of the rear of their box. His wife's partner, an attractive younger man, had been added to the party to enhance its pictorial value and add prestige to the note which will of a certainty appear in the social columns of the next morning's press. Mr. Affluent finds his charming wife clinging to her new conquest throughout the evening. They both have an intense love of Puccini, Jeritza, and what not; for which society husbands care so little.

The night club is next. It is, of course, against all common decency for a husband to dance with his own wife, especially when the younger man dances so charmingly. Even the entertainers fail to amuse Mr. Affluent; maybe that is because they happen to be a male quartet and he has seen and heard them very often before. Returning home again around four o'clock with a faint recollection that Mayor Walker has issued an edict for a three o'clock curfew, they kiss each other good night once more, and another day is beginning.

He has his problems. She has hers. And the baby, if there is one—or perhaps two, but hardly more in a well-regulated society family—is left in the hands of salaried individuals who are supposed to know all about that sort of thing. No mutual problems, no confidences, no sympathies. Just puppets between whom all emotional communion has been thrust aside. No wonder it is only a step farther to separation—Reno, Paris, divorce.

Nothing cataclysmic or climactic about a divorce discussion in such a family. But just think of the bridges to cross when such a cataclysm arises in a family of the less-well-to-do class. Here there has been continuous life side by side; a million worries of mutual interest to each other; the curiosity and friendly contemplation of relatives and acquaintances who searched their lives; a realization of duties shirked by an appeal for divorce; the economical fact that maybe this new young man in whom she has an interest may have only a temporary job and that it is not so easy to go home to mother and confess her perfidy.

The close contact which the man who is not in society has with his wife acts as a preventive measure against the omnipresent problem of separation and divorce. His relations with his wife and children may breed occasional discord, there may be the usual scrap and harsh words when he is tired and things grate upon his nerves, but in the end the fact that his little brood is dependent solely upon him and his efforts keeps him in check, and is of more importance to him than all the soft words of fair strangers who may try to entice him off his course.

I think that women have as much to do with unhappiness in families as men. Men

(Continued on Page 209)

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YES — a thousand times — for the Elto adds a thousand joys to outdoor days!

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New pleasures! Downright joyous fun for every one. The Super Elto is your Seven League Boots of wave and spray! It attaches instantly to the stern of any row boat! Never an oar to blister a hand! Only exhilarating, effortless speed to wherever you wish to go—on the water!

First Comes Easy Starting! You're certain —*positive*—your Elto will start on an *easy quarter-turn!* No strength needed. A little girl does it with her fingertips—it's *that* easy. It's as easy as pushing the starter on your car! And remember, please, that this easy quarter-turn is an *exclusive* feature of the Super Elto. That's one reason above all others that you'll be thankful your motor is an Elto and none other!

Rudder Steering Too! That means a safe turning radius under all conditions. That means your boat will hold the course without need for constant steering — means that you can steer by vibrationless tiller lines from any part of the boat, balancing your boat on an even keel! Rudder steering lets you forget the motor and enjoy the water!

Power for Any Boat! Here is abundant eager power for any boat — capable, reliable power for the heavy, steady, safe family boat! Surging, leaping power for thrilling speed on light craft! Power for any current—waves—wind or storm!

Here Is One-Hand Lightness for Easy Carrying, yet with tremendously sturdy construction and bearings generously large to give you years of eager trouble-free service! To give you enduring motor value!

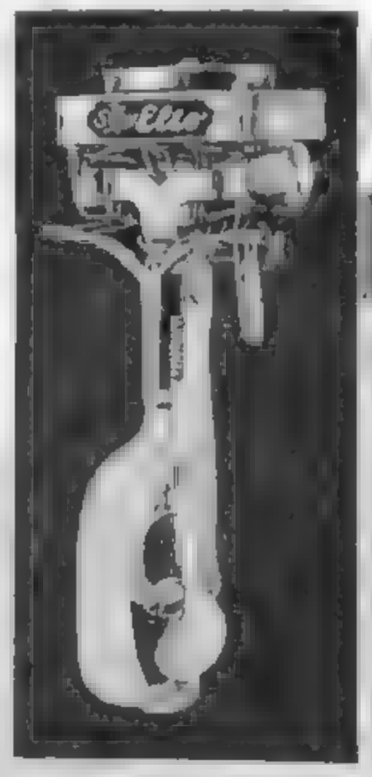
Here is the famous Propello Pump — a cooling system without a moving part, eliminating *entirely* the mechanism of greatest mechanical wear. Here, in one standardized all-use motor, is concentrated all the skill and experience of the outboard pioneer, Ole Evinrude. Here — in the Super Elto — are a hundred features serving you enduringly! Here is *ability* — *dependability*—*beauty* and lasting *value!*

See a Super Elto—let us send you the name of a nearby dealer—let us send you an inspiring book on watersports and a catalog that is an informing guide to outboard motor values. ELTO OUTBOARD MOTOR CO., Ole Evinrude, *President*, Mason Street, Dept. 5, Milwaukee

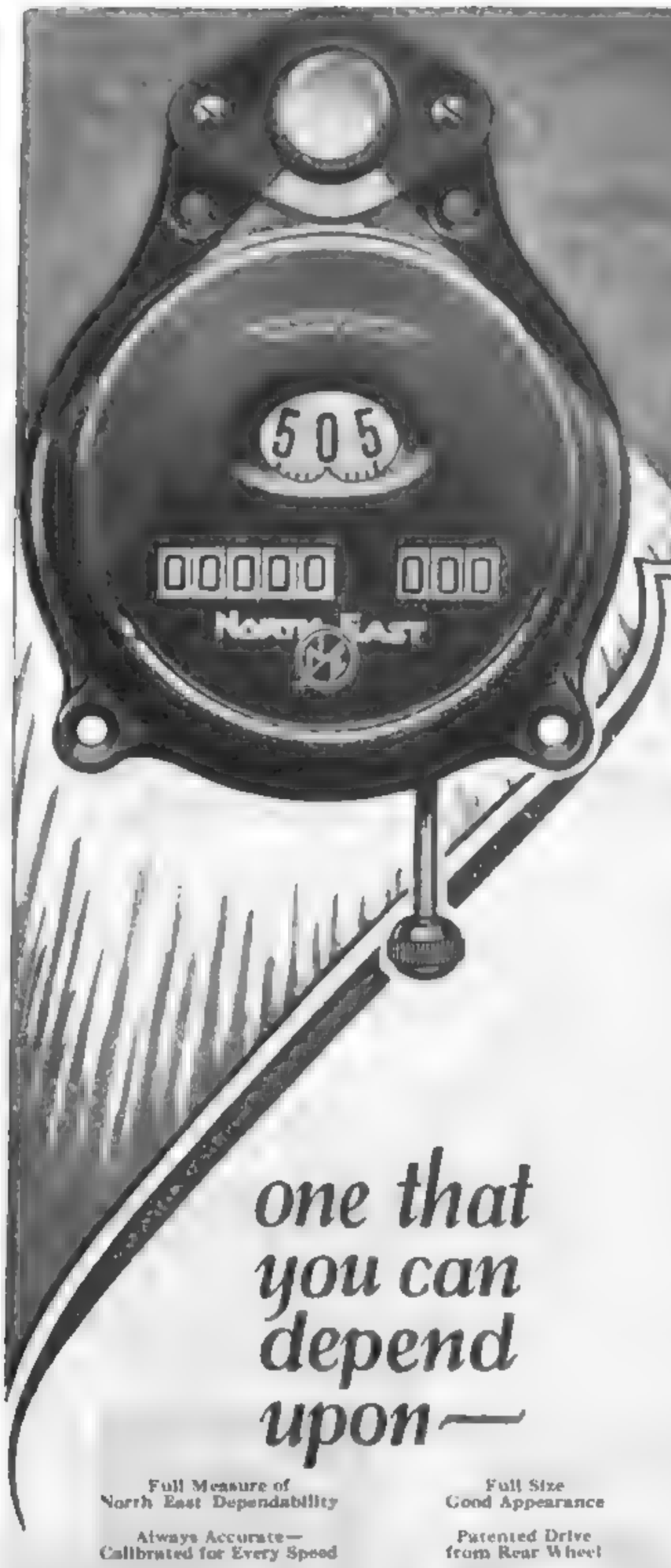
The Super Elto

"Starts with a quarter turn"

Handsome streamline design! Amazingly compact—rudder folds, motor fits snugly in small carrying case



Finger-tip Ease! — even a child starts it instantly — with merely a quarter-turn flip of the flywheel. The most valuable feature ever built into an outboard motor



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The NORTH EAST SPEEDOMETER —long the recognized standard of dependability and accuracy on well-known cars—is at last available for Fords.

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All that you would expect of the speedometer on the most expensive car. *Stop guessing* at your speed. Put a NORTH EAST SPEEDOMETER on your Ford and *be sure*.

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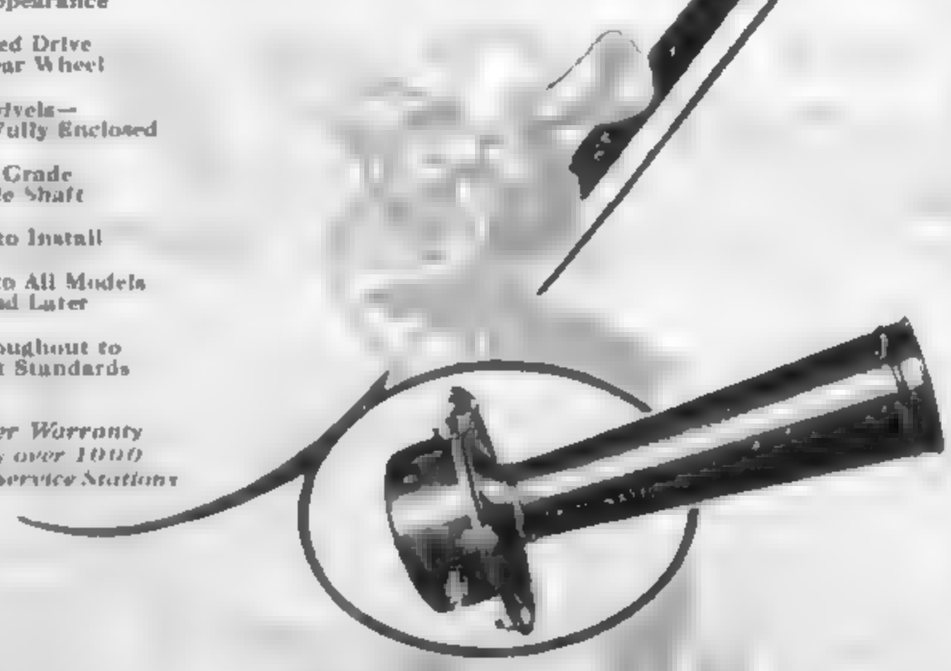

When Brakes Can't do it All~

BRAKES!—another jay-walker looking neither right nor left—BRAKES!!—the pavement is slushy—BRAKES!!!—Skid———*Skid* ———— SKID———— You *must* make him look—Quick! your *NORTHEASTER*—You breathe again, he jumped in time! One more reason why you're glad you belong to the hundreds of thousands who are using the *NORTHEASTER*, *the horn that makes driving safe.*

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(Continued from Page 206)

of the fashionable sets who have no occupations and live merely on incomes left for them by some wealthier forbear often become marauders who pry into all walks of life. They are scattered cases, and their tactics are too well known to discuss here. But any woman may become any other woman's worst friend, though the trusting lady seldom knows it until it is too late. The sugar-tongued, attractive little person who often seems to have a way of becoming the wife's best friend is in reality her worst enemy. All her life she has been doing the very thing she does each time she attaches herself to a new victim. It is through her that the otherwise devoted, home-loving wife first learns how hemmed in, or abused, or maltreated she is.

Gradually, through this systematic practice, a woman's reserve is worn down, and if she has not much stamina she is generally inclined to believe her supposedly well-meaning friend. She rebels on countless instances and gradually loses interest in the very things which her hard-working husband is trying to provide for her. Every now and then, just to help out her friend, she will accompany her with other men, quite often without realizing that these meetings have been planned weeks in advance by the unscrupulous men and her best friend. Finally, when her indiscretions become public property and she tries to retrace her steps, she will find herself the prey of a type of woman who lives on her talent for subtly blackmailing innocent individuals. In every city in the land women, unfortunately, have such friends; and unless they can frankly unburden themselves to understanding husbands another separation is in the making, and another victim is on her way to the courts.

The permanence or impermanence of marriage in the social cliques of the land, I believe, is frequently due to locality.

For instance, there are certain customs prevalent in the social sphere in New York, Baltimore and Washington which may be totally unheard of in other cities, yet these may govern many of the conventions as practiced there. In my travels I have found a much greater laxity in social scruples in some cities than in others.

All in the Point of View

There are many persons in society and out of it who make a better go of things in their second marriage than they did in their first; chiefly, I suppose, because they can choose their own partners without having them forced upon them, and on account of the experience they have gained. But there are very few second marriages of people within the realms of one social set that ever take place; more often, both individuals choose from other sets, and are rewarded by the larger amount of happiness which they attain through their choice. Those who make their social duties of second importance to their actual lives are happier in the end than those who think that the almighty dollar and the social ladder lead the world.

I said in the beginning of this article that I knew of but six prominent couples, out of forty-seven who were married within the past seven years, who are still living happily together. In the past few weeks I have taken occasion haphazardly to question them on how they happened to be the exceptions to the general social rule. Their answers have been varied, but on a few things they have all agreed, and they are these—

First: They take a common interest in each other. Each one does his or her best every day to try to help the other one in every way that he or she can.

Second: They try to pretend that they are still engaged—not actually married, you understand. In this way they are always on their best manners, their best behavior and in their tidiest clothes. They are still just making an impression. Each one is to the other one the most important person in the world.

Happy Though Married

Third: They trust each other implicitly. They never listen to Dame Rumor. They are rude to people who like to hint bits of unnecessary gossip about the other. They pay more attention to each other in public than to anyone else. They try not to make excuses to each other about anything; and they confide to each other if either one of them cares particularly about any face they see.

Fourth: They have each of them enough to do at home or in the office to keep each of them occupied when they are away from each other. In this manner neither one of them is inclined to meet new faces unless they are together, where each can chaperon the other. This, to me, is something new, and is a rather interesting way of looking at life.

Fifth: They spend more time with their children, and they know them better than do the nurses or tutors whom they employ.

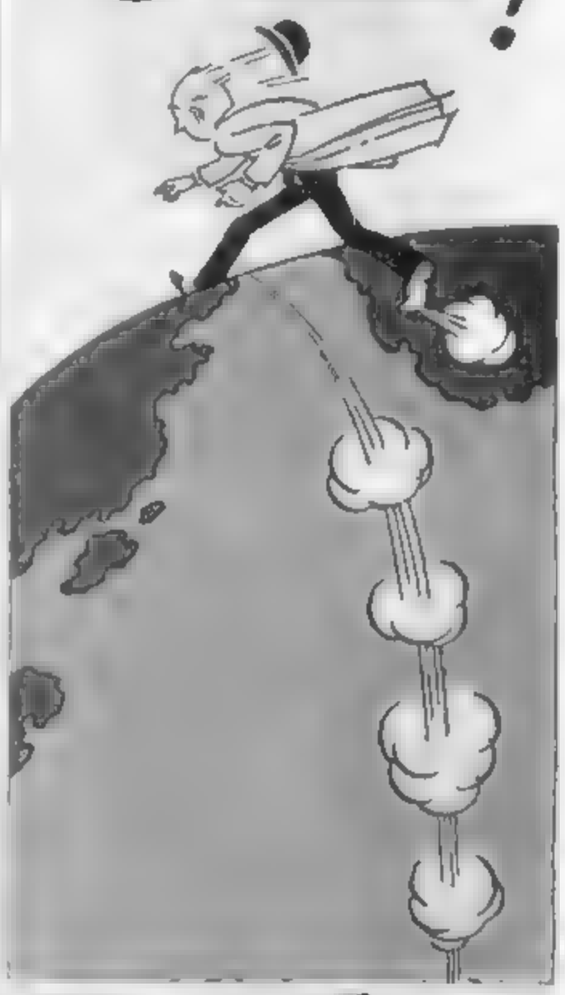
Sixth: Society and its duties are very unimportant parts of their lives. Every now and then they go to a luncheon, a dinner or a dance; except to club affairs, they never go separately. Often they go to the theater, the opera and night clubs with a few close friends, never on large parties.

Seventh: Once a year at least, and sometimes more, they go off on a trip together; sometimes to the mountains, sometimes the seashore, occasionally abroad. Every now and then one of these husbands may take a business trip alone. His wife then visits her relatives. Neither one is separated from the other more than a week at the longest.

Eighth: They seldom let the relatives of either visit them. They do all the visiting necessary themselves. Nothing disrupts a home so much, I am told, as the dictates of the parents of either, whether it is the manner in which the furniture is arranged or how the children are being dressed and brought up.

Two of these families—it would not be fair to mention names, now that I have quoted formally so much heart-to-heart advice—are the children of two of the wealthiest families in the land. Four of them come from very well-known Eastern parents whose names are household words. Four of these six families have two or more children. Only one family is childless, and they have adopted a child. And all these families have been married for more than four out of the seven years. They at least have solved the social problem, and are a credit to one another and to the system from which they have come. If more young people could emulate them there would be no further need of divorce courts or high-priced attorneys, but the trouble is that exceptions never make any first-class rule.

Round the world in 15 minutes!



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Big things are happening in the world of today. You *read* of them in the newspapers, but you *see* them in the Pathé News. Can there be anything more interesting than to see history as it happens?

Pathé News was the first news reel. Its news-gathering staff of cameramen, far flung and unique, has been built up and perfected through the ripened experience of fifteen years. That's why it leads all motion pictures today in interest and in prestige.

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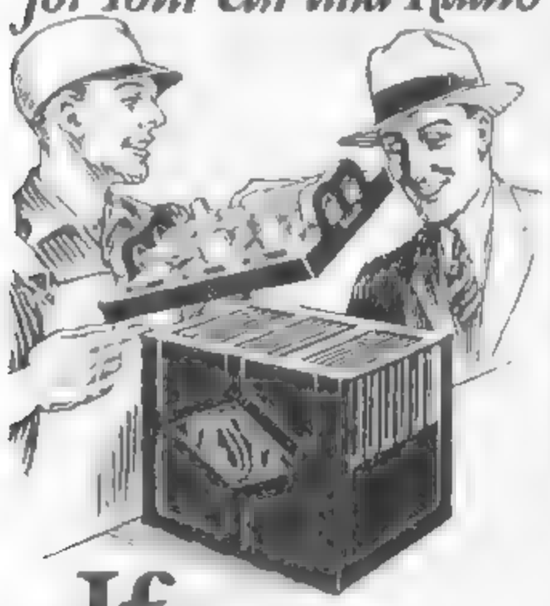
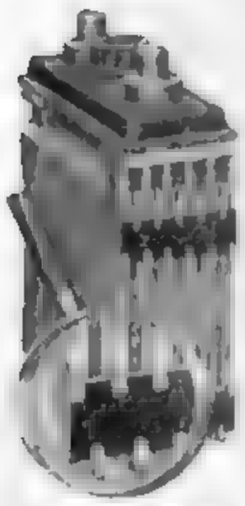
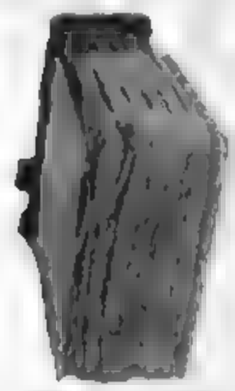


If *You Could Look Into a Battery When You Buy It~*



The Vesta Isolator separates the plates and holds them apart, equally spaced



Actual photograph of Vesta Isolator showing how it holds plates firmly in place

IF your dealer could show you the interior construction of an ordinary battery and, at the same time, the Vesta Isolator Battery construction, you would readily see the advantage in owning the VESTA.

The Isolator is a patented Vesta feature which adds life to the battery, as it minimizes the cause of most battery breakdowns.

No other battery has the isolator—or isolators—there being four isolators in each cell—one on each corner of the battery group.

These isolators hold plates firmly in place—at an equal distance apart—to overcome plate buckling and short-circuiting.

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Address .....
City .....

GET RID OF THAT FAT

(Continued from Page 11)

doctor's certificate! It was criminal! It was awful! It was folly, and he must get a doctor at once. Undoubtedly his health had been undermined by this interfering writing person, who ought to stick to his own business and not give any such calamitous advice to his friends. He must hurry to a doctor before he curled up and died of loss of fat.

So the reducer went to a doctor, the topside doctor in his city and a nationally known diagnostician. The doctor looked him over.

"I can't find anything the matter with you," he told my friend. "You are in better shape every way than you have been at any time in the past twenty years, and I am glad to see you are getting some of that fat off you. What did you come here for, anyhow? How do you feel?"

"Fine," said my friend. "I haven't felt so well in years."

"Well, how do you want to feel? Isn't that good enough for you? Get out of here and don't come around taking up my time until there is something the matter with you besides good health and 100 per cent improvement in your appearance."

So that was that; but the experience of my ex-fat friend—he's thin and shapely now, and better than ever—illustrates the uninformed attitude that persons who reduce must expect.

You can't make a fat man who hasn't the gimp to get off his fat believe that reducing isn't harmful. That's the way he justifies his own obesity.

Everybody said I looked fine when I got back from my trip around the world, but I knew better. I knew I was sixteen pounds overweight, and I started in to get rid of that excess.

A lot of things happened prejudicial to my plan. I had to do considerable traveling. My favorite reduction regimen didn't work so well as it had formerly. I was interfered with, and my diet shoved aside now and then, and the result was that last fall those sixteen pounds were still sticking around. Sticking around is right—around my paunch and jowls.

One of the great dietetic authorities of this country is Dr. W. D. Sansum, whose work is recognized and encouraged by the Carnegie Foundation and who has had especial success with diabetes, a disease in which the problem of diet is of the utmost importance. Doctor Sansum, and his associates, Dr. N. R. Blatherwick and Miss Ruth Bowden, B. S., are proponents of the use of high carbohydrate diets in the treatment of *diabetes mellitus*, and the results of their investigations were printed in the Journal of the American Medical Association in January, 1926.

Also, Doctor Sansum is the foe of fat.

Losing Twenty Years' Growth

So am I—especially of my own fat. Therefore when I found that my sixteen pounds of excess were not evaporating so rapidly as I expected, and as I was in Doctor Sansum's vicinity, I wrote him a letter, man to man, as we are friends, and said:

Dear Doctor: I am having a dickens of a time getting rid of some sixteen pounds of excess flesh—fat—that I plastered on myself since I last saw you and during a long trip in the tropics and elsewhere. It sticks closer and harder than any similar encumbrance I have battled with since I first decided to weigh 174 pounds, no more. Throw out a life line and give me an up-to-date diet that will restore my self-respect and remove my overweight. You are constantly investigating all diet questions and it may be you have a formula that will be useful to me. If so, please let me have it.

Doctor Sansum marched promptly to the front and center. He sent me copies of two articles he had written on safe reduction of superfluous flesh, some diet schedules, and told me that if I would follow these instructions I would have no difficulty in ridding myself of my extra weight at the rate of two or three pounds a week, which is fast enough for anybody to reduce. In passing, a common mistake of those who try to reduce is thinking they should be able to get off their fat almost as soon as they begin their diet, forgetting that it probably took twenty years or so of constant and assiduous eating to accumulate this fat, and that it cannot be taken off in twenty minutes. One day's diet, or one week's, doesn't amount to much. It is the continuous application of the principle, day after day, that gets results. Often fat can be taken off at the rate of a pound a day, but that is too fast. Two or three pounds a week is enough.

Well, Doctor Sansum was right. I followed his diet in every particular, which was not hard to do. I had plenty to eat and of wide variety, and I took off my excess sixteen pounds in two days more than four weeks. At the end of the thirtieth day I weighed exactly 174 pounds. Then I gave three cheers and regaled myself with a piece of pie.

Since that time I have stood at 173.5 to 174.5, mostly. If two or three days on a dining car or in hotel restaurants add a pound or two, it needs only a day or so of the diet to bring me back to my imperative 174. And for the benefit of those who may think I restrict myself to certain foods, I may say that I eat everything that comes along except parsnips, have no special diet regulations except the minor ones shown in succeeding paragraphs, and feed well and frequently.

The difficulty with most reducing diets is that they remove flesh and vitality at the same time. I know several diets that will take off fifteen pounds in two weeks; but they are unsafe to fool with, because while they supply some food, they do not supply food in correct proportions, and consequently do more harm than good. Reducers taking one of these pineapple-and-lamb-chop diets will lose flesh, but also they will lower their resistance. Hence, the problem of the dieter is to get a diet that will do the work and at the same time supply all needful food to retain strength and pep.

A Diet With Backbone

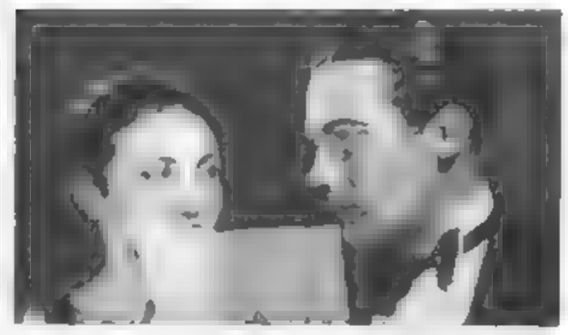
While I was on this diet I was at the top of my stride every day. I felt fine, was active in every accustomed way, played golf, walked, worked and enjoyed myself thoroughly. I did not develop the haggardness that sometimes comes with a diet regimen. There were no wrinkles and there was no flabbiness. The sixteen pounds evaporated and that was all there was to it.

So in order to make sure that the plan was what it seemed to me to be I tried it out on several other persons who needed a little trimming down, who could do with less paunch and more symmetry, and it had exactly the same results. It worked perfectly with them too. They were top hole all the way, and they cut down to the required limits.

Wherefore, I made a study of this diet and read all Doctor Sansum's and Miss Bowden's printed articles on the subject. I investigated cases other than my own and those of my friends, and found that, when complied with, this diet does the work and does it safely, expeditiously and with good results as to health and vitality both during the course of it and after the finish of it. I saw the clinic records. Then I asked Doctor Sansum if I might write a popular lay article about it for the benefit of all fat readers of this weekly who desire to become thin readers of it, and thereby not only increase their enjoyment of the weekly but of all the other phases of their life. He said I might, and here it is.

The backbone of this diet is this: A reducing diet to be effective, and still maintain strength, vitality and not lower resistance, must contain ample starches and

(Continued on Page 213)



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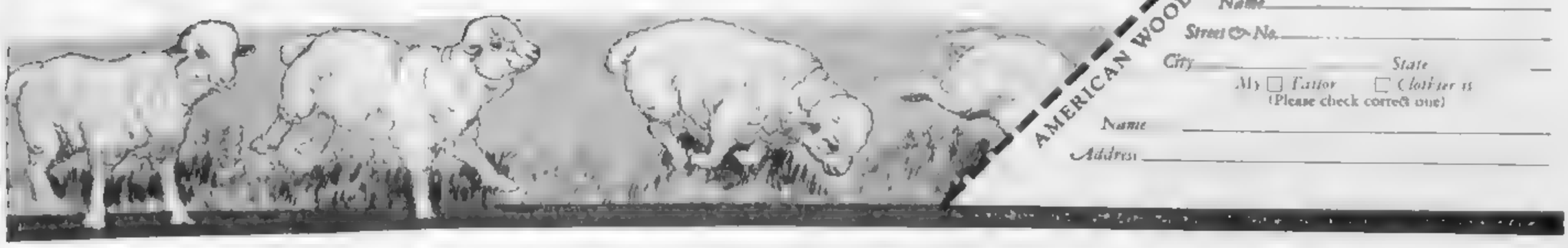

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In Spare Time

(Continued from Page 210)

sugars. Now that is contrary to the theories of most reducing diets. For years it has been dinned at people who were trying to get thin that they must cut out the starches and the sugars—the bread and the potatoes and the many farinaceous foods, and that sugar in any form simply spells more fat.

This diet stands on the platform that fat spells fat, that most modern diets contain too much fat and that we usually become overweight by eating too much fat and taking too little exercise. Furthermore, it stands on the platform that no reducing diet, to be safe, to maintain good health and good spirits while the process of reduction is going on, can violate any of the fundamental principles of diet in general. That is, you cannot cut out necessary elements of a rational diet in order to lose flesh thereby and attain any good result.

A diet heavy with fat requires sufficient of the carbohydrates to burn the fat. Carbohydrates are starches and sugars, and all starches change to sugar during digestion. Therefore, to put it in the simplest way, if fat is to be burned in the body as required for proper assimilation, there must be a sufficient quantity of fuel, which is sugar, to burn it. And if fat isn't burned properly in the body, it stays right there, or some of it does. So, in order to make what I am to say as nontechnical as possible, I shall use the word "sugar" to indicate the carbohydrates—sugar and starch.

Americans are fat eaters. Especially are the fat among us fat eaters. We take fat in many and appetizing forms—butter, cream, whole milk, fat meat, bacon, lard, suet, cheese, nuts, the yolks of eggs, in salad dressings where olive oil is used and with the use of vegetable oils. The body requires some fats. That is imperative. But we go to an extreme. We demand rich foods, and rich foods are fat foods. We use lard, cream, butter, olive and vegetable oils to excess. We demand meat from the fattest stock, milk with all the cream in it, and our pastry is made with lard or butter. We serve desserts with whipped cream, and we serve vegetables and salads with mayonnaise dressing. We eat asparagus with melted butter and are partial to sautéed and fried foods. The list of fats we eat, one way or another, is long.

A Diet Based on Calories

Fat is the most concentrated of all foods, and has the highest heat-producing quality. It is also the slowest-burning food within the body, the most difficult of digestion and the hardest to absorb. If we eat too much fat—and that is one of the main troubles with all fat people—we soon become fat ourselves and thereby make a present to ourselves of all the discomforts, dangers and disabilities of obesity. Nobody gives our fat to us. We give it to ourselves. It is personally conferred, and every fat individual, save in occasional glandular instances, is personally responsible. There is no alibi for fat. The fat man or woman is the guilty party.

If you should weigh 160 pounds and you weigh 190 pounds, you are too fat. Twenty per cent over average weight is obesity. More than 20 per cent is calamity. The penalties are heavy. Diabetes, impaired heart action, degeneration of various organs, and many other serious diseases are lurking about every fat person, seeking, and often finding, a lodgment. I do not mean to say that every fat person will become diabetic or get fatty degeneration of the heart or liver, or develop a high blood pressure. Not at all. What I do intend to say, and what all scientific investigation shows, is that these diseases are more often than not associated with obesity. The danger is there.

In my judgment the scientific study of diet is the most important of all the medical and biological research being done today, because more diseases, including obesity, arise from improper feeding than from any other single cause. Improper feeding, not improper food, for almost all foods are proper if taken in the right combinations with other foods. This being the case, the country swarms with food fakers, food faddists, food inventors, and we are overwhelmed with all sorts of food nostrums, panaceas and theories. At that, Americans are slow to change their feeding habits, but not so slow as other peoples.

We cling pretty stubbornly to the old combinations based on meat, potatoes, bread, butter and pastry; and after our men and our women arrive at middle age, a very large proportion of them are too fat.

The fundamentals of a proper diet are a sufficient number of calories, or heat-producing units, of protein, alkaline-ash producers, sugars, starches, mineral salts, vitamines and water. What is a sufficient quantity is determined by the individual needs and is entirely outside the view of this article save in a fat-reduction sense. Furthermore, every safe, effective, rational reducing diet must contain these fundamentals in proper proportion.

Fat in the Fire

So, tying together what has been said, we lay down this basic principle: A normal diet requires a certain specified number of calories if par strength and energy and efficiency are to be obtained. The number differs with the mental and bodily requirements of the individual and the character of work done or effort exerted. If that person is normal in weight, that is one thing, but if that person is abnormal in weight, too fat, that is another thing.

If normal, the food taken is burning properly within the body and the situation is in hand. If abnormal, the correct and safe and effective thing to do is to supply a diet that shall be so low in calories that the balance of the calories, or heat units, required shall be furnished by the excess fat of the body. In other words, if a person is taking, say, 2000 calories of food, cut down those calories to 1000 and supply the other 1000 by burning the body fat, which eliminates that body fat and reduces the weight to normal in the course of time.

Hence, a safe-and-sure reduction diet must contain ample sugar to burn this body fat and, hence, reducing diets that do not contain sugar, using the word to indicate both sugar and starches, do not do the work with that element of safety from ill effects that this diet secures, because this diet contains all the food fundamentals required by every person properly to balance that person's feeding. The trouble with most reducing diets is that there is not sufficient sugar supplied to burn the body fat.

And a further trouble—danger, even is that in many of these quick-reducing, nonsugar and nonstarch diets the acetone type of acidosis, or too much acid, is developed, and then the dieter is in worse case than he was before he began.

The proper amount of sugar, meaning both sugar and starches, to take with a safe reducing diet is this: For every part of fat taken as food, and for every part of fat burned in the body and thus eliminated, the reducer must take one part of sugar. The sugar makes the fire that burns the fat.

Now the needs of the ordinary normal man or woman, doing the average amount of work or play, are from 2200 to 2500 calories a day. Fat persons require fewer calories than this, although they usually take many more, because a fat person, if he or she but knew it, requires less food than a normal person, and mostly labors under the delusion that much more food must be taken. The extra layers of fat on a fat person form an insulation, and the fat person loses heat much more slowly than the thin person. Consequently, not so much internal combustion is required to keep the fat person's machinery going. However, if a fat person thinks he can safely get thin by starving himself, he is on the wrong and dangerous tack. When a fat person goes on a starvation diet he lives on his body fat, which is a diet that is not balanced with the required sugars,

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vitamines, and so on, and serious results may and often do follow.

If this is clear, as I hope it is, it must also be clear that the proper reducing diet for a fat person is a diet of low caloric, or heat, value, with a very small quantity of fats included, and sufficient sugars not only to burn the fats taken in the diet but also to burn the body fat that will substitute for the difference between the number of calories in the diet and the number of calories in the normal diet.

A normal diet for a normal person not engaged in heavy labor or exercise is one of from 2200 to 2500 calories a day. In this reducing diet the calories are cut to 1000, approximately, a day, and from 1200 to 1500 calories of body fat are burned, which, in most cases, will mean an easy loss of two or three or often four pounds, a week, provided the exercise I shall speak about also is taken.

Now it must be understood that I am speaking to fat persons who want to get thin, as all fat persons should, and who have no organic diseases. I mean just plain ordinary fat people, not fat people who are fat and sick into the bargain, with bad hearts, bad kidneys, bad livers, or what not. Those should not try to reduce save under the direction of physicians. I mean fat people who are fat and all right otherwise.

That being clear, this is the way to do it: Fat people who want to get thin may eat these things, in quantities I shall set down:

SOUP: Clear soup, or meat or chicken broth.

MEAT: Lean meats of all kinds, chicken, fish and eggs.

VEGETABLES: All kinds, including potatoes, green corn, fresh lima beans and fresh peas, which are usually excluded from reducing diets.

FRUIT: All kinds.

BREAD: All kinds.

BEVERAGES: Coffee and tea without cream or milk, skim milk, buttermilk and fruit juices.

SWEETS: Jellies, jams and marmalades to some extent.

A Dieter's Menu

Fat people who want to get thin must not take any of these foods:

SOUP: All cream and thickened soups.

MEAT: Fried steak, fried chops, fried ham and bacon.

DESSERTS: Rich puddings, pies, pastry and ice cream.

BEVERAGES: Cocoa, chocolate and whole milk.

These foods are rigorously excluded and must not be taken: Butter or cream except in minute quantities, olive oil, mayonnaise, nuts, all cheese except cottage cheese, chocolate candy and other confections and olives.

Now, as the number of calories desired is approximately 1000 a day, the plot is to combine these allowed foods into three nutritious meals a day, not to exceed the specified number of calories in any meal, and thus provide for the burning of from 1200 to 1500, or even more, of body fat each day also. To show how that may be done I append sample menus for two days, and with these as a basis any combinations may be made from the list of allowed foods already given:

FIRST DAY

BREAKFAST: Two small oranges, or one medium orange—sliced; one egg, boiled; one slice of toasted bread; one-half square of butter; one glass skim milk or buttermilk and a cup of black coffee, if desired.

LUNCHEON: Cottage cheese, three heaping tablespoonfuls; cauliflower, three heaping tablespoonfuls; one medium baked tomato; a lettuce salad consisting of one-third of a head of lettuce, with lemon or vinegar dressing, but no oil; six heaping tablespoonfuls of any fresh or stewed fruit; one glass skim milk; tea or coffee, clear.

DINNER: Consommé; one medium slice of lean roast beef; three heaping tablespoonfuls of spinach; three heaping tablespoonfuls of string beans; asparagus and lettuce salad, consisting of twelve stalks of asparagus, two leaves of lettuce and lemon or vinegar dressing, no oil; six heaping tablespoonfuls of sliced fresh fruit or stewed fruit; skim milk, one glass; tea or coffee, clear.

Exercise to Get Results

This specimen menu gives a meal that has 133 grams of carbohydrate, 68 grams of protein; 26 grams of fat, and has a bulk of 1200 grams. It contains 1038 calories, and the sugars in it will burn about 1000 calories of body fat in addition.

Here is another combination that can be made:

BREAKFAST: One-half grapefruit of medium size; one medium serving of a dry breakfast food; one boiled egg; one slice bread or toast, but no butter; one tablespoonful cream for the breakfast food; one glass skim milk and a cup of coffee or tea, clear.

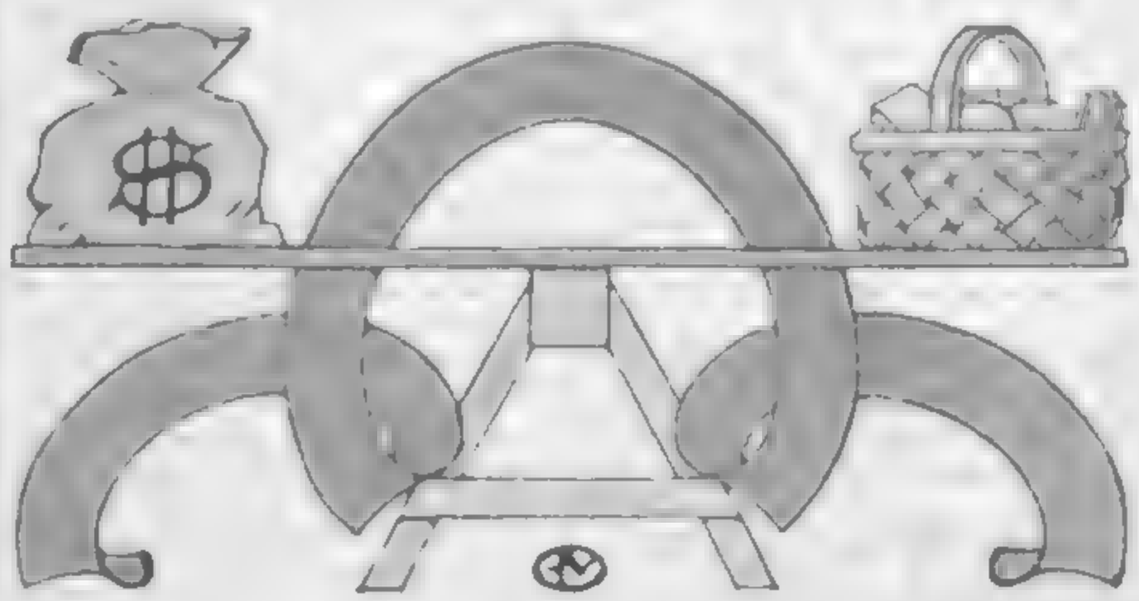
LUNCHEON: Half a small broiled chicken; three slices eggplant; diced carrots, three heaping tablespoonfuls; celery, four stalks; one medium and very ripe banana; one glass skim milk; one cup of tea, clear.

DINNER: Tomato bouillon; one medium serving of whitefish, or any similar fish; beet greens, three heaping tablespoonfuls; riced potatoes, three heaping tablespoonfuls; tomato salad made of one medium tomato and two leaves of lettuce, with lemon or vinegar dressing and no oil; three heaping tablespoonfuls of any fresh or stewed fruit; one glass of skim milk and a cup of clear tea or coffee, if desired.

This menu for the day furnishes 1016 calories and admits of the burning of from 1200 to 1500 calories of body fat.

These menus show how the permitted foods may be combined, and the measurements given are sufficiently accurate to enable the diet to do its work. Of course, table scales could be used, but that is not necessary and usually would not be convenient. The range is wide. Grilled steak and the lean meat of grilled chops are allowed, and a portion of these, or of roast beef or lamb, should be not more than one-quarter of an inch thick, nor exceed, roughly, two and a half inches one way and three and a half inches the other. Three slices of the white meat of chicken or turkey

(Continued on Page 218)



Scribblings

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DO YOU know the hidden meaning of your scribblings? Are you aware that you reveal the secrets of your inner-self in the unstudied squares, crosses, scrolls, and what-nots that you make subconsciously while telephoning or absorbed in thoughts? It is possible to analyze your character—and your capabilities, too—from a careful study of these scribblings. ¶ Louise Rice, America's foremost graphologist (scribbling and handwriting analyst), is at your command. Miss Rice, author of the accepted text books on graphology, tells us that ninety-six percent of all people scribble when they find a pencil in their fingers. These scribblings are direct expressions of their subconscious selves in symbols which truly show her the controlling elements of their character and habits. ¶ For many years Miss Rice has been the favorite consultant of those who look to the science of graphology for guidance. She has helped thousands! Her knowledge of their mental and physical possibilities, learned from their handwritings and scribblings, is almost uncanny. Frequently the promise of success along specific lines is clearly mirrored in their scribblings. Or, an impending nervous breakdown may manifest itself first to her trained eye. ¶ Miss Rice charges a substantial fee—never less than $5.00—for an analysis of scribblings. But we have made it possible for you to have your scribblings interpreted by her at our expense. ¶ Start the good habit of using the MIKADO pencil. Buy a box of a dozen at your stationer's—and we will pay Miss Rice ourselves for the personal and confidential analysis which she will send direct to you. You will then know yourself better. And you will know the luxury of writing with as smooth and strong a lead as was ever put into a pencil. A pencil which speeds your hand and saves the annoyance of breaking points and frequent sharpenings! ¶ Just mail us your scribbles and penciled signature under the conditions named in the coupon. If you are one of the four percent that do not scribble, the coupon filled in and signed in pencil will enable Miss Rice to analyze your handwriting. All scribblings will be analyzed in the order in which they are received.

EAGLE

MIKADO

THE *YELLOW* PENCIL
WITH THE *RED* BAND

pencil

THE Eagle MIKADO is a perfect pencil—the biggest seller of the largest pencil factory in the world. Your eye cannot mistake its red band or your hand the supreme smoothness of its long-lasting lead. Made in 5 degrees of hardness, all accurately graded and absolutely guaranteed to delight the critical user. Sold at 60c per dozen, higher west of the Rocky Mountains and in Canada.

TRADE MARK—REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

EAGLE PENCIL CO.
NEW YORK, U. S. A.

Mail *this* Coupon

EAGLE PENCIL CO.,
[illegible]
New York

Attached hereto you will find my scribbles. I enclose the MIKADO head from a box of one dozen MIKADO Pencils together with ten cents in cash or stamps to cover clerical cost and postage. Without further obligation on my part I am to receive from Miss Louise Rice, graphologist, a personal analysis of my scribblings

Name .....

Address .....

MORE THAN 1,400,000

...AND STILL GROWING

COUNTRY GENTLEMAN circulation has gained more than 57 per cent. in the past 20 months.

Edited especially for people who live in the country, it carries also into farm homes the messages of advertisers who are seeking new sales opportunities—and who recognize the fact that farm people today shop in city stores.

They live in the country, but they shop in town.

The Country Gentleman

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

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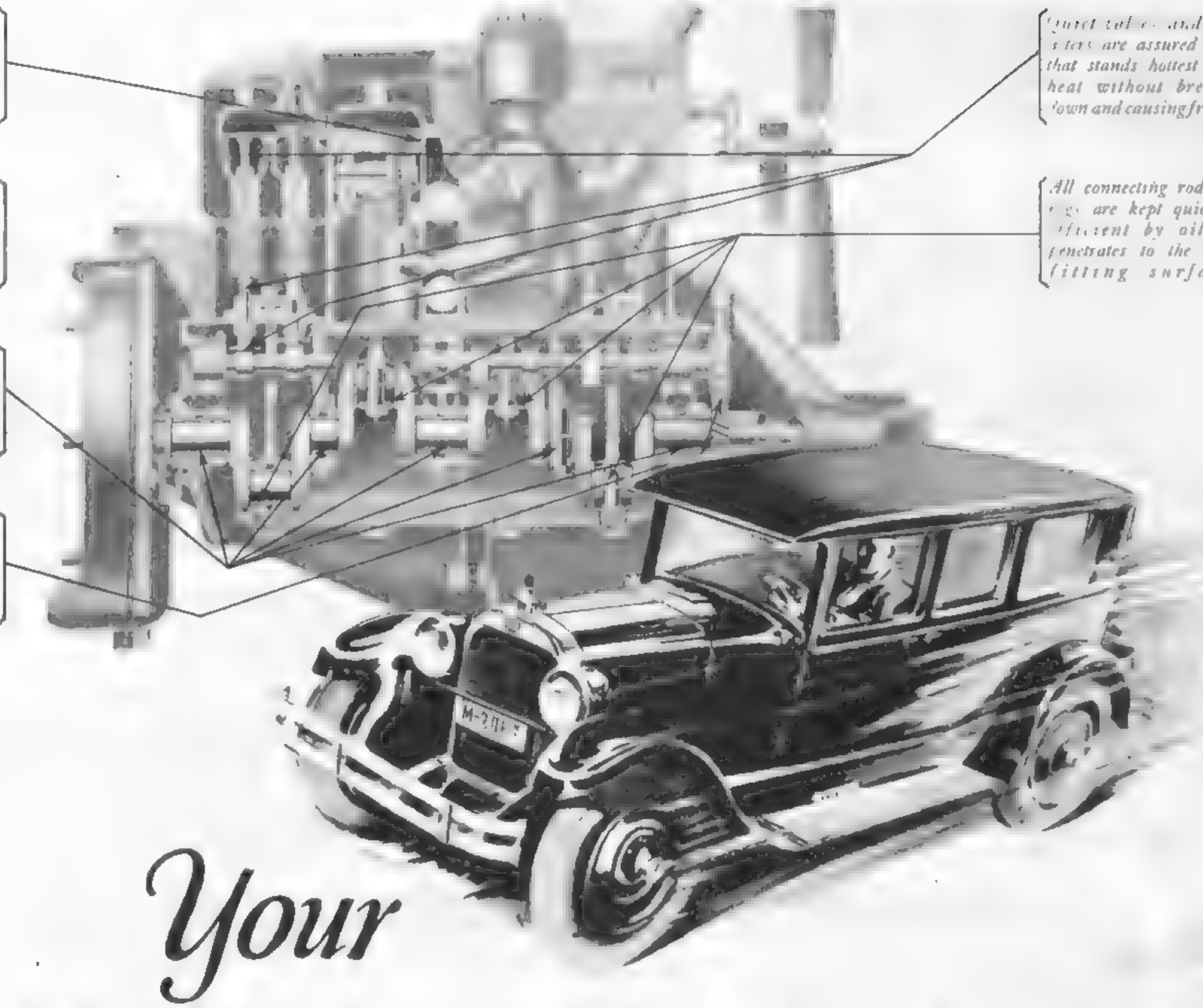

Piston wear and the possibility of scoring are minimized by an enduring film of oil.
The "oiliest oil known" means a motor that runs smoothly, sweetly and economically
Five crankshaft bearings kept efficient and free from wear by oil that won't break down
Timing gears protected against unnecessary wear by the proper kind of lubrication
Quiet valves and valve lifters are assured by oil that stands hottest motor heat without breaking down and causing friction
All connecting rod bearings are kept quiet and efficient by oil that penetrates to the closest fitting surfaces.

Your Dodge deserves the best oil

GET all the economy your Dodge is built to give. Keep for years that first delightful smoothness. Avoid unnecessary repairs.

You can do these things. But not with cheap oil! Your dealer will tell you *that*. You must use the best oil right from the start.

There is no better oil than Pennzoil. *There can be no better oil.*

Pennzoil is supreme Pennsylvania quality—refined by the exacting Pennzoil process—brought to perfection in the largest and most modern refinery operating exclusively on 100% pure Pennsylvania.

That's why it is able to resist the terrific heat that menaces a motor. That's why it wards off friction so successfully. That's why you can use it more than a full 1000 miles without draining—twice as far as you dare trust ordinary oils. That's why you have to add so little to maintain the proper crankcase level.

Drive up to the Pennzoil sign. The dealer there is eager to serve you well. He will give you the finest oil for your motor.

TEST IT YOURSELF

The condition of the oil as it flows OUT of your motor tells surely whether good oil was put IN. After using ordinary oil for 500 miles, rub a drop or two of it between your fingers. Do the same thing with Pennzoil after using it a full 1000 miles. You can see the difference, and feel it

THE PENNZOIL COMPANY · *Oil City · Buffalo · Los Angeles · San Francisco · Refinery:* OIL CITY, PA.

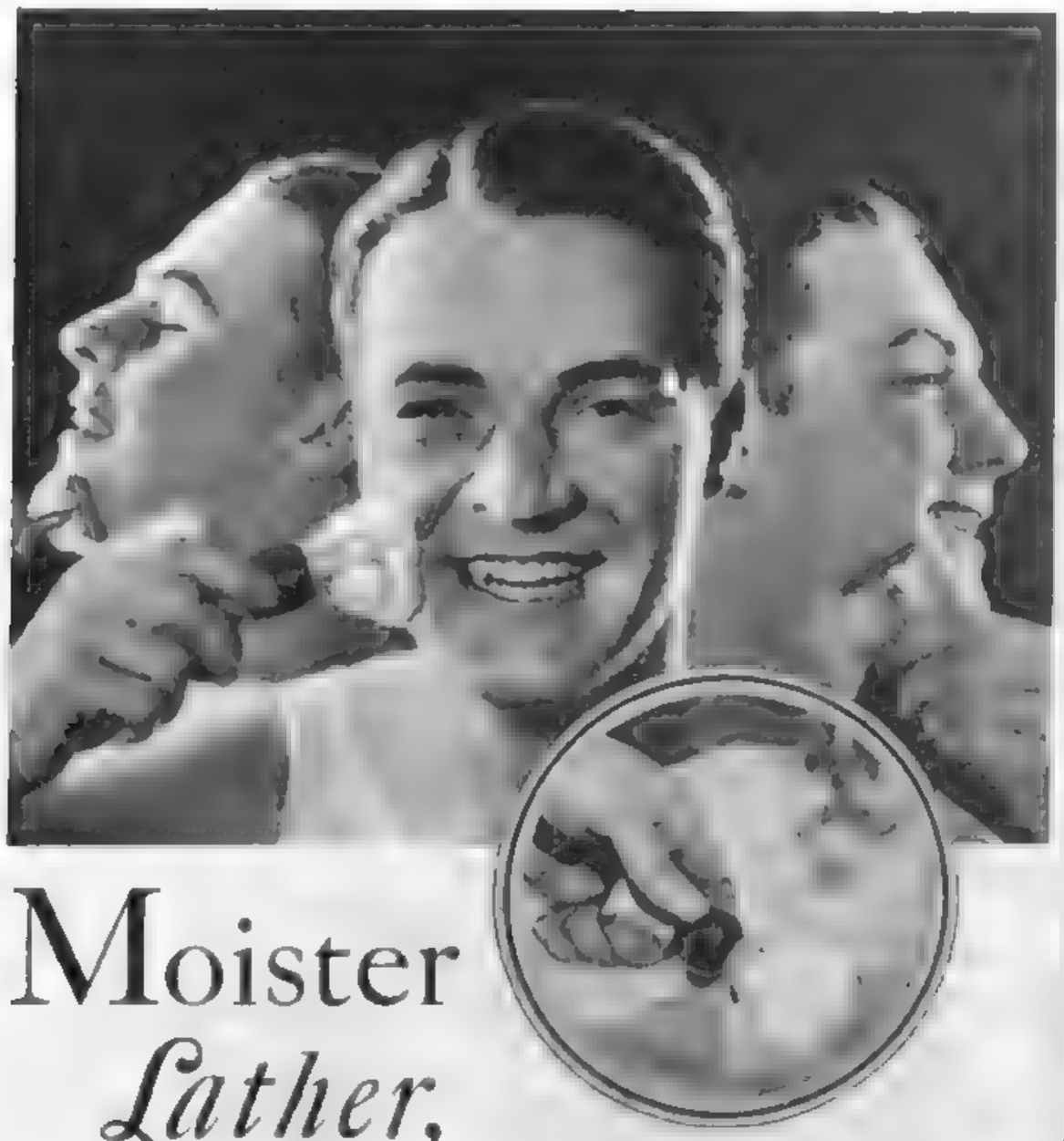
SUPREME PENNSYLVANIA QUALITY

PENNZOIL

REG U.S. PAT. OFF.

SAFE LUBRICATION

Look for the Pennzoil sign



Moister *Lather,* softer beard, *smoother shave!*

WILLIAMS wins the verdict of millions of shavers on the three most important points a shaving cream can score.

1. ***Moister lather***—Williams Shaving Cream works up fast into a rich, bulky lather simply saturated with moisture. That's why it's called *saturated lather.*

2. ***Softer beard***—This super-moist, saturated lather holds its moisture until the mild, colorless cream has completely lifted the beard's water-resisting oil film. Then the lather's moisture, which has reached the saturation point, drenches the absorbent beard bristles—soaks them soft.

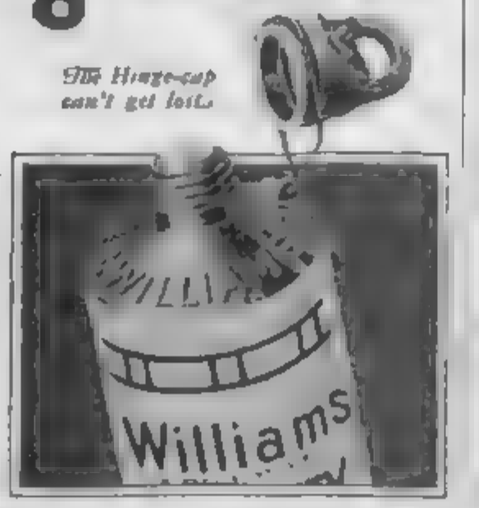
3. ***Smoother shave***—A softer beard means a smoother shave—no half-cut hairs, no razor pull. And Williams skin-lubricating qualities lessen the chance of little cuts and scratches, because the razor glides along more smoothly. That's why you get that "barber's massage" feeling with Williams.

Convince yourself by shaving with Williams for a week FREE. We'll furnish a week's trial tube in exchange for your name and address on the coupon below or a postcard.

Williams Shaving Cream

FREE OFFER

Send coupon today for generous trial tube



The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. 44-C
Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A.
Canadian Address: 1114 St. Patrick St., Montreal

Please send me free trial tube of Williams Shaving Cream.

Name

Address

City State

SEP 4 1927

AQUA VELVA, OUR NEW AFTER SHAVING LIQUID, *KEEPS* THE FACE AS COMFORTABLE AS WILLIAMS SHAVING CREAM *LEAVES* IT. WRITE DEPT. 44-C FOR GENEROUS TEST BOTTLE.

(Continued from Page 214)

are a portion, or half a broiler, or a medium-size squab, and a medium-size serving of fish. The vegetable servings should not be more than three heaping tablespoonfuls, and it is advisable to serve fresh fruit for dessert when it can be procured. Two slices of crisp bacon can be served for breakfast, but on that morning no butter is to be used, nor cream, and there is to be no bread save the slice for breakfast. The abandonment of all salad oils is obligatory.

In fact this is a more liberal diet than any other reducing diet I ever heard about, and I have heard about a great many. I lived on it for thirty days recently, without discomfort and with the loss of sixteen pounds of fat. Others have lived on it for months. Personally, I did not vary my breakfast much. I took the fruit, a slice of toast, half a square of butter, one egg and my glass of skim milk and my cup of black coffee. The black coffee was no task, for I have taken coffee without cream or sugar for many years. The only thing about it is that these proportions must be observed, the three glasses of skim milk, or buttermilk, if preferred, must be taken and the fats must not be increased. Follow it that way and you will lose as much fat as you want to lose—provided you take some exercise.

The more exercise you take, the better the results will be. To get the very best results one should walk five miles a day, or do a similar stunt of horseback riding, golf, or something similar. Now very many fat persons cannot walk five miles a day, and should not, at the start. These should try a mile a day at first, or half a mile, or a quarter of a mile, or around the block if very fat and unaccustomed to walking, and increase gradually up to two or three miles a day, and then to five.

Take your time. You didn't put on your fat in a month and you cannot take it off in a month unless you are accustomed to outdoor life and exercise as I am. Take your time. Even if you require six months or a year to get down to a proper figure, you have gained many years of life and enjoyment. All that is required is the will to do it, the determination to adhere strictly to the diet without change or amplification, and the trick is turned. And after you are at your proper weight, it is easy to remain there by simply holding back a bit on the fats and on the general quantity of food. Don't eat so much. Hold down from your former habit. If, perhaps, the scales tell you—you should weigh yourself at least once a week—you are gaining, go right back on your diet for a few days and you will come to normal.

This is a safe, a sane and an effective reducing diet. It is herewith presented to all fat Americans with the advice that they get aboard immediately and cease to be fat Americans, thereby becoming healthier, happier and more efficient Americans in every way.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Six Hundred Thousand Weekly)

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A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

STARTING

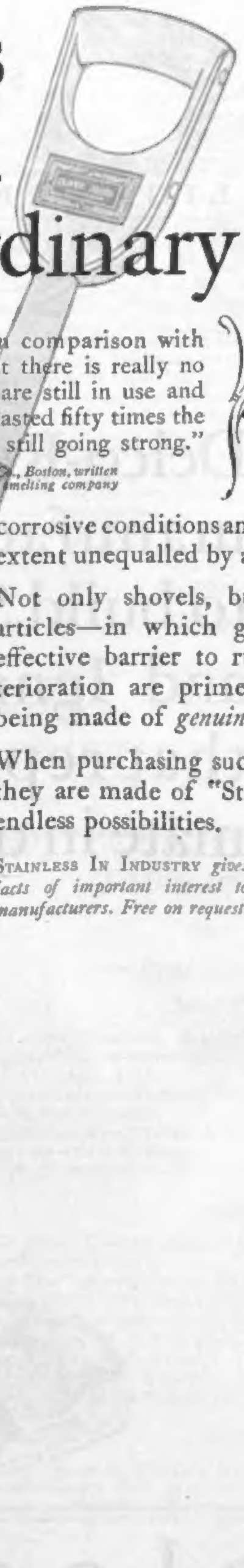
LIGHTING IGNITION

Delco-Remy has only one manufacturing policy— to build Starting, Lighting and Ignition Equipment that represents the ultimate in quality

Delco—Remy

EXECUTIVE OFFICES: ANDERSON, INDIANA
FACTORIES: ANDERSON, IND.; DAYTON, OHIO

AMES Shovels *of* STAINLESS STEEL Outlast Fifty Ordinary Ones



"Your Stainless Steel Shovels, in comparison with ordinary shovels, last so long that there is really no comparison at all. Most of them are still in use and we can say that they have already lasted fifty times the life of an ordinary shovel and are still going strong."

—excerpt from a letter to Ames Shovel & Tool Co., Boston, written by one of their customers—a large copper smelting company

AGAIN "Stainless" scores. In Industries where acids, alkalis, chemicals and other destructive agencies are encountered, an ordinary shovel may last a week—or a day. But the new Stainless Shovels change all this.

Stainless Steel is more than mere "steel"—and vastly more than "Stainless." It has *strength* and *toughness*—its resistance to abrasion and hard usage of every kind is nothing short of remarkable—and *in addition*, it stands up under corrosive conditions and defies most acids to an extent unequalled by any other strong metal.

Not only shovels, but hundreds of other articles—in which great strength and an effective barrier to rust, corrosion and deterioration are prime necessities—are now being made of *genuine* "Stainless."

When purchasing such products make sure they are made of "Stainless"—the metal of endless possibilities.

STAINLESS IN THE HOME *tells how* "STAINLESS" *improves home equipment. Free on request.*

STAINLESS IN INDUSTRY *gives facts of important interest to manufacturers. Free on request.*

STAINLESS

STAINLESS STEEL

Genuine Stainless Steel is manufactured only under the patents of the

AMERICAN STAINLESS STEEL COMPANY, COMMONWEALTH BUILDING, PITTSBURGH, PA.

Improved

Creamed Vegetables—They'll have a new richness and flavor if you cream them with Pet Milk—and they'll give variety to the menu.

Cream Soups made with Pet Milk—Well, they're just distinctly different cream soups.

Since Pet Milk needs to be diluted for cooking uses, you can use the water in which the vegetables were cooked to dilute the milk. You'll save the good qualities of the vegetables that otherwise are thrown away. The "creaming" with Pet Milk puts more milk in the diet. And that makes better food.

In All Your Cooking you'll like Pet Milk—Because it is pure, fresh milk concentrated—more than twice as rich as ordinary milk; because it is sterilized in sealed containers—always fresh and sweet and clean; because the cream is always in the milk—Pet Milk gives to all your cooking the "cream and butter flavor" that requires a lot of butter when ordinary milk is used.

Pet Milk serves in place of cream—at less than half the cost. Diluted to suit any milk use, it costs less than ordinary milk. Do not confuse Pet Milk with milk preserved with sugar. In Pet Milk nothing is added to the pure milk.

Our new book, illustrated below, contains many useful suggestions—how to get more milk in the diet—how to get children to drink more milk—formula for infant feeding—over one hundred recipes. We will send it free on request.

PET MILK COMPANY
(Originators of Evaporated Milk)
836 Arcade Building, St. Louis, Mo.

Must

your dentifrice claim to cure *some* mouth disease?

The most·· and least·· a dentifrice can do is CLEAN.

For treatment, see your dentist

Ask your dentist, "What is the most a dentifrice can do?"

He will answer, "The most any dentifrice can do is to *clean* your teeth, *safely* and *thoroughly.*"

Ask him if a dentifrice can be relied on to cure diseases of the mouth and gums.

Ask him. See what he says.

What *some* dentists will say (if you are a man) can't be printed in this family paper.

Now keeping your teeth *clean* may not sound so important as curing some real or imaginary disease—but it is really more important.

If your mouth really needs treatment, about the worst thing you *can* do is to stay away from your dentist and try to cure yourself with a dentifrice.

But if your mouth is normally healthy, the best thing you can do is to keep it that way by keeping it *clean.*

This you can do better with a dentifrice designed to *clean* than you can with a dentifrice that purports to cure a disease you haven't got.

Safe and thorough cleaning is the surest means you can personally take to avoid dental ills. Regular and frequent visits to your dentist in addition will prove better than relying on medicines.

Remember, your own dentist will agree with this. He will even welcome the opportunity to reassure you that dreadful mouth diseases are not at all prevalent among normal cleanly people who clean their teeth and do not neglect them.

Colgate Co

Est. 1806, NEW YORK

MORE DENTISTS RECOMMEND COLGATE'S THAN ANY OTHER DENTIFRICE ◀ MORE AMERICANS USE COLGATE'S THAN ANY OTHER DENTIFRICE